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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

EDITED BY J. GORDON MOWAT.

VOL. III.

(MAY, 1894, TO OCTOBER, 1894, INCLUSIVE.)

Toronto:
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
1894.

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Announcement.

(From Vol. 1, No. 1.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable, our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Review* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest, and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore intended to fill, in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great Reviews of these countries Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada In this endeavor we are happy to announce, we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

A series of articles descriptive of various portions of the Dominion, and dealing with their scenery, industries and resources, will appear during the current year from the pens of travellers and well-known and graceful writers.

Social and scientific subjects of popular interest will be discussed in a popular vein from month to month by eminent specialists of our own and other countries.

Fiction, chiefly in the form of short stories touching Canadian life, will receive with other contributions to light and wholesome entertainment, a considerable amount of attention. In short, the MAGAZINE will embrace a wide range of subjects, and appeal to a wide variety of individual tastes.

The staff of contributors includes many well-known Canadian and foreign writers, and is always ready to includ , also, worthy aspirants to literary honors, whose names are yet unknown to the public. In thus endeavoring to stimulate Canadian thought, and to aid in opening mines of literary worth that are yet undeveloped, THE CANANDIAN MAGAZINE trusts to have the sympathy and practical encouragement of patriotic Canadians.

To those who recognize how much Canada has hitherto been dependent for magazine literature on foreign countries and how unfavorable such dependence is to the growth of healthy national sentiment in our homes, our appeal, we believe, will not be in vain. And with the very large increase during the past decade in the number of graduates of our colleges and high schools, and the marked development in late years of a general taste for magazine literature, and the growing feeling of respect for ourselves as a nation, we think that our effort to permanently establish a magazine and national review, broadly Canadian in tone and feeling, will meet with a large and generous support in every part of the Dominion.

The Canadian Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED,

TORONTO.

PRESIDENT—HON. J. C. PATTERSON, Minister of Militia.

VICE-PRESIDENTS } HON. THOMAS BALLANTYNE, ex-Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.
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EDITOR—J. GORDON MOWAT. BUSINESS MANAGER—T. H. BEST.

OFFICE: 36 Canada Life Buildings, King Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION, - - - - - $2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, 25 Cents.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MAY, 1894. No. 1.

THE COMIC BALLADS OF HOMER.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

PRIOR to the present generation of University men, our literary studies ranged principally over the Greek and Latin Classics, or, as they were designated, *Litterœ Humaniores*, with English, French and German as additional studies, and a science course designated *Disciplinæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ*. Educational theorists in these modern days are attempting to dethrone Greek from the regality which for ages it has occupied in University studies, and to level it to a democratic equality with French and German. One of the chief reasons urged is that Greek is a difficult language to study, and takes a longer time to learn than Latin or any of the modern languages. This all must concede. But its opponents appear to ignore, and theorists seem to evade, a fair consideration of the chief value of classical studies. In them the student learns something of the flexibility of language, and of the fitness of words and synonyms; and acquires a truer knowledge of the grammatical or scientific construction of sentences.

Many of those who have been fortunate in acquiring distinction in their study, have confessed that they have realized, amid the duties of an active and laborious profession, the superiority, in many important respects, of the classical over the studies which we all call modern. And one writer has, in the following beautiful words, expressed his ardent admiration of one ancient language:—

"Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world: as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves: of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and distinctness of nature itself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing of knowledge was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words at times like pictures, and again like the gossamer film of summer." *

Judged by more prosaic sentiments, it must be said of Greek that it is the language in which we study the original story of the marvellous history, on our earth, of the "Light of the World," and the accepted verities of our Christian religion; the language in which the best of the uninspired writers gave to our early humanity some insight respecting the origin, condition and final destiny of the soul of man; in which the youthful world's genius wrote and sung its earliest poetry, that even yet holds its own among the true and beautiful in that art: in which the young world's oratory was spoken and written: in which are found the earliest treatises

* Coleridge on the Greek Classic Poets, p. 21.

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on the science of politics and the public economy of a community, and indeed on many of the other subjects of human knowledge, except science.

Of all the Greek classics, the poetry of Homer claims and occupies the chief place. Coming long before the authors and critics of the Art of Poetry, he showed himself one of the truest of poets in the heroic, and one of the most amusing in the comic. Samples of the former are abundant in the Iliad and Odyssey, intertwined here and there with some experiences of common folk.

Of the latter, the "Story of the Swineherd," in Odyssey, Book XV., 389 *et seq.*, may be quoted as an ordinary specimen. The story is told in graphic language, and the scene might have been laid on the coasts of Africa in slave-trade times.

Ulysses had given the hospitable swineherd a most mendacious account of himself; and having been told by Eumæus that he had been reared as a slave, requested him to give the history of his adventures, asking: "Did pirates carry you off in their vessels, finding you left alone among the sheep and oxen, and sell you to this master, who paid for you the regular price?"

The Swineherd, after some reminiscences in which he relates how a certain Phœnician galley came to his father's island near Syria, tells him there was "a woman in the case," whose beauty led to her ruin, and his slavery.

"There chanced in my father's house to be
A woman of their land;
And tall was she, and fair to see,
And in works of art right skilfully
Practised was she of hand.

"Her beauty made her fall a prey
To sailor's arts 'ere long;
In a seaman's arms in the ship she lay,
Won by his glozing tongue.

"Women are weak: the deftest dame
By like deceit may fall.
He asked who was she? Whence she came?
And at once did she, as her dwelling, name
My father's high-roofed hall."

The story then details how she induced the sailors to take her to her native place, by plotting with them to steal from her master, saying:—

"And gold with me I shall surely bear—
Whatever to hand may come;
And with willing mind as a passage-fare,
Shall bring you the boy whom as nurse I rear
In that rich man's house at home,
And a handsome price he will sure provide,
When sold in a foreign mart."

The sailors, to aid in the theft, send one of their number to the house, and the scene is thus described:—

"Crafty was he whom the sailors sent
To make the message sure;
To my father's house his way he bent,
And a necklace of gold with amber blent—
He brought with him as a lure.

"With searching hand and longing eye,
My mother and her train
Did there, as he stood in the palace, try
The trinket, promising to buy,
For its beauty made them vain.

"He winked at the woman, and went his way;
And having made the sign,
With my hand in hers I was led away,
Through the porch where three gold goblets lay,
Left there while they went to dine."

The woman then conceals the three gold goblets in her dress, and goes with the child to the shore, and after getting them on board, the galley sets sail.

"Fair was the wind vouchsafed by Jove.
Six days before the blast,
Day and night in constant course we drove;
But the seventh was doomed to prove
That guilty woman's last.

"Her, Artemis's fatal arrow slew,
And with a noisy force,
She fell as plump as sea coots do,
Into the scuppers, and then they threw
To the seals and fish her corse.

"And sadly I was left behind;
But soon to Ithaca's shore
Wafted were we by wave and wind;
To Laertes by sale was I consigned—
And now my tale is o'er." *

Without trenching on the rights of learned disputants as to whether the ballads, commonly called the Homeric Hymns, were composed by Homer, it is admitted that they contain traces of the Homeric liveliness which gives a pleasant charm to the stories in the Iliad and Odyssey. And therefore in this article it will be convenient to

* "Maginn's Homeric Ballads," pp. 223-237.

consider the term "Homeric" as indicating the characteristics of the style, rather than the authorship, of these ballads.

The "Hymn to Mercury" is one of the most humorous ballads in Greek literature. It tells the story of Mercury's stealing the oxen of his elder brother Apollo; the altercation of the two gods; their reference to Jupiter, and their final compromise. That one of their deities should be celebrated in a poem for such wholesale thieving and bare-faced lying as Mercury is made to play off on Apollo, is a curious commentary on the popular sentiment respecting the religion of the Greeks, and of the quality of the morality peculiar to the rulers of their heavenly Olympus.

The story of the hymn is, that Mercury, the son of Jupiter and Maia, was born in a cave about daybreak; that by noon he had made a lyre out of the shell of a tortoise, which he caught at the entrance of the cave, and that he immediately learned to play on it, and in

"A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton,—
He sung how Jove and Maia of the bright sandal,
Dallied in love not quite legitimate."

But his most marvellous achievements took place the same afternoon, when, being only a few hours old, he stole and drove away a herd of fifty cows belonging to Apollo, which were grazing on the Pierian Hills in the care of a black bull and four fierce dogs. To conceal the theft he makes the cows walk forward and backward, and does so himself, taking the further precaution of throwing away his sandals: and to make the impression of his feet appear large he wrapped them in the leafy twigs of tamarisk. While driving the cows, he meets an old laboring man, whom he commands to be blind and deaf to present objects, or he may suffer for it. He then turns the cows into a meadow to feed, kills and dresses two of them for his supper, and, after extinguishing the fire, he gets back to his cave in the early dawn, and

"Obliquely through the keyhole passed,
Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

"Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
The swaddling clothes about him, and the knave
Lay playing with the covering of his bed,
With his right hand about his knees,—the left
Held his beloved lyre."

Meanwhile Apollo misses his "heifers with the crooked horns," and by inquiring of the laboring man, and by the help of augury, he discovers that his baby-brother of the half-blood is the thief. He flies to Pylos, but is somewhat puzzled by the extraordinary foot-marks in the sand; and going to Cyllene, he enters the cave. Mercury sees him coming, and rolling himself up, puts his head under the bed clothes, pretending to be asleep. Apollo, after much searching through the cave and looking into Maia's wardrobe and storeroom, finds his little brother, and thus addresses him:

"Little cradled rogue, declare
Of my illustrious heifers—where they are!
Speak quickly or a quarrel straight 'twixt us
Must rise, and the event will be that I
Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally!
Nor shall your father, nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon: utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day,
To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

Mercury, notwithstanding his babyhood, shows himself an adept in mendacious lying, and with much ingenious force thus asserts his innocence:

"O, Atrides! Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask *me* what was done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who yet at least can think of nothing wrong;
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,
Or half asleep hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water, clean and warm,
And hushed, and kissed, and kept secure from harm.

"O! let not e'er this quarrel be averr'd!
The astounded gods would laugh at you if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born baby forth should fare
Out of his house after a savage herd!

I was born yesterday; my small feet are
Too tender for the road so hard and rough;—
And if you think that this is not enough,

"I swear a great oath by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows; and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or *did*;
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
For I have only heard the name."

This is pretty ambiguous swearing, but it fails to convince Apollo. Further altercation leads Apollo to catch the boy in his arms, but Mercury makes it difficult for his brother to hold him, and asks:

"What mean you to do
With me, you unkind god?
Is it about these cows you tease me so?"

Finally Mercury appeals to Jupiter, and both go to Olympus. Apollo tells a wonderful story of Mercury's performances to Jupiter, and charges the fraudful boy with the larceny of his cows. Whereupon Mercury further displays his mendacious qualities in the following defence:

"Great Father! you know clearly beforehand,
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band
Of gods to bear him witness, in great ruth,
To my abode seeking his heifers there,
And saying I must show him where they were—

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss!
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed, and might and manliness,
As a green bank with flowers; but unlike him
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor, wee, new-born thing,
That slept and never thought of cow-driving.

"Am *I* like a strong fellow that steals kine?
Believe me, dearest father! (such you are!)
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my cradle-bed I wandered ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the gods, and I love *you*, and care
Even for this hard accuser, who must know
That I'm as innocent as they or you.

"I swear by these most gloriously wrought portals,
(That is, you will allow, an oath of might!)
Through which the multitude of the immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising benisons for the affairs of worlds—
That I am guiltless! And I will requite,
Although my accuser be great and strong,
His cruel threat! Do thou defend the young!" *

* Shelley's Translation of the Hymn to Mercury.

Mercury, during the delivery of his defence, plays a double game, and proves himself to be a born expert in deceit and craft, for he accompanies his speech with divers winkings of the eye, and sideling nods to Jupiter, to give him a hint as to the true state of affairs. Thereupon Jove realizes the situation, and bursts into laughter to find his roguish baby-boy impugn the truth by "lying so well and skilfully about the cows." He intimates to Mercury that he has done enough to establish a great reputation among the gods, and that he should now disclose to Apollo what he did with the cows. Mercury obeys, and leads Apollo to the place where the cows were concealed, and as an *amende*, gratifies him with the gift of his lyre. Apollo is delighted with the musical instrument, and thereupon both swear an eternal friendship.

The Batrachomyomachia,* or Battle of the Frogs and Mice, is supposed by some who have investigated its history, to have been a youthful production of Homer's. But others have assumed, from its internal evidence, that from the beginning to the end it is a plain and palpable parody not only of the general plan and story, but of numerous incidents, of the Iliad itself. It is a burlesque on war, and a palpable ridicule of the gods. There were three other poems of the same kind. Arachnomachia, or the Battle of the Spiders. Geranomachia, or the Battle of the Cranes; and Psaromachia, or the Battle of the Starlings. The general result of the investigations, places these poems at a later date than Homer; but they are the offspring of early Attic art, and while they display a good deal of licentious raillery on the characters and habits of the gods, their witty, mock-heroic spirit of humor makes them most entertaining.

The story of the Battle of the Frogs and the Mice opens with the incident

* Compounded of Batrachos, a frog; Mus, a mouse; and Mache, a battle.

of a mouse, Psycharpax, or Crumb-snatcher, exhausted with flying from a weasel, coming to a pool to drink. The King of the Frogs, Physignathus, or Puff-cheek, comes to the brink and enters into conversation with the mouse, and finally induces him to mount on his back for a sail. During their conversation the mouse describes the weapons of mouse-destruction in vogue in Homer's early days :—

"Yet we have foes, which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons strong, and cats with claws;
And the false trap, that den of silent fate,
Which death his ambush plants around the bait."

The frog meant to be honest with his friend, who apparently gets *mal de mer;* but a water-snake lifting up its head close by, so frightens the frog, that, forgetful of his poor landsman, he dives to the bottom. Crumb-snatcher splutters, flounders and struggles to swim, then makes a dying speech, denouncing his perfidious betrayer, and invokes the vengeance of every sympathetic, right-feeling mouse, and finally sinks amongst the bulrushes. The adventurous Crumb-snatcher was the son and heir of Troxartes, or Bread-knawer, the King of the Mice, by Queen Lycomile, or Meal-licker; and the king, when he learns the cause of his son's death, induces every mouse in the field to take up arms to avenge the death of Prince Crumb-snatcher. The army of Mice is thereupon assembled, and the following description of their armour will remind the reader of Shakespere's description of the chariot of Queen Mab: *

"In verdant hulls, despoiled of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk along the plains;
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corslet made,
Faced by the plunder of a cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmets yield;
And o'er the region with reflected rays—
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze."

The Frogs notice the bustle among the Mice, and come to land; thereupon the herald of the Mice, Embasichytros, or Pot-creeper, advances and challenges the Frogs to battle. The Mice have for chief warriors, in addition to the king and the herald, Kitchen-sniffer, Ham-scraper, Dish-licker, Cheese-scooper, Plunder-stealer, Corn-eater, Hole-dweller, Bacon-nibbler, and others.

The King of the Frogs delivers a spirited address to his followers, who thereupon, in an equally picturesque style, arm themselves for battle.

"Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallow close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Formed of the pictur'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field;
And tapering fen-reeds for the polished spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dressed for war they take th' appointed height,
Poise their long arms, and urge the promised fight."

But the Frogs foolishly leave their more proper element, and prepare for battle on dry land. Meanwhile Jupiter summons a council of the gods,—

"And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs, assist?"

But on a speech from Minerva, it was decided that the gods should remain passive spectators of the impending battle.

"Queen Mab. she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies;
Her waggon spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream of fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues.
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again."

—ROMEO AND JULIET, Act 1, Scene 4.

Minerva's speech is an amusing travesty and daring burlesque on the "mighty synod of Olympus." "O Father," said the goddess, "never will I assist the Mice, be they ever so distressed, for they have done me infinite harm, nibbling my wreaths, and dirtying my lamps, to get at the oil. But I am more particularly annoyed at what they have lately done. They have actually gnawed all round a gown which I had worked all by myself (one of the finest pieces of stuff to be found anywhere), and have made holes in it. And now the man from whom I bought the stuff duns me and demands payment. I am exceedingly vexed about my spoiled dress, because I had put all my work into what I may be said to have borrowed only, and I am now unable to return it, or pay its price,

"For gods, that use no coin have none to give.

"Nevertheless, I will not stir for the Frogs either; for they are utterly without any discretion. The other day, as I was returning from battle, excessively fatigued, and wishing for a quiet sleep, they made such an outrageous croaking that I could not sleep a wink, and so I lay awake until the cock crew."

The generals of the army of Frogs bear the appropriate names of Hoarse-croaker, Loud-bawler, Great-babbler, Lake-caller, Water-lover, Garlic-eater, Cabbage-eater, Dirt-delighter, Mud-croucher, Mud-walker, and others.

The battle then begins, and great prowess is displayed on both sides. A Frog warrior, Hypsiboas, or Loud-bawler, leads the attack, and kills Lychenor, or Lamp-licker, one of the Mouse generals. The sketch of the battle is almost too entertaining to omit, for it is graphic, spirited, and picturesque.

But the following extract may be given to show the skill of the combatants in the use of the mob-weapons of stones and mud in Homer's days:

"Mud-lover, to avenge the slain,
Seized Kitchen-sniffer off the rising plain,
Drags to the lake the mouse depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
O'er the broad field, Corn-plunderer shines afar,
(Scarce less than he whose loss provok'd the war),
Swift to avenge, his fatal jav'lin flies,
And thro' his liver struck, Mud-lover dies;
His freckl'd corpse before the victor fell;
His soul, indignant, sought the shades of hell.
This saw Mud-walker; from the margin'd flood,
Lifts with both hands a ponderous mass of mud;
The slime obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Befouls his face, and dims his flashing eyes.
Enrag'd and madly sputt'ring,—from the shore
A rock immense the gasping warrior bore,
A load for laboring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Claims ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Mud's sinewy leg receives the crushing wound;
The frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Hoarse-croaker quick arrests his course.
Hoarse-croaking threats precede: the pointed reed,
His brown furred belly seeks with fatal speed;
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbu'd with gore,
And to the earth the reeking entrails bore."*

After several onsets, the Mice gain the advantage, and the loquacious empire of Frogs is on the point of extermination, when Jupiter decides that it is time to interfere, and notifies the combatants by thunder and lightning to desist. The victorious Mice, however, pay no attention to these indications of the will of the "ruler of gods, and frogs, and mice, and men," and are pursuing their advantage. Whereupon Jupiter orders an army of Crabs from a neighboring strand to make an échelon movement upon the victors. Their appearance on the battlefield is thus described:—

"Sudden they came. Broad-backed
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,
Shell-clad, crook-kneed, protruding far before,
Long hands and claws, with eye-holes in the breast,
Legs in quaternion ranged on either side,—
And Crabs their name."†

* From "Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice," translated by Parnell and corrected by Pope.
† Shelley's translation.

This manœuvre of the Crabs effectually checks the Mice, who, some with their tails and some with their legs bitten off, retire in disorder to their vaulted holes, and leave the Frogs to croak dolefully in monotonous chorus over their defeat and loss.

**"And the whole war (as Jove ordained) begun,
Was fought and ceas'd in one revolving sun."**

It is a curious fact, says Coleridge, that the Battle of the Frogs and Mice was the first of the supposed Homeric Poems printed at the revival of letters. Laonicus, of Crete, was the editor of the first edition, printed in Venice, in 1486, in alternate red and black lines.

Among the smaller ballads may be mentioned the Hymns to Minerva, Venus, Mars, Apollo, Ceres, Mercury and Pan, and others, poetic and picturesque, but with little of the comic.

The hymn, "Bacchus or the Pirates," * tells how the god of wine when near the sea-shore, was seized by a band of pirates, who believed him to be a prince—

"Whose worth would precious ransom bring."

When taken on board, he startles them by bursting the wythes with which he was bound; whereupon the pilot declares that he is "some inmate of heaven's high abode," and urges the pirates to put the offended god ashore. The pirate chief forbids, and commands the sailors to ply their oars and to spread the sails. Thereupon the god metamorphoses their ship and its oars into a vine:

**"Awe-struck each mariner the wonder views,
Around the cordage verdant vines extend,
Loaded with purple fruit the branches bear."**

Bacchus then assumes the form of a lion, and seizes the pirate chief; forthwith

**"Awe-struck, the inferior train
Leaped from the deck, and braved the billowy main,
Each in a dolphin's shape, the surges cleave."**

This hymn is said to be the original of similar picturesque metamorphoses in Ovid and other Latin writers.

The illustrations given in this article are necessarily condensed; yet they will enable the reader to glean some idea of the originality and literary qualities of these early Homeric ballads.

But the defence of the beneficial influence of classical studies must be left to others, more skilled and experienced scholars, and better students, than the writer of this article. And though one's memory in after years must often plead a statute of limitations to our student-indebtedness to grammars and lexicons, it will be generally conceded that there is associated with one's University days, a sentimental reverence for classical studies,—*sermones utriusque linguæ*,—and also an intelligent appreciation of their helpful assistance to literary equipment, which a more extended acquaintance with modern literature, in later years, can neither entirely lessen nor displace.

* The Hymns and Epigrams of Homer, Translated by Henry James Pye, Esq., Poet Laureate.

A SUN DANCE AMONG THE SARCEES.

BY A. C. SHAW.

Illustrated by Arthur H. H. Heming.

"HELLO! stop that horse." These words, followed by a string of others of a "cussing" character, greeted my ears one fine summer morning in 1887, as I sat upon my horse and gazed upon one broad and waving sea of grass, sunburned and browned 'tis true, but dotted here, there and everywhere with the purple flowers which reared their tiny heads in modest profusion to brighten the landscape. But that was'nt our morning for landscapes.

We were looking for the camp of the Sarcee Indians, where a "sun dance" was going on. We had got lost, and, while engaged in spying out the land, the horse of one of the party "bucked" him off—hence the cuss words.

Travellers have crossed the prairies, and written at length on both prairies and their excrescences in the shape of Indians, but, with few exceptions, little has been said about the dance in honor of the sun, with its accompanying cruelties and barbarities: partly because few have seen the dance itself, and partly because, of recent years, it has been to a large extent suppressed.

The average traveller sees the Indian of to-day, and of yesterday, flattening his nose against the window panes of Calgary and Edmonton, or inspects the same individual in a roofless plug hat and a few other odds and ends, hanging around the store-house of the Reserve. To see the red man's skin in a natural state you should see him at a sun dance, where plug-hats and trousers are conspicuous by their absence, and yellow ochre, red paint and feathers form a more fitting substitute: while his howls have a more savage ring when he is freed from any such troublesome adjuncts as clothes.

A wampum belt, generally supplemented by a blanket, are upon these occasions worn with all the dignity of the free-born savage. We all of us have a reverence for religion, and every nation or tribe of the earth worships something or other. The Brahmin worships to this day those idols of stone and clay which, three thousand years ago, "when the Memnonium was in all his glory," adorned the temples of India, and still the dervishes dance weird dances in honor of their smug-faced deities. The South Sea Islanders dance their fandango around human bones, the covering thereof being concealed elsewhere, and with seal oil or some other oil, lights up his pet graven image.

The Englishman or the Canadian goes to church twice upon Sunday, and joins in the worship of our great Creator, with a face fully as long as that of the Sarcee Medicine Man while watching for the rising of the sun.

Yet, the Sarcee Indian, surrounded by missionaries, and willing to accept salvation at a dollar a head, still has his savage moods, and returns to old-time traditions when he turns out, to a papoose, to join in the worship of the sun.

We had learned—an officer of the Mounted Police, a friend, and myself—that the Sarcees, a tribe whose Reserve was situated to the west of Calgary, were about to put in a week of barbarism and heathenism on the banks of the Bow River, and being accompanied by the official interpreter, we hoped to be able to get a good view of the proceedings. We did—got all we wanted, in fact—with a considerable balance to the credit of the curiosity side of our nature.



A BLACKFOOT CHIEF.

Presently we were aware that we were approaching the encampment—the wind was blowing our way and there was plenty of Sarcee in the air—and soon we beheld the semi-circle of tepees situated on a plateau near the western bank of the Bow River. About the centre of a line reaching from either end of the semi-circle was the medicine lodge, of which more hereafter. Supported by official authority, but with a slightly nervous sensation, we invaded the camp, and were conducted to the abode of the Chief. I didn't at first know, when I reached his august presence, whether it was the Chief or prairie mud, or a section of a paint shop I had run up against.

I must'nt forget the Chief's dinner, either; it was there, too, hanging in the sun in long, red, raw strips of some defunct cow, saturated, if one may use the expression, with flies. It did'nt create any yearning for grub in my mind, or anywhere else about my person. I wanted to go away and wait till it dried, but as I could see no sign of the sun being able to penetrate the covering of flies for a time, I took another long pull at my pipe and awaited the termination of our interview with the Chief. A half a dozen judiciously distributed cigarettes, together with nearly all the tobacco of the party, transformed the Chief and a couple of greasy associates into most comical dudes, but good-natured Indians, and a promise was extorted that we should see the dance in all its details. By the way, the Indian takes naturally to cigarettes, and those individuals who consider it good form to wear an impassive countenance are outdone by their Indian confreres, who can smoke a cigarette with a face devoid of any expression, except that imparted by paint.

Amongst the first ceremonies is the choosing of the "sun pole," to which are to be attached the ropes of skin used in torturing the would-be braves. An old hag is selected, who heads a procession of the virgins of the tribe to select a suitable tree, which must be tall and as free from branches as possible. The maidens themselves must be free from taint, for woe betide the young girl against whom any reputable tribesman can bring an accusation. The tree is selected, and the branches are lopped off nearly to the top, and one of a long series of barbaric ceremonies begins. These ceremonies differ among different tribes, and are never exactly the same. The "horse Indians" ride at the pole, and shoot and slash at it while mounted, but, though the Sarcees may be termed horse Indians, yet upon this occasion the pole was attacked on foot. A tumultuous mass of warriors threw their tomahawks and fired their Winchesters at the pole, at short range, until at a signal they ceased their onslaught, and the tree, though splintered and bullet-marked, still stood firm. Next day it was cut down and taken into camp, where it was firmly planted in the ground, and a rough enclosure, known as the "medicine lodge," built about it. Posts and branches of trees formed the walls thereof, and these were covered with cloths and robes of many colors, in all stages of preservation, or rather dilapidation. The sun-pole itself, now braced by smaller poles reaching to the walls of the lodge, was covered more or less, as the lawyers would say, with similar material.

If Monday is washing day in Canada, Monday, as so understood, is unknown to the Sarcees, and many Mondays, and many moons, must have passed since the gaudy coverings of the lodge and pole had visited a washtub.

Within the enclosure of the lodge was the place where the braves were to be tortured, and upon this part of the ceremony much of the interest appears to centre. As the Spaniards delight in a bull fight, the Yankees in a prize fight, or the Canadians in seeing a man risk his life over Niagara, so do

the stoical savages, squatting on their haunches about the sides of the lodge, watch with pleased, but calm and critical countenances, the terrible agony of their friends and relations.

On the afternoon of the third day of our arrival on the scene the old squaw before referred to, who it seems had been going through a period of fasting, the purpose of which I did not quite understand, had not refrained long enough from the flesh pots of the Sarcee—and who would blame her—



while the braves, who were to undergo the torture, and who were fasting, too, had not concluded that branch of the performance, but were tightening their belts at the rate of two holes a day. We were told, however, that in an hour a sort of side-show, in the way of a dance, would be introduced, and that we would be given box-biscuit box-seats. In the meantime, every brave in camp seemed to be making his toilet in front of his tepee, and, the day being hot, and tent fronts open, even the dusky belles could be seen adding pints of paint to their persons. The noble savage himself, stripped to the waist and covered with paint as with a garment, spent as much time and trouble upon his exterior decorations as even a ball-room belle, though his garments were certainly somewhat more scanty. Byron says the waltz was imported from the Rhine. Maybe it was. There is certainly no evidence that the Sarcees have any knowledge of it, nevertheless they dance, and I will venture to say they will take no odds on their dancing qualities from any German who ever danced a waltz.

About one o'clock a long, solemn and dirty procession slowly made its way, and formed a circle of a similar character just west of the entrance to the medicine lodge, and began a dance, which had no meaning to my eyes, nor of which I could get a satisfactory explanation. Three or four chaps were planted in the middle of the circle, who whacked away at a couple of tom-toms, now slow and low, then loud and fast: and the whole circle would rise, and, with any amount of "wo, wo, wo's" and "vi, vi, vi's," go through a species of step-dance. I can only describe it as a sort of hopping on one leg and then the other, varied by hopping on both together, seldom moving any distance, and keeping the body partly bent and rigid, with the hands hanging by the side. This sort of thing went on for an hour or two, varied by a brave occasionally doing a little dancing on his own account, accompanied by quite a nice selection of yells. These latter are the chaps who are hankering after some of the torture that in a few days will be distributed to those who, by fasting and prayer, have fitted themselves for the ordeal. Curious, is it not? By fasting and prayer the savage prepares for the highest rites in his heathen worship, and by prayer and fasting, the Christian is directed to prepare for the future, but in the latter case I note

that the object is rather to escape torture than to invite it.

I had a talk with one of the braves, after he had torn the half of his natural chest covering off, and he didn't seem to say he enjoyed the tearing process a bit, nor have I found any good church member who neither whistled nor took a hot dinner on the Sabbath day, who claimed that this chastening of the flesh was a pleasant performance.

To resume—The brave in question, moved thereto by various large plugs of tobacco, told me that he was frightened out of his seven senses at the thought of what he had to undergo, but he only admitted it to me in great secrecy, and in consideration of lurid promises of more tobacco and sundries.

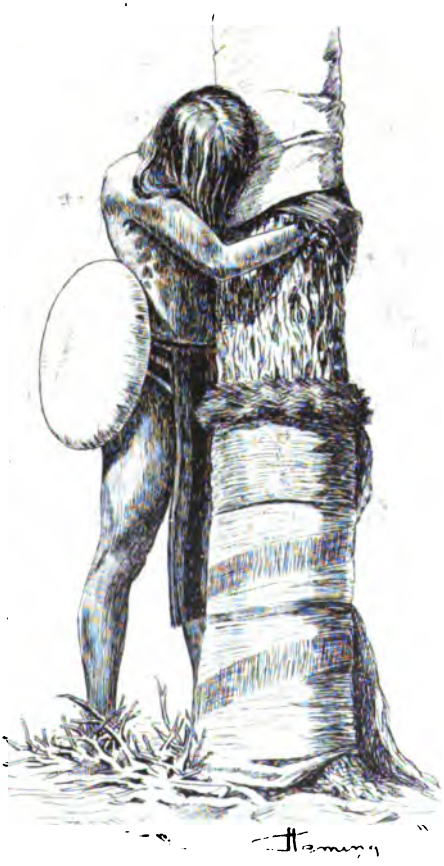
In addition to the fasting, the braves pray to the sun at different times, and more particularly just before the ordeal. With hair all uncovered and hanging loosely about his head and over his tawny face, the poor wretch, cursed by ambition, clasps his arms about the sun-pole, and, with bowed head and dejected attitude, calls upon the spirits to aid him throughout the ordeal.

There were about three hundred and fifty braves on the banks of the Bow River, participating in the dance, and when I tell you that only four young men presented themselves as candidates for the torture, it will be readily understood that the majority of the tribe had a greater longing for begging and stealing about the streets of Calgary than for being made into braves of the very first water. They, no doubt, reasoned that there was more money in the former occupation, though there might be more excitement in keeping up the custom of a period past and gone and of a race fast becoming extinct.

Forgetting for the moment the pleasures of civilization, the men of the tribe, sometimes assisted at a distance by the maidens, kept up a succession of dances for several days, in which the probationers, if I may so term them, were the star performers. About the fourth day, the torturing of the braves began. Before sunrise, the dusky dancers proceeded to the medicine lodge, and the heroes of the day, one after the other, marched to the sun-pole and did their spell of praying. I am sure they must have blushed. The observed of all observers, and close observers at that, these young fellows, but for red paint and reddish complexion, must have appeared either very red or very white. Their faces, however, showed no traces of emotion, as each placed himself in the hands of a medicine man, who took the skin of one side of the breast between his finger and thumb, and, raising it from the bone, pushed a long, narrow-bladed knife, ground to the sharpness of a razor, through the skin. Before taking the knife away, a piece of bone, about five inches long, and one-eighth of an inch thick, was inserted, and the knife was then pulled out. Cords of skin were next fastened to the bone, much as a sailor coils a rope about a cleat, and the end of this cord was tied to a long thong of skin, reaching from the top of the sun-pole. The other side of the breast having been similarly treated, the two cords from the tortured man's chest are fastened to the main rope, at a short distance from his body, making the strain upon each equal.

Standing, facing the pole, it was now the business of the brave to break loose by forcing the bone through the skin, or by breaking the bone. It is a nasty sight to see a man who is half knocked out in the prize ring, stagger up to meet his punishment, only to receive another knock-down blow, and, with gasps for breath and heavy, sickening movements, try once more to regain his feet. None but brutal natures can enjoy such sights, and none but savages could delight in witnessing the efforts of the ignorant, but plucky, savage to rid himself of the foreign substance planted in his breast.

Now, he would rush towards the pole to gain impetus for a backward dash, which he took with a mighty shout, only to be pulled up with a sickening jerk, and to fall with a dull thud upon the ground. His skin was stretched from his breast bone for more than a foot; his face and body were covered with perspiration and blood, and these, running through the coating of paint like rivulets, left him a disgusting spectacle indeed.



PRAYING BEFORE UNDERGOING THE ORDEAL.

The whole four aspirants having been attached to the pole, as already described, each seemed to rival the other in the furious rushes he made, and incited by the yells and fierce singing of his kinsmen, exerted his strength to the utmost to break loose before he broke down. One, indeed, did faint, and was afterwards carried out, probably to go through the ordeal another day, but the others continued their maddening plunges. The pain was evidently intense, and although every sinew and every muscle was stretched and distended, though some poor devil would now and again fall from sheer exhaustion, he would soon rise again to renewed efforts, knowing well that failure to take his punishment was disgrace. Yet none displayed in the expression of their countenances any evidence of the terrible suffering they were undergoing. This delectable entertainment lasted for several hours, though one lucky beggar got through at the end of an hour. Notwithstanding this, for three long hours another fellow struggled with what one might almost call the jaw-bone of an ass, for it must have been an ass that put such a thick bone through the man's skin. However, there was no use in attempting to interfere, nor would the victim have thanked one for doing so, but finally, after enduring more than I believed a human being could endure, and live, with a fearful shriek and a last despairing plunge, the tortured man broke loose from his fastenings, and fell to the ground insensible.

This practically ended the sun dance. It did for me, at least. A repetition of the last day's fiendish cruelty was too much for my blood, and I shook the dust from my feet, and as much of the real Sarcee odor from my clothes as I could get rid of, and left. I understand that the tortured braves at sundown came forth, and, kneeling, faced the glowing orb till it sank out of sight, and with their poor torn breasts turned to the west, looked for approval of their deeds.

The sun dance is being gradually suppressed by the Government, and even when I saw it in 1887, many of the more barbarous features had been eliminated. It was even whispered to me that pieces of wood were substitut-



THE ORDEAL.

red for bone, so that they broke before the torture became maddening.

The Indian of civilization is not the man he was aforetime. The howling, half-naked savage that I parted with after the sun dance would very likely, in a week's time, be found, clad in the cast-off garments of civilization, prowling around the back-yards of one of the prairie towns, looking for broken

victuals, though his half-healed breast proved that he was a man among his fellows. Like his brethren, he has become demoralized by contact with the white man, and by the attractions and temptations of the border towns, whose Sunday Schools, I regret to say, he does not usually attend.

LES HUGUENOTS.

(After Millais.)

'Twas long ago they stood within that quaint old garden
And parted 'mid the glow and fragrance of its flowers,
Those brave, fond lovers, whose strong faith upbore them
Steadfast. throughout those passion-shaken hours.

Beyond that dark Gethsemane of deep temptation,
Each saw the martyr's cross loom darkly, swiftly near,
Each knew that when one left that sunlit garden
He looked his last on all that earth held dear.

Yet he went forth. And when the dim, faint dawning
Broke o'er the darkened city, 'mid red heaps of slain,
He lay asleep, his dead face towards the morning,
To wake with God, above the ways of men.

O deathless life! Perchance in that still garden
The roses glowed and paled for many a long, long year,
The while she bore earth's lonely cross of longing
For echoes of a voice she ne'er might hear.

I know 'twas long ago, and that those still, rapt faces
Looking from out the canvas, are a painter's dream—
Yet I've so lived with them their sweet, sad story,
More near to-night than living friends they seem.

O deathless Love! Supreme renunciation—
Earth's hard-fought battle-field before th'eternal calm—
O faithful hearts, in Paradise now resting,
Your voices mingling in its glorious psalm.

Be unto us who strive, God's strengthening angels, showing
(What else would make th' unequal strife too hard to bear)
Within each dark Gethsemane of our temptation,
A thorn-crowned Saviour, watching with us there.

L. O. S.

MEMORIES OF BATHURST.*

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

ABOUT the year 1786, James Sutherland, an Englishman of Scotch descent, married a handsome young lady of good family, and sailed with her to America to make his future home. He landed in Boston, and intended to settle there, but an event occurred which turned him into a New Brunswick pioneer. Being in a hotel one day, he became involved in a political discussion with a citizen. The animosities growing out of the Revolution had not subsided, and in the heat of the argument the Bostonian "damned" the British king. Sutherland was a staunch Briton, and the only reply he could give to such a sentiment from a Boston man was to knock him down. The natural consequence of such an encounter in those days was a challenge to a duel, which was promptly accepted by Sutherland, and in the fight, which took place in some lonely spot outside the city, the Bostonian was killed.

Massachusetts was no longer safe for Sutherland, and, with his wife and belongings, he made his way, in 1788, to St. John. After remaining there a year, he decided on carrying out a plan he had for some time had in mind, of establishing his home in some wilderness, where he could rule in a realm all his own. Having some means, he bought a vessel, hired a crew for a voyage, and one fine morning in May, 1789, sailed out of St. John, for where he did not know. Crossing the Bay of Fundy, he made his way along the coast of Nova Scotia to Cape Breton. The captain he had engaged proved to be a worthless and untrustworthy man, and, after bearing with his drunkenness for a time, Sutherland deposed him, and took command of the ship himself. With courage undaunted, he made his way up the Gulf of St. Lawrence till he reached Nipisiguit Bay. Here he was struck,—as more than one voyager before him had been,—with the beauty of the wooded hillsides and grassy slopes spread out before him, and reaching an inlet, he entered the bay where now the village of Bathurst lies. Here, after a voyage of nearly four months, he determined to fix his abode.

Putting his crew to work building cabins for the winter, he sought and obtained a tract of 3,000 acres of land from the government. The title deed was a very comprehensive one. He was to be sole owner in this domain of "all the fish that swam in the rivers, brooks and drains; all the hawks that flew over the land, and all the animals that roamed through the forests." Even the estuary of the bay, though it could not be alienated by the Government, was rented to him for a period of 999 years at a rental of "three pepper corns a year."

Here, on this wild shore, with only the strolling bands of Micmac Indians as his forest neighbors, his fondest dream was realized. The only condition attached to the liberal grant of land was that he should bring under cultivation a certain number of acres of land per year for a period of years, and it was this condition which led to a remarkable adventure by one of his daughters.

In course of time a little dependency gathered around him, and other settlers came and obtained grants of the adjoining forest lands, and among these were a Capt. Allen and Hugh Munro. On the Allen grant were

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many acres of rich marsh lands, and Munro, desiring to get possession of them, had contrived to invalidate the grant on the ground that Allen had not cleared the stipulated acreage. Having succeeded in breaking up the Allen grant and getting the lands, he next turned his attention to the Sutherland estate, which also had valuable marsh lands, and on which the acreage of cleared land fell below the Government requirements. The family were much distressed ; for as the case seemed to be clear against them, and Munro, now a magistrate, had influence with the Government. It was midwinter, 1818, when the news came, and Munro was at Fredericton putting the machinery of government in motion to have their lands escheated to the crown. The fruits of all his hard pioneer work, and the patient labors of his wife—a delicately reared lady, who had now gone through nearly thirty years of the trials and privations of a backwoods settler's life—seemed about to drop from his grasp, when his daughter Charlotte, a girl of twenty, said : " I shall go to Fredericton myself."

In spite of the dissuasions of the family, she took her younger brother Frederick, then a lad of sixteen, prepared food for the journey, and set out on foot for Fredericton, a distance of 149 miles. The only road thither was by way of Miramichi, and from their home to Newcastle, a distance of forty-five miles, only an Indian trail existed. The snow was now so deep that even this might be obliterated, and as there was no travel, and not a house till the Miramichi could be reached, it required no small determination to undertake such a pilgrimage. But, as subsequent events of her life proved, hers was no common courage, and setting out on snowshoes, with her little brother, she arrived in safety at Fredericton, after an adventurous journey of eight days. The details of this journey would no doubt make material for a good story, but, unfortunately, few of the incidents of the trip are preserved in the memories of her descendants. One night, she and her brother slept under a canoe which they found upturned on the banks of a stream. Another night they built a lodging out of boughs of spruce or hemlock ; other nights they must have spent in travelling, or got a fitful sleep in the shelter of fallen trees. Between Newcastle and Fredericton they found occasional farm houses, or taverns, where they were hospitably treated, and refreshed with both food and sleep. Luckily, no dangerous animals crossed their path.

Arrived at Fredericton, Miss Sutherland, with diplomatic instinct, went straight to the Governor, Major-General Stracey Smyth, who listened to her story, and who was evidently struck by the brave spirit of the girl who could face the dangers of such a journey in midwinter. She recounted the circumstances of her father's hazardous voyage and his settlement on the then untenanted shore, and she claimed that the terms of the grant had been fulfilled. It was true that the number of acres cleared by the axe fell short of the amount required in the grant, but the busy beavers had been working for them all these years.* They had built dams, and their labors had brought under cultivation many acres of fine meadow land, which had before been waste—more than enough to make up the deficiency—and by the terms of the deed, were the beavers not their property ? Therefore what work the beavers had done, was it not to be put to her father's credit ? To His Excellency, her method of proof must have seemed

*In few places in Canada have the beavers left finer monuments of their engineering skill than along the flats on the old Sutherland estate near Bathurst. A dam, half a mile long, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and eight feet high, is to be seen here, entirely the work of the beavers, and these indomitable creatures—not taught by books, but inspired by their Creator—have erected a regular series of dykes, enclosing reservoirs for eight or ten miles up the flats above the main dyke. It is worthy of note that though the dykes built here by the settlers had to be repaired every few years, the beaver dykes have never broken away. It is estimated that one of these beaver dykes alone would cost $50,000 if built by human engineers.

to come by inspiration, and as the moral right was on her side, it is little to be wondered at that he decided in favor of her claims. Not only so, but the gallant old General begged her to stay a week at Government House as his own guest, and, when she departed, assured her that the rights of the family to the property should never be disturbed. And they never were.

For the first ten or twelve years, his was the only white settlement anywhere in New Brunswick west of the Miramichi. He gave the place the name of Indian Point, a designation it bore till 1828, when Sir Howard Douglas gave it the name of Bathurst. The first marriage in the place was celebrated in 1801. Perhaps the word "celebrated" requires an explanation. Joseph Ache, a young Acadian, who had found his way here, met Cecile Petrie, and they fell violently in love, and wished to be married. No priest was at hand to perform the ceremony, however, and none might come that way for years; so, after pondering on their dilemma for some time, the following solution was arrived at: A document was drawn up by James Sutherland and Hugh Munro, and duly signed by the lovers, by which they agreed to take each other as man and wife till such time as a missionary priest should come that way, when they would have the religious rite performed. In case of forfeiture of the compact by either party, a penalty of £20 was attached—a sum beyond the ability of either party to acquire in a lifetime, as money went in those days However, they lived happily together, without any disposition to forfeit their bond, though it was eight years before any missionary ever arrived in the place to marry them.

The first post office in the settlement was kept in a pair of Wellington boots It is not to be inferred that the postmaster was situated like the "old woman who lived in a shoe," but the office was kept in his dwelling, and the mail matter was so limited that his old disused Wellington boots sufficed to hold it, the letters being kept in one boot, and the papers in its mate.

Mr. Sutherland undertook the shipment of timber on his first settlement, and in 1790—the very year after his arrival—he had built and equipped a new vessel, which he loaded with timber, and with which, under exceptionally favoring gales, he crossed to England in sixteen days—a record not very often equalled by the swiftest modern sailing vessels since.

The mention of England brings me to an incident in his career, which, though not relating to the province, is too remarkable to pass over, especially as it has never been published. This incident is connected with the execution of Dr. Wm. Dodd, a man celebrated, not so much from the fact that he was tutor to the godson and heir of Lord Chesterfield, as from his ability as a writer and preacher, and his popularity as a man and philanthropist. He was the real founder of Magdalen Hospital, and for years no London preacher drew larger crowds, or had more influence than he. But he got into repeated difficulties by his extravagant habits—for which his wife was commonly blamed—and lost more than one lucrative post through dissipation. Finally, during the absence of Lord Chesterfield, he forged that nobleman's name to a bond for a large amount, thinking to cover the loss before it could come to light. But the forgery was immediately detected. In the days of the Georges, punishment for such offences was sure and severe, and though Lord Chesterfield himself pleaded for his tutor, the law took its course, and poor Dr. Dodd was sentenced to be hanged. Dr. Johnson, the celebrated lexicographer, whose heart was as great as his intellect, could obtain no mercy for his unfortunate friend, but obtained permission to visit him in the prison, and there spent many an hour assisting him to edit his "Prison Thoughts." Dr. Dodd

THIS IS THE PROPERTY OF THE FORT WILLIAM

was publicly hanged in June, 1777. While he was preparing to go upon the gallows—after having expressed the keenest remorse for his errors and extravagances—a woman who was known for her avowed atheism stepped up near where Mr. Sutherland was standing, and began to taunt the condemned man with his religion, ending with the question, "What will your God do for you now, Doctor?"

Turning upon his tormentor, Dr. Dodd replied:

"Woman, go home and read the 9th and 10th verses of the 7th chapter of Micah. That is my answer to you!"

The woman, curious to know what this answer could be, got a Bible after the execution was over, and there, at the place named, read these words: "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me; he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness. *Then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her which said unto me 'Where is the Lord thy God?' Mine eyes shall behold her; now shall she be trodden down as the mire of the streets.*"

The woman regarded this as an inspired prophecy against her, and, Judas-like, went off and committed suicide.

Though James Sutherland was the founder of the present village of Bathurst, he was not the first white man who had dwelt there. Passing by the fact that Jacques Cartier sailed into the Baie des Chaleurs, and possibly landed on this shore, two men, as remarkable as any who ever figured in the history of the Maritime Provinces, had made this their home. Not long after he landed, Sutherland found at Alston Point, not far from his homestead, the remains of stone dwellings, the decayed walls of a fortified post, and rusted implements of various kinds: while occasional cannon balls showed that the occupants were men accustomed to war. On another place were the remains of a mill, and in the vicinity were traces of plowed ground, over which a second growth of timber had grown up; many of the trees were several inches in diameter. This circumstance showed that the former occupation would date three-quarters of a century or more back. In fact, these relics were none other than those of Enaud and Commodore Walker. Enaud, according to Cooney, was a native of Basque, and found his way here about 1638, and was the first white man who lived on the northern shores of New Brunswick. He built a mill, and, marrying an Indian woman of some distinction, traded in furs, fish, and walrus ivory, which he shipped to France. He appears to have lived first on the Miramichi, but, having quarrelled with the Indians, was driven to this bay, where he had his abode for several years. The tradition of his fate, as given by the Indians to Mr. Sutherland, was that, having done some wrong to an Indian, the red man revenged himself by throwing a tomahawk at him, as he was walking along the path in the woods. Cooney says he was murdered by his Indian wife's brother, and that his followers fled to the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island).

In 1690, the total dispersion of the French settlers of this part of the shore of the Gulf took place through the animosities of the Micmacs, and it was not till six or eight years after the taking of Quebec that the woods of Bathurst echoed to the walk of a white man. This was Commodore Walker, who is not to be confused with Admiral Walker, whose fleet was destroyed in the Gulf in 1711. Walker, who seems to have had the title of Commodore by courtesy, was a native of Scotland, and had been a lieutenant in the British navy, under Admirals Hosier and Knowles. He assisted in the capture of Porto Bello from Spain, and aided Capt. Howe in taking Isle

de Aix from the French. It was largely due to his work as an engineer that the British were able to take Senegal, and when he returned to England from this expedition, he was honored by a London company with the command of five privateers, which were sent out to harass the Spaniards around the coasts of these provinces. He distinguished himself by taking many prizes, but, being brave, or rash enough to attack a Spanish galleon, and to lose a ship in the fight, he was deposed and sent to prison. Through the influence of friends, he was afterwards released and sent again to America, where he returned to the more peaceful pursuits of trading in furs, gathering walrus ivory and produce, and shipping these and fish to England and the Mediterranean. He had four or five stores and a small fortress on Alston Point, on the northern side of the entrance to Bathurst Bay, and throve well till the American Revolution broke out, when the American privateers broke up his establishment, destroying property worth £10,000 at Alston Point, and committing similar depredations upon the trading post which the Commodore had at the Restigouche. The American pirates paid dearly for their havoc before they left the gulf, however, for the British gunbrigs, *Wolf* and *Diligence*, encountered them off Roc Percé, sinking two of their vessels, and scattering the rest. The Commodore then returned to England, and, reporting on the condition of the country, was appointed to a command under the Admiral of the North American station, but, just when the expedition was about to sail, he died of apoplexy.

Readers of Abbé Ferland's history are familiar with the stories he gives of the fishermen of this region seeing the phantom ships from Admiral Walker's fleet—a sight which is said to have been seen before the great storm that wrecked some vessels on the Isle aux Œufs. Without repeating these stories, it will suffice here to state that there are sober-minded residents of Bathurst who, some thirty years ago, saw, or imagined they saw, an apparition, like a brig on fire, the vessel driving swiftly down the bay before a northerly wind, and vanished shortly after the burning masts had toppled over. This peculiar apparition took place after navigation had closed for the season. These stories, which have been current in Bathurst for many years, may be taken for what they are worth; but the circumstances I am now to relate have a more direct bearing on this age of piracy and plunder, and are more extraordinary than any that are connected with the history of any New Brunswick town.

George C. Sutherland, who relates these facts, is the grandson of the founder of Bathurst, and son of Frederick Sutherland, who, as a lad, accompanied Miss Charlotte Sutherland to Fredericton. Mr. Sutherland says there was a tradition in his family that treasure was buried somewhere on Carron Point, the tongue of land opposite Alston Point, and which, with it, encloses the waters of Bathurst Bay. The bank along this point looking out towards Nipisiguit Bay (an indention of Baie des Chaleurs) is from twelve to twenty feet high, and, extending about a mile east, is broken by the Bass River there which flows out to sea. In former times—say till about thirty years ago—the Bass River did not flow directly out to sea as now, but its waters ran between his high bank and a sand bar for the distance of half a mile west, where they mingled with those of a brook, and both then ran out to the sea. The legend pointed to some spot in the woods on this high bank, and near the mouth of the river, as the locality of the buried treasure. In the spring, when the action of the frost would cause landslides from the bank, Mr. Sutherland was wont to go along here to see if any signs of the hidden treasure were disclosed. Nothing was

ever found, nor did digging at various spots in the woods ever show any signs of the treasure. Once a Miss Daly dreamed that the money was buried at a certain spot near the village, but when some excited young men dug at the spot they were no more successful in finding money than the sons of Whang, the miller, following a similar dream.

About twenty-five years ago, James Barry and William Smith, two residents of Bathurst, were bringing a raft of timber up the bay to the mill. It was a summer afternoon, and Barry was on the raft, while Smith was driving the tow-horse along the sand bar before mentioned. As they were leaving the point where the brook flowed out, Barry observed a woman coming down the bank towards Smith. She was an elderly woman, bareheaded, had a red-and-white plaid shawl over her shoulders, and wore a grey dress. Barry observed that she came alongside of Smith, and looking up in his face from time to time as they walked along, appeared to be holding a conversation with him. In this way she walked beside him till they came to the mouth of the river, when she left him, went up the bank and disappeared in the woods. At this point the raft was brought in, when Barry asked Smith who the woman was. Smith looked at Barry in a puzzled way, and when the latter informed him that a woman had been walking all the way along the sand bar with him, denied that he saw any one. Each was positive on the matter, and Smith was confirmed in his view when they both walked back the entire distance without finding a single foot-print except the horse's and his own. These two were sober men of good character, and Barry, in particular, was a man whose word would be accepted by anyone who knew him. Neither of the two men could ever explain the mystery.

About four years after this, Clara Dawson, a young girl related to Mr. Sutherland—but to whom the incident of the raft was unknown—was out one day on the Point picking the "maiden hair" berries peculiar to the place, when she saw a woman slowly approaching her from a distance of about a hundred yards, among the trees. Coming nearer she deliberately leaned against a tree and stood looking, not exactly at her, but as if at some object beyond. Not a word was spoken on either side, and the girl, becoming uneasy at the woman's peculiar silence and behavior, began to sidle off and left the place. On relating the circumstance to Mr. Sutherland, he asked what the woman looked like, and Clara's description of her was identical with that of the woman seen by Barry. It will be borne in mind that in both cases this woman was seen in broad daylight.

She was never seen again—at least by anyone who ever mentioned the circumstance—but the mysterious sequel is this: In June, 1891, Wallace Ronalds, a lad of the village, was driving a herd of cattle home past this locality, when he noticed two dark-skinned, swarthy-looking men in the shelter of a temporary hut made of boughs. He observed that they had a large fishing boat beached at the foot of the bank, but as they did not speak to him, he said nothing to them, and passed on. The next day when he passed with the cattle, they were still there, but the third day they were gone. The circumstance was reported to Mr. Sutherland, who went down to the place, and there, to his surprise, found traces of digging, the sod having, however, been covered again over the spot. Getting a spade, he came and dug again where these men had dug, and about eighteen inches below the surface of the ground, found fragments of rotten wood. With some difficulty he was able to get one small section which was sound, and found it to be a three inch plank of black walnut. Now, the walnut is not a native of this part of the country, and

was only introduced within the past thirty years, so that this plank was brought from abroad. Digging beneath the planking, he found that the recent disturbance of earth narrowed down till it ceased about five feet below, and nothing more was discovered. The hidden treasure, whatever its nature or value, had been taken by the dark-skinned strangers. Looking about him, he noticed about six feet to the north of the spot, a large white birch tree, on which there was an old "blaze"—so old in fact that the tree in its growth had almost closed it in. This was all, and the black-haired, dark men had left nothing behind them save the embers of their camp fire.

Who were these men? And who was that woman? Were the men Spaniards, descendants of a Spanish crew who, to save their valuables in the sea-chasing of those days, ran in here and buried them? Or were they descendants of some piratical ocean-rovers, who had left on record minute instructions by which their successors could draw the funds from this primitive bank-vault? Or did Commodore Walker, or any of his rollicking, daring men, deposit here the spoils of war, or hide their hazardously-gotten wealth from the Yankee pirates of the Revolution? Or could it have been Enaud who laid up here bags of precious gold, which, after two long centuries and more had rolled away, were gathered out by some fellow countryman—some adventurous Basque, called from the shadow of the Pyrenees to this romantic task? And who, we may ask once more, was the mysterious woman? From this spot where the dark men dug, she came down the bank to walk with the raftsmen, and from the same spot she emerged to the view of Clara Dawson. Was it the spirit of some woman whose soul was so struck by witnessing the outrages of the murderous, plundering pirates, that it refused to leave the earth till it met some one having the courage to address it, and so enable it to right the foul wrong? No answer can yet be given, and, perhaps, only the revelations of the Day of Judgment may solve the mystery.

TO A MAYFLOWER.

Blooming in the spring time early,
Drinking in the dew-drops pearly,
Breathing in the desert air,
Perfume sweet as thou art rare.
Flora, surely, all her sweetness
Lavished on thy chaste completeness,
Whilst gentle rains upon the earth
Dissolving, brought thee to thy birth.
The blushes delicately shed,
Over all thy beauty spread;
When Phœbus with a warm caress
Kissed thee into loveliness,
O! Fairest of our woodland flowers,
Frail nursling of the vernal showers,
Sweet harbinger of tardy spring,
Her rathe and primal offering.

PRINCE WILLIAM, N.B. C. T. EASTON.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

THERE is probably no subject upon which such diverse views are held, as that of superstition, while it is equally true that the degrees of superstition—the fine gradations from orthodox belief to superstitious sentiment, are as many and various as the former.

What is only a pious belief, a loved and cherished custom to one man, is looked upon by another whose life has been cast in a different direction, and whose thoughts have been modelled in a different school, as savouring of superstition, if in itself not actually superstitious. We have a notable instance of this in a famous debate which took place many years ago in the British House of Commons, where, on a question referring to parish church-yards, which had been spoken of as "consecrated ground," Mr. John Bright, who was himself a most religious man, described the term as being "an emblem of superstition." Now, we all know that the Anglican and Roman Catholic custom of consecrating the plot of land set apart for the burial of the dead, is to the members of those churches a very sacred subject; they donot think that the ground itself is benefited, or that the remnants of mortality who therein repose are in any way sanctified, but they think it right that they who have received Christian baptism, should, at their death be laid to rest in ground which has solemnly been set apart, by Christian prayer and praise, for the burial of the dead.

Many people are addicted to superstition, and that without being aware of it themselves; their minds are impregnated with idle fancies and delusions, respecting religion, such as those aptly described by Spencer thus: "At the kindling of fire and lighting of candles, they say certain prayers, and use some other superstitious rites, which show that they honor the fire and the light."

We have another instance of this state of feeling in the words addressed by St. Paul to the men of Athens, when he addressed to them this exhortation:

> "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.
>
> "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an Altar with this inscription,—TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Then, again, we have the belief in lucky numbers, or unlucky ones, as the case may be; in unlucky days, months and occurrences, the belief in warnings before death, in ghosts, and, saddest of all, the still lingering belief, among the more ignorant, in witchcraft.

Now, as regards unlucky days and numbers, perhaps there is no superstition so prevalent as the one that obtains to a greater, rather than a less, extent, in all Christian countries, that Friday is an unlucky day upon which to begin any new work, to venture on a journey, or upon which to be married. Let us take the last instance first. Any one can see for themselves, by a perusal of the daily papers, in this country, in the United States, in Great Britain, and upon the continent of Europe, how infinitesimally small the number of marriages celebrated on that day is, as compared with the number on any other day in the week. Saturday is by no means a favorite day for marrying on, yet, where Friday is selected once, Saturday is a hundred times. Of all the great steamship lines crossing the Atlantic,

not one selects the sixth day of the week whereon to sail from either side. And it is the same in all matters; rarely is Friday chosen as the day on which to have any public rejoicings, to lay the foundation stone of a church or any other public building, to launch a ship or open a new line of railroad. And yet statistics show us that Friday is no more fruitful in accidents, either by sea or land, than any other day; that no more deaths occur on that particular day, than on any other in the week; that a person who may be taken ill on Friday, stands just as good a chance of recovering as if his illness commenced on Saturday or Sunday.

Now, we know perfectly well that some people who read this article, will be ready to say, and say in all sincerity, "Don't tell me Friday is not an unlucky day. Did not the great firm of A. B. & C. fail on Friday, whereby hundreds were reduced to beggary? Did not the bank of Sharpen Bros., fail on Friday? Is there not a day spoken of yet in London, England, as "Black Friday," because so many great houses among the bankers, closed their doors then?"

Quite true, but then our supposititious friend must please to remember that these great houses in Montreal, New York, London and elsewhere, were all either large employers of labor, and had heavy demands upon them on the Saturday for wages, which they knew they could not meet; or, as bankers, they knew their funds would not be sufficient to meet the heavy drains upon their resources, that Saturday, being the day upon which wages are all but universally paid, would inevitably bring with it. Friday in itself had far less to do with the failures than Saturday.

But before passing to other subjects let us briefly explain how this belief, which is really neither more nor less than a superstition, and, though time-honored, yet a silly one, came to exist. Friday is the day of the week always connected with the Crucifixion, when the Saviour suffered and died. As the vast majority of Anglican and Roman Catholics do now, so did the early Christians consider it a day unsuitable for merriment or for worldly enjoyment. Among the heathen, with whom the lives of the early Christians were cast, the first, owing to the example of the latter, regarded their conduct as worthy of nothing but persecution and contumely, but gradually the belief began to spread that the day itself was an unlucky one, and this belief grew stronger and more defined, until now, with believers and non-believers, with Jew and with Gentile, there are vast numbers whose faith in the day being an ill-starred one cannot be gainsaid.

That thirteen is an unlucky number; that to spill salt is likely to cause sorrow to the person so doing; that it is unlucky to kill swallows; that dogs howl before a death occurs in a family; that lights burn faintly in the presence of the apparitions of spirits: that there are such things as ghosts; and that some people possess the power of witchcraft, are all in great or very slight degree part and parcel of the creed of many who are otherwise hard-headed and sensible people.

The origin of the belief in thirteen being an unlucky number to sit down to a meal, and, that if so many do, the one who rises first will die before the year is out, can be traced back also to the very early days of Christianity. At the Last Supper the number of those who assembled together was, with the Saviour, just thirteen. Judas "who also betrayed Him" was one, and he left the table before the end. A brief period, and Judas, overcome with remorse, took his own life. From this awful incident there comes the prevailing superstition, and though not many know of its origin, there are hundreds of thousands who would object to sit down "thirteen to dinner."

Then there is the prevalent super-

stition that to spill salt at table is most unlucky. Few, very few, people when asked why they believe such a thing, or affect to believe it, can give any other reason than this highly intelligible one that "it is unlucky, because it is!" Yet this conceit, if we may so term it, has something more to be said in its favor than have most superstitions Among the ancients, salt, being incorruptible, was the emblem of friendship, and a host offered it to his guests at the beginning of the repast. Should any fall, or be accidentally overset, it was regarded as an ill omen for the duration of the friendship between the host and the guest. In the celebrated picture of the Last Supper, painted by Leonardo da Vinci, Judas Iscariot, in his hasty departure from the table, is represented as having overthrown the salt.

In some country places in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, it is a firmly rooted belief that dogs howl, that owls hoot, and that ravens croak ominously at the approach of death. In some parts of the Southern States the cattle belonging to a farm are believed to be more than usually restless just before the death of their owner, this being attributed to the action of witches who delight in the sorrow that is coming on the family, and strive to intensify it by bewitching the cattle. One smiles at such a superstition, yet among the negroes of the south this notion widely obtains, and among thousands of them is implicitly believed in.

It is a very well known fact that people with lingering diseases, as well as those who have reached an advanced age, often die at a change of weather. It is equally well known that dogs also howl more loudly and frequently, and that birds scream and are disturbed from a similar cause. Hence has arisen this erroneous belief; cause and effect have been most strangely intermingled.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say anything about the supposition that lights burn less brightly in the presence of spirits, excepting this, that in mines, subterranean passages, and disused rooms, where spirits are presumed most frequently to dwell, the air is oftentimes foul and impregnated with noxious vapors, and this not only makes the lights burn dimly but sometimes totally extinguishes them.

Why it should be more unlucky to kill swallows than any other birds it is hard to say, and yet many a country lad, in Ontario and England, will hold his hand in favor of that bird, while he ruthlessly stones most others. In England the same reverence is extended towards the robins and the wrens, as is exemplified in the old lines

> "Robin Redbreast and Jenny Wren
> Are God Almighty's cock and hen."

Possibly the regard for the life of the swallows is a relic of heathen times in England and elsewhere, when these birds were regarded as sacred to the Penates or the household gods of the people.

That the belief in ghosts is a thing of the past is unhappily contrary to to the truth. It is not such a long time past, only a year or two, that a whole township, not one hundred miles from Toronto, was startled from its decorum by the alleged apparition of one of its deceased inhabitants. The story was, that shortly before departing this life the man, whose spirit was supposed to appear, in a parting interview with his principal creditor, warned the latter that if he attempted to enforce his rights against his widow and children "he would appear and haunt him." The man died and was duly buried. In process of time the creditor who had received the warning, was obliged to take legal means to enforce his claim. And now comes the extraordinary part of the story. Scarcely had these proceedings been been commenced when, what was afterwards known as the "Darkton Ghost" made its appearance in front

of the house of the deceased man's creditor. It did not molest or speak to him or any of his family; it would have been strange if it had, as it has been described as resembling nothing so much as a transparency, about the size of an ordinary door, with a depth of some eighteen inches, and floating about a foot from the ground. Its color was that of a bright opal. Some people said the luminous matter surrounded a skeleton, but these people probably "trusted to their imagination for facts." It is impossible to say how many people actually beheld this apparition, certainly not many; but it is equally positive that the whole of the members of the family affected, who resided in Darkton, were favored with a visitation. An amusing instance is told of how two young gentlemen, of an enquiring turn of mind, set out one evening in quest of this ghost. Crossing some ploughed fields, they descried at some distance in front of them, on the edge of the woods, a light some feet from the ground, which in all important particulars corresponded with what they had heard of the town's strange visitant. They duly proceeded to seek an interview with the mysterious stranger, but, as they advanced, the "form," in all its brightness, vanished. Here then was mystery indeed, but they determined still to advance, and in a brief period again the strange weird light appeared. The two youths noted that it was in the same position on each occasion; so they pushed bravely on.

At last they reached the spot, but there was nothing but solitude and silence, broken only by the soughing of the wind through the trees. Suddenly came a heavier gust of wind and with it the "form" came too. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous: the ghost was the burning stump of a tree, which was blown into fresh flame with each succeeding blast of the rising wind. The boys went home, very tired, but with no more faith in ghosts. Strange to say, the hoax known as the "Darkton Ghost," has never been discovered. We have refrained from mentioning exact names or localities, but the circumstance, at the time, created a widespread sensation, and the ghost's reality was, by many of the most credulous, implicitly believed in.

Before concluding this paper, I would say a few words on the subject of witchcraft. It will hardly be believed, that here in the province of Ontario, there are people to be found, in some localities, who believe that there are wicked, maleficent spirits, who are responsible for many, if not all, of the ills which affect mankind. They will tell you plainly that a blight upon the fruit is in consequence of a visit made to the orchards by the witches. They will no less unhesitatingly assert, that there are certain old men, but women generally, who can, by charms and incantations, remove diseases from their friends, or bring down woe upon their enemies. It is not yet ninety years since, that in York, (Toronto,) a complaint of sorcery was made before the magistrates, against a man who showed his neighbours how electricity could be produced, and who had the impiety to assert that thunder was not the voice of God, but was produced by natural causes!



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT IN ALGERIA.

WITH TWO CANADIANS IN ALGERIA.

BY ALAN SULLIVAN.

ALMOST directly south from Marseilles and the Balearic Islands, Algeria stretches for 550 miles along the northern coast of the Dark Continent. From the sea, as land draws into sight, the first aspect is that of a rugged, mountainous country, with blue peaks, crowned here and there with snow, east and west as far as eye can reach; and between the mountains and the sea, low foot hills, sloping gently off into flat, fertile plains and table lands, ribbed with belts of olive, oak, cedar and palm, and dotted with white, shining villages.

Thirty miles from land, while the Atlas range is still but a dim blur on the horizon, the south wind is laden with perfume, and breathes on the northern traveller its fragrant promise of tropic bloom and sunny clime. Later, as the city of Algiers comes into fuller, clearer view, spires, domes and cupolas spring up as if by magic, and one can distinguish narrow streets between blocks of staring white houses. In the east, masses of rich deep green show the confines of the far-famed Jardins d'Essai; on the west rises the Casbah, once the stronghold of Algerine piracy, and at last the steamer sweeps round the end of the massive concrete breakwater, and drops her anchor close under the Boulevarde, in forty feet of blue water.

Before touching on the more interesting features of Algeria and its capital Algiers, it will be no digression to give a hasty glance at their history. The first historic mention of the country is that in connection with the Carthaginian war in which Massinissa, a reigning prince, espoused the cause of the ultimately victorious Romans, and

received the title of King of Numidia. After Pompey's defeat by Cæsar, Numidia became a Roman province. Christianity was early introduced, and commerce extended, and the country flourished till the Vandal occupation, in the fifth century.



A STREET ARAB IN ALGIERS.

The Vandals in turn gave way to the Saracens, who held sway till a learned Arab founded the sect of Morabites, about 1050, A.D. The Morabites ruled, undisputed, till Ferdinand of Spain sent the Count of Navarre, who took Algiers and established Spanish rule, in 1509. A few years later the natives, chafing under his iron hand, called to their aid Barbarossa, the Turkish pirate, who summarily ejected the Spaniards and introduced that system of piracy which made the Algerians the terror of the whole length and breadth of the Mediterranean. Fortifications were built by Christian captives, and no less than 30,000 are said to have toiled in the harbor alone for three years. Their fleets were repeatedly destroyed by the various European powers; by the French in 1617, by the Venetians in 1650, by the French again in 1680. In 1683, Algiers was bombarded and almost levelled by the French, after which a general treaty was signed.

But the turbulent elements of which their tribes were composed were still unquiet and piratical. In 1816 Lord Exmouth shattered their fleet, and to this day the marks of his cannon ball are visible on the ramparts. In 1830 a war began with France which cost life and money to an enormous extent. Success swayed from side to side till Algiers was captured, in 1833; and later, an Arab chief, named Abdel El Kader arose, who was a thorn in the side of the conquerors for fifteen years. Successive insurrections troubled the times till 1871, when, after the commune, large numbers of troops were sent over from France, and military government was introduced for the outlying districts, and civil administrations for the larger centres.

To-day, though life seems on the surface to run evenly and smoothly enough,

the close observer will not fail to notice signs of smouldering resentment and discontent, which would, on very little provocation, be fanned into open war and rebellion. The fact, however, that Algeria is a great recruiting ground for the French army, and that large bodies of French and native troops are stationed there, seems to exact satisfactory, if sullen, obedience.

The present inhabitants may be roughly divided into four separate and distinct classes.

The Kabyles, who dwell in the hills and mountains of the northern coast, are, as all hill tribes are, physically a fine race, the women being especially handsome. Tall, lithe and active, they have the characteristic spring and lightness of step which marks the mountaineer. Their villages are remote, and not easily accessible; but they are, on the whole, honest, hard-working, and hospitable, and may be regarded as the backbone of the native tribes.

The Arabs, excepting those of the cities, are nomadic, and own immense herds of goats and sheep. Their encampments are not unlike those of our own Indians, though much larger and infinitely cleaner. All land not under cultivation is used for pasturage, and the soil, as a rule too light to bear heavy crops, yields a short, rich grass, admirably adapted to stock-raising. Over these wide, green plains wander countless bands of Arabs, each having its hereditary chief, and numbering its stock by thousands.

Among the higher class of Arabs in Algiers, we saw many whose faces were eloquent of culture and refinement. Tall and stately, slow and dignified in manner and deportment, with aquiline features and thin, stern lips, one could well understand that these were the men who for centuries had ruled with a rod the wildest and most



AN ALGERIAN ARAB SCHOOL.

fanatical tribes of Africa. They are grave and reserved in manner; we never saw one laughing—the only visible sign of amusement was a subdued twinkle in the eye and a twitching of the corners of the mouth. To judge by their air of thought and abstraction they seemed almost unconscious of the noisy, shouting multitude about them, and on their brows sat that impassible serenity and peace which is born only of lifelong commune with solitude and silence.

The Moors are of mixed descent; they came, of course, originally from the adjoining kingdom of Morocco, but by much intermarriage have almost lost their nationality. They follow agriculture principally, and are generally found in menial or subordinate positions.

The Kolougis are the descendants of Turks, by marriage with native women. They constitute the majority of the population of the smaller towns, and are found in great numbers in Algiers. At one time, during Turkish ascendancy in Algeria, they held the balance of power; but as the influence of the Porte is now a dead letter, they have been relegated to the background, as far as general interest and common weal are concerned.

Over and above these races indigenous to the soil, Algiers is crammed with a mixed and floating population of Jews, Turks, and one might say Infidels, of every sort and description; and in no place, excepting Constantinople and Cairo, does life present such an ever changing kaleidoscope of color and creed, as here.

The town is more especially interesting because, here for the first time on the journey south, one loses sight of the manners and customs of southern France and Italy, and is brought face to face with Orientalism, pure and simple. The well-known dress of the French and Italian peasant has been changed for the fez, the tunic, the wonderful baggy trousers and the red slippers of the Kolougi and Moor, and the all-enveloping white garments of the Arab woman, whose black eyes peer restlessly over the white band which crosses her face just below. We are no longer served by obsequious attendants behind the counter, but, lifting heavy draperies, seat ourselves on divans, light the inevitable cigarette, and drink the inevitable coffee, while a stolid Turk or Arab shopkeeper silently displays curios, or rolls and unrolls velvety rugs and shawls before us. Instead of long, pillared cloisters and stately naves, we have the soft, rich colors and fairy-like cupolas and domes of the mosque, with the fountain or well in the middle, and the niche ever opening towards Mecca. No more chanting choirs and swinging censers; but rows of temporarily discarded slippers outside the door, the monotone of the Koran droned from the lofty pulpits, and groups of devout worshippers prostrate on the tesselated floor.

To enumerate all the sights and charms of Algiers is not within the scope of a magazine article, and we can do no more than take a glimpse at a few of them.

First and foremost let us put the Jardins d' Essai, for though the town abounds in objects of interest and wonder, here we have concentrated much of the floral and arboreal beauty of this most wonderful country. They lie on the east of the town, and are one mass of living, palpitating beauty. Long avenues of fig-trees run down the centre, terminating in deep circular fountains, whose laughing waters echo through the blossoming maze of leaf and flower. From the largest of these avenues, runs, east and west, an alley of gigantic bamboos, from four to six inches in diameter, their fern-like tops meeting overhead and forming a veritable tunnel of amber, yellow and green. All through its expanse lie ponds and lakes, grown thick with lilies and flowering water-plants, and tenanted by flocks of swans, gaily-plumaged ducks and divers; and

around us are ripe bananas, dates, mandarins and many other luscious fruits.

Here in a large enclosure, screened in with tall bamboo fencing, is a flock of ostriches. Not the tame, weary-looking birds we so often see elsewhere, but great wild creatures with large, bright projecting eyes; racing about at top speed with long springing strides, and so little apparent exertion, that they seemed like animated, feathered bundles of India rubber. Dangerous animals they are, too, quick as lightning on their feet, for no horse can overtake them, and a kick from an ostrich will snap a man's limb like a twig. But we have lingered long enough in the gardens.



AN ARAB CHIEF, ALGERIA.

Close by the harbor stand the museum and the late Cardinal Lavigerie's house, almost side by side. In the former are many most interesting curios; but perhaps the most absorbing of all, is, what appears to be the cast of a distorted human figure, and under it the name Geronimo and the date 1567. To this cast is attached the saddest of many sad stories. In that year, during the Moorish occupation of Spain, the invaders captured a young Christian named Geronimo. He was told either to abjure his Christianity or to prepare for death. Choosing the latter, he was bound hand and foot, and laid on a large hollow stone, and with a hideous invention of cruelty, hot plaster was poured over his shrinking, quivering flesh, till nothing but the indistinct outline of a figure was left to tell of the brave young heart beneath. Hundreds of years afterwards, for his story was not forgotten, the stone was discovered, and a cast taken in the mould formed where once had been his body. When the plaster was broken, a perfect reproduction of his dying struggles was found: and to-day the twisting, writhing figure in the Museum at Algiers testifies in mute eloquence to the tragedy of 1567.

But to turn from the sublime to the ridiculous. As we walked through

the halls of the Museum, our native guide turned to us and in very impressive tones said: "Look at that tablet; that came from Carthage, and that man is Carthage, and that woman is his wife, and behind them you see their servant with their little child." We were duly impressed.

Cardinal Lavigerie's was a sort of glorified edition of the ordinary Moorish house; of great antiquity, with a spacious court encircled by pilasters and lofty galleries, onto which opened the salons and dwelling rooms. The decorations were Moorish and Arabesque, with an abundance of tracery, rich in color. The noble prelate had died but a few months previously, leaving a name reverenced all over Europe and Africa for his untiring and unceaseless combat with the slave trade, which yet exists in the interior. We were shown his bedroom, his study, with his Bible and thousands of manuscripts, the dining room—a particularly chaste and spacious apartment—and his collection of curios. He died in a neighboring monastery, and lay in state in the great cathedral of Algiers.

From here we either go round by the sea-walk along the ramparts, or twist and turn through narrow streets, till we come to the hill crowned by the Casbah, the ancient fortress of Algerine piracy. Strong and massive it is, with high, whitewashed, stone walls, a heavy iron portcullis and iron-bound gate. Its ramparts are still scarred and pitted with the rain of cannon ball hurled upon them in many a bombardment, and over the gates are rusty iron spikes, which once bore the heads of Christian captives, butchered without mercy or ransom. Here still hang the Sacred Chains, in olden days inviolate: for if any criminal, however murderous and blood-stained, could but elude his pursuers and touch their ponderous links, he was safe from molestation and vengeance. The Casbah of late has been converted into a sort of college, under the charge of priests: and the halls and cells once devoted to scenes of rapine and murder, are now given over to the wrinkled brow of the student, and the long-drawn chant of matins and vespers.

Just outside the great gate we saw a native snake charmer, with a pair of hideous but harmless cobras. He had a youthful assistant who banged a native tom-tom, and repeated after him the concluding words of his harangue to a stolid crowd of dusky on-lookers. The snakes were kept in a small case covered with skin, and, with the exception of an occasional twist and contortion, seemed limp and lifeless.



A NEGRO MUSICIAN.

Coming down into the town again, we passed through the Moorish quarter: and here the writer had



Dolce far Niente.

his first experience of opium smoking in an Arab den. Entering through a narrow door, about two feet wide and six high, we found a low-roofed room, about twenty feet square, with two pillars in the centre, and rug-covered divans running all around the walls. The divans were occupied by a motley throng of Turks, Moors, evil-looking men of the sea, and grave, reticent Arabs. The proprietor took a thin stick like an elongated pencil, and, dipping its pointed end into a jar of viscous half-melted opium, lifted a portion about as large as a pea. This he dexterously twirled between his hands till it assumed a circular shape; then, deftly placing it and a small live coal over the aperture of a long, heavy pipe, the bowl of which had a hole one-eighth of a inch in diameter, he took two or three gulps of smoke, and handed it over. Opium smoke is swallowed, not inhaled, and has a soft, sweet taste, which is distinctly pleasant. On this particular occasion, the writer, seasoned perhaps by a long course of Canadian Myrtle Navy, did not experience those peculiar mental and physical sensations of which we have read so much. The only noticeable effect was a light and airy feeling, which, if one pipe had been followed by another and another, would have been the precursor of the more distinct and usual results. Before leaving, we had a cup of Arab coffee, thick almost as syrup, and of a delicious flavor and aroma. That night, however, the opium got in its work, and, ere morning, brought on a succession of the wildest and most fantastic dreams that ever entered man's head. The "wee sma' hours" were full of strange distorted visions and scenes, as different from ordinary dreams as day is from night; the mind seemed to lose its balance and revel in impossibilities,

till sunrise brought with it a sudden and almost reluctant awaking to the realities of life. To would-be opium tasters, a word of practical advice is here offered, viz.—Don't.

A line or two must be devoted to Blidah, an historic old town, some thirty-five miles south of Algiers, which may be visited very comfortably in a day, leaving at nine o'clock and getting back at six It is a great centre for orange and mandarin groves, and is



IN THE DESERT.

the depôt where are bred the horses for the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the flower of French light cavalry. The most successful combination is that of Arab with Anglo blood, and here are some magnificent stallions and brood mares of this strain. We also saw two exquisite Arabian mares, said to be perfectly pure bred, as we could well believe, for they were models of symmetry and grace, with fine tapering limbs, small in fetlock and hoof, coats shining like silk, light delicate heads, with thin nostrils and full, bright eyes. In body they were barrel-shaped, and gave one the idea of great physical strength and endurance, combined with extreme ease and lightness of movement.

Some six miles from Blidah is the famous Gorge des Singes, or Valley of Apes, where a band of monkeys live in the caves and olive thickets which clothe its sides. The road is at first across the flat, alluvial plain surrounding Blidah, and stretches beneath the shadow of poplar and eucalyptus trees. Then, coming under a spur of the Atlas mountains, it rises with easy gradients and flat curves, till it twists and twines, like a white serpent, among yawning gulfs and precipitous cliffs. We were unfortunate enough not to see the monkeys, as the day before had been dull and thunderous, and the sky was still leaden and overcast; but we forgot them in the contemplation of the wonderful panorama of mountains around us. The road had been built by the French military engineers, and, though it was only a sample of hundreds like it all over the province, it is doubtful if there is one of equal and similar construction in America to-day. A heavy, masonry wall, four feet high and two thick, ran along its outside edge the whole distance. The bed was of macadam, with a crown of about four inches, enough to secure good surface drainage without excessive slope.

On the way back to town, our compartment was shared by two young French cavalry officers, most gorgeously attired, who were deep in the discussion of, not military tactics, but an approaching military ball. In Algiers there is an excellent club, with a capital swimming bath, forming an additional attraction to English travellers, many of whom spend the winter, from January to April, in this veritable garden. We did not find the heat at all unbearable. The days were almost invariably bright and sunny, and in the city there was a good deal of dust; but, after four o'clock, the air cools to a most delightful temperature, and one can sit out comfortably without wraps till the stars come out, and the city lights look like glow-worms in the dusk. The thermometer readings for the winter months average nearly 60°, Fahrenheit; mid-day is, of course, warmer, but the evenings and nights preserve the balance of temperature. In the hotels, the mode of life is the Southern continental: a roll and cup of coffee for breakfast, a meat lunch, about half-past one, and dinner about half-past seven; and more than this one does not seem to require. Native wines are almost invariably used as table beverages, being very palatable, and infinitely safer than the water.

Unwillingly enough, we left Algiers one morning, at half-past six, *en route* for Bona, a sea port in the province of Constantine. Already the sun was high in heaven, and the long, semi-tropic day begun. The line of the East Algerian Company traverses at first broad, fertile plains; then, striking the Atlas Mountains, plunges into tunnels, crosses lofty arches of masonry, clings like a thread to the sides of



A MOORISH GIRL.

frowning crags, and affords a series of most magnificent panoramic views, which rival those of the great St. Gothard route. Leaving the hills, we crossed another wide pasturing plain, dotted with innumerable Arab encampments, and countless herds of goats and sheep, and at last reached Kroubs, a quaint old herding town, about 280 miles from Algiers.



A MOORISH INTERIOR.

It was quite dark when we got to the hotel, a queer little whitewashed place, rectangular in shape, with two stories and a court in the middle. The proprietor and his staff were all Arabs —gravely courteous, and speaking very fair French. We made a frugal meal of oranges, black bread, coffee and eggs, and were shown to a comfortable double-bedded room, looking out over the main street, of which but little could be distinguished. Next morning we were moving at 4 o'clock, for the train left at 5.50: and going out in front of our hotel, saw a sight which will live in memory when all the other sights of our Algerian trip are but misty recollections. Just opposite was a large wall-encircled yard, full of restless sheep and rams. It opened onto the street by a narrow wooden gate about four feet high, heavily hinged and bound in iron. As we watched, two Arab sheiks strode up out of the gloom, looking like two white spectres, and close behind them stalked two gigantic Nubians, naked save for a loin-cloth. Coming up to the gate, they halted, an Arab and his Nubian on each side; and one of the former unlocked it with an immense key which dangled from his waist. Then, the Nubians standing back a little, the gate was opened, and the flock came tumbling, hurrying, out. And now the curious part of it is to follow. As each sheep emerged, its black, shining shepherd gave a short, clucking, half-articulate noise, which it seemed to hear and understand; for without further action or exertion on the part of the

Nubians, the flock separated itself into two divisions, which stood waiting for their respective leaders. When the tally was complete and the yard empty, Nubians and sheep melted silently and swifty into the desert; one flock to the north, the other to the east. So silently and swiftly was it all done, and so utterly had they vanished into the grey uncertain light of dawn, that it seemed part of a waking dream. The mind was stamped with the impression and idea that for thousands of years those same Nubians had been herding those same flocks, to vanish in the same mysterious way into the hazy morn. It was more utterly old-world in type and character than anything we had yet seen,—as old indeed as the very hills on which we stood. It was as if we had had a glimpse of life when the world was young and fresh, ere that world was studded with cities and disfigured with brick and stone; and of what life will come back to when those cities are crumbled into their primal dust, and man has discovered that his present so-called necessities do but meet the requirements of a self-created artificial desire.



TYPE DE LAGHOUAT.

From Kroubs we rolled northward towards Bona, through a rich, flat country; passing boiling sulphur springs, and hundreds of vineyards, each with its row of vats and winepress. As we neared the sea, the ground assumed a regular slope, unrelieved by hill or hollow; till from afar we caught the blue glint of the Mediterranean, and pulled up in the terminus, 125 miles from Kroubs and about 400 from Algiers.

Bona is a queer old-fashioned seaport, about 200 miles south of Sardinia. It has a strongly built harbor, protected from the sweep of the north and north-west winds by two masonry moles which run out to deep water, forming at their ends a narrow entrance of about 300 feet wide. Here we saw oyster and fishing boats flying in, laden with the spoils of the deep,

and manned by swarthy, bare-legged Malays and Kolougis. The docks were strewn with bales of figs, dates and oranges, mounds of sandstone cut and dressed, and steel rails from the hold of an English steamship. An obsolete French man-of-war and two vicious-looking torpedo boats lay side by side, and the rest of the harbor was crammed with lateen-rigged sloops, schooners and brigs, from every port and clime. The once strong defences of the town have crumbled into heaps of ruins which the French evidently do not consider it necessary to repair. The town itself much resembles the ordinary north African seaport; the staring white of houses and walls softened only by the intense blue of the water and soft green of the surrounding hills. Storks had built everywhere on the flat roofs; and were regarded as semi-sacred birds, harm to which would be visited by misfortune and evil. In one narrow lane we saw no less than nineteen gaunt, shaggy camels being loaded for the desert. To hobble them, the knee is bent and the forefoot tied close up under the body: a more efficient mode of hobbling it would be hard to imagine, and the knee joint is so flexible that no pain is inflicted. Bale after bale of cotton was hoisted up by tall, lithe Arabs and lashed into place; the camels, meantime, giving vent to deep hoarse bellowings or gazing about with an air of utter indifference and contempt. Operations were directed by a stolid-looking Turk, placidly smoking in a shady corner; and at last, with the chief in the lead, the whole caravan swung off into the plains, the soft, padded feet of the camels falling noiselessly on the cobble-stones of the street.

A well-bred camel is a very valuable piece of property; it costs almost nothing to feed, and will carry five hundred weight from forty to sixty miles in a day. The lighter and speedier dromedaries will carry a rider and his bag of water a hundred miles, between sunrise and sunset. As an ordinary thing they go without water for three days, but, if occasion demands it, can travel for five days "between drinks." They are to the Arab of the interior what the reindeer is to the Esquimaux, and what the buffalo was to the Indian.

At Bona we bade farewell to the African coast, and sailed for Corsica; but our memory of the last evening there is that of a scene of great beauty. The clouds of dust which the north-west wind had been whirling all day about the streets, cleared and settled; and an Arab procession wound toward the mosque to celebrate their ceremonial, for with that night's new moon would end the fasting month of Ramadan. The storks sailed majestically, each to its familiar roof: and all noise and clamour of the day subsided into the hush of coming night. One by one the stars came flickering into the stainless blue of heaven, long rollers swelled uneasily and restlessly up the harbor, borne on the bosom of a full spring tide; and the violet sea, in all its unutterable mystery and charm, crept out to indistinguishable union with the hollow sky.

THE FIRST PLANTATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY J. F. MORRIS FAWCETT.

IT is strange that in these days of general education so little is known by the majority of Englishmen of our Colonial history. The history of the Australian colonies is, of course, but short, and chiefly of a commercial nature, but that of Canada carries us back into the dim past, to the days when men wore plate armor and long hair, when England and Scotland were separate kingdoms, and Ireland a wilderness inhabited by barbarians. England was then but a second-rate power. The study of our colonial history is most interesting, for it shows us to how great an extent England owes her present position to her possessions abroad.

The early history of our North American colonies brings us into contact with many of the greatest men of the Tudor and Stuart periods. It is remarkable what a number of noble and distinguished personages were directly and eagerly interested in colonizing enterprises. Probably everyone knows that Newfoundland is the oldest British colony, that it was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and formally taken possession of in 1583 by Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Beyond this very little seems to be generally known: so, perhaps, a few words about the earliest plantation, or settlement, in our oldest colony, may not be uninteresting.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first patentee of Newfoundland, being lost at sea on his return voyage, no one appears to have inherited his rights to that island, and no further steps were taken towards colonization until 1610, when a grant was made of the whole island to the "Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London and Bristol, for the Colony of Newfoundland." This company consisted of Henry, Earl of Northampton; Sir Francis Bacon; Sir Laurence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron; Sir John Dodderidge, King's Sergeant: Sir Daniel Doun; Sir Percival Willoughby; Sir John Constable; John Weld, Esq.; Sir Walter Cope, and others. Of these personages, with the exception of Bacon, we know very little. That he thoroughly appreciated the value of the Newfoundland fisheries is on record, and his comparison of them with the South American gold mines, to the advantage of the former, has been very often quoted.

Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, K.G., was the son of the celebrated Earl of Surrey, the last victim of bluff King Hal. Two years before obtaining the Newfoundland grant, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal. He does not seem to have been a very estimable character, for we are told that, though possessing great qualities, he was the grossest of flatterers. His connection with the colony was not of long duration, for he died in 1614.

Long before any attempts had been made at permanent settlement, large numbers of Portuguese, Spanish, French and English vessels went yearly to Newfoundland to carry on the fishery; and besides those who went there with this industrious intent, a considerable number of professional pirates were also constant visitors—notably one Peter Easton, whom Whitbourne calls an arch-pirate. A year after the formation of Guy's settlement, this gentleman, having made his fortune, retired from the business, and settling in the domains of the Duke of Savoy, turned courtier in his old age. And here we may note that this patent to Guy's company reserved to "all manner of persons of what nation so-

ever" the right of free trading and fishing. It was not till 1633 that Charles I. obliged the French to pay a royalty of five per cent.

The company charged Master John Guy, an alderman of Bristol, with the work of taking over the first settlers, and appointed him Governor. Guy seems to have been the promoter of this company, for he published a pamphlet in 1609, setting forth the advantages of such an enterprise, and he appears to have enlisted the support and capital of many wealthy citizens of Bristol, as well as that of the noblemen and gentlemen who obtained the patent.

Guy and his son, and some other young merchants, sailed from Bristol, taking with them a number of men and women. This batch of emigrants was very select. Stowe says "there were sent none but men of civill life, and of some honest trade or profession." And besides these highly respected persons, they had on board, "hennes, duckes, pigeons, conies, goates, kine, and other live creatures," and a good supply of provisions and necessaries. After a voyage of about three weeks, they arrived in Conception Bay, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland. The view from the head of Conception Bay, on a bright day in the spring or early summer, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It has not the tropical splendor of Rio de Janeiro, nor the gorgeous coloring of the Levant, nor yet the cultivated beauty of an English landscape: but the bare, bold headlands, rising sheer out of the bright blue water, and extending for twenty miles, and gradually fading off into delicious blues and greys on either side, and the bay, studded with fantastically shaped icebergs glittering in the sunlight, make up a picture of unique and striking beauty. Such was the scene which met the eyes of Guy and his associates in the year 1610. They must indeed have been unappreciative, if at first sight they were not charmed with their new home. And, if one is to judge from the names given to places, they must, I think, have been very unappreciative, or at least deficient in poetic feeling. Gaspar de Corte Real, the Portuguese mariner, who first entered this bay, named it from the Immaculate Conception: but the names given by the English at one time or another were such as these: Mosquito Harbor, Smith Sound, Bloody Bay, Seldom-come-by, Goose Bay and Gander River, and many others still less pretty.

They landed at Cooper's Cove, and at once set to work to build huts. Unfortunately, very little has been recorded about this settlement, but it was not abandoned, as many have supposed. Whitbourne, in 1623, stated that a colony had been maintained there for twelve years. It does not appear whether they had any sort of a church, but Guy imported a preacher, so they were not wholly without religious instruction.

The colonists had to contend against many difficulties: they suffered greatly from the raids of pirates, who then swarmed on the coasts, and they got on very badly with the non-resident fishing captains. John Guy, in the year following his arrival, published a proclamation in the King's name against the abuses and bad customs of the fishermen. He was "a man very industrious and of good experience," and he seems also to have been enlightened and humane in his dealings with the natives, though subsequently the settlers treated them as brutally as did the Puritans in America. He endeavored to establish a trade with them, and Captain Whittington, whom he employed in this work, met with considerable success.

Of the natives, but little is known. Whitbourne writes: "The naturall inhabitants of the country, as they are but few in number, so are they something rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God, nor living under any kind of civil government. In their customs and manners they resemble the Indians of the Continent,

from whence (I suppose) they come." But he, too, entertained humane feelings towards them, for in another place, after describing how his dog made friends and consorted with wolves, he says: "Hereof I am no way superstitious, yet it is something strange to mee, that the wilde beasts, being followed by a sterne mastiffe-dogge, should growe to familiarity with him, seeing their natures are repugnant. Surely much rather the people, by oure discreete and gentle usage, may be brought to society, being already naturally inclined thereunto."

Guy and his family remained for about two years in the colony. He then returned to England, and in 1618 became Mayor of Bristol, and afterwards sat in Parliament as member for that city. The reason of Guy's leaving is uncertain—perhaps on account of an outbreak of scurvy—though Whitbourne in his book refers to Guy, saying that he "lived there two yeares together, and divers others also of sort and quality, many yeares, so pleasantly and healthful, with their wives and families, as if they had lived in England." Guy was an alderman, and probably did not enjoy roughing it, which perhaps may be sufficient to account for his return. But the others remained, and up to the year 1614, and perhaps later, the company sent out supplies yearly from England. Fishing was their principal industry, but they had also a trade in furs and sarsaparilla.

In 1612, we find the Spanish ambassador in London writing to his Sovereign, mentioning the new English plantation in "Terra Nova," to which he seems to strongly object. But "the glow of Spanish glory" was beginning to wane, and his objection was not of much importance. The settlers had much more formidable antagonists in their own countrymen. The west of England merchants, who sent a large number of vessels to the fisheries, were from the first opposed to any permanent settlement, and unfortunately for the colony, their influence at home was very strong, and after some years they completely gained the upper hand, which for long they held. Quarrels between them and the planters were continual. In 1618 they sent up a petition to the King, in which they stated that the planters had stolen their provisions, prevented them from taking birds used for bait, and turned them out of the best fishing places. The company denied the first two charges, but held that their patent, and the expense they were at in maintaining a colony, gave them a right to choose their fishing places. The company were conciliatory, however, and wished to join with the "western men" in their undertakings, but the western men would not hear of it, saying they knew much better how to carry on the fishery than did the planters. But notwithstanding all their difficulties and troubles, they struggled on, and not without success, for three years later, in a petition, the Treasury and Company say that by twelve years' quiet possession, Newfoundland "has become a hopeful country." They desired that John Mason, who was then Governor, should be empowered to act as the King's Lieutenant, with two or more ships under his command to guard them from the attacks of pirates, and to repress "the disorderly courses of the fishermen."

To defray the expense of this small navy, a duty of about two per cent. on the season's catch of fish was to be levied for all using the fisheries: this percentage in an average season was represented by five hundred dried fish, or five nobles.

On the formation of the company in 1610, John Staney was appointed treasurer, and he so continued for nine or ten years, and then became Governor, when William Paine, also one of the original colonists, took his place as treasurer.

Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exeter, was a great authority on New-

foundland. Year after year he had gone there to trade in fish, and in 1615 he received a commission under the broad seal of the Admiralty, for the purpose of establishing some order in the fisheries. He found that the fishermen had left undone those things which they ought to have done, and had done a great many things they ought not to have done. "They fished with hook and line on the Sabbath day," and they destroyed the woods near the coast, and spoiled the anchorages by throwing overboard large quantities of stones used for pressing down the fish in the hold.

The Worshipful William Vaughan, D.C.L., having bought a tract of land from the patentees, appointed Whitbourne Governor of the colony which he established there in 1618. The learned doctor was not fortunate in the choice of his colonists: they were so idle that they did not even take the trouble to build houses for themselves, but used some old disused shanties which the fishermen had abandoned. Dr. Vaughan, after giving them a fair trial, sent them all back to England. Whitbourne, who had been in many countries, was greatly attached to Newfoundland, which he thought one of the finest countries in the world. At his "chamber at the signe of the Gilded Cocke at Paternoster Row," he wrote a book, entitled a "Discourse and Discovery of Newfound-land," setting forth at large its advantages, and urging his countrymen to form a new plantation there. This book attracted much attention, and King James ordered a copy of it to be sent to every parish in the kingdom. The result of this publication was that Sir George Calvert, then Secretary of State, and afterwards Lord Baltimore, Lord Falkland, and others, sent over considerable numbers of people from England and Ireland, and planted colonies. Far from objecting to this, John Staney, the treasurer of the original company, was "willing to entertain such persons as will further and helpe the said plantation upon fit conditions."

Shortly after this (1623), Sir George Calvert obtained a grant from the King of a large part of Newfoundland, but his rights do not appear to have clashed with those of the former patentees, with whom the new-comers seem to have been on friendly terms. Captain Wynne, Governor of Lord Baltimore's colony at Ferryland, writes to his master that he is expecting a mason from the settlement on Conception Bay, to help in building their houses. And in 1628, when Lord Baltimore was himself actually living at Ferryland, we find John Staney, as Governor, and William Paine, treasurer, inviting Lord Conway to take up some land at St. John's, and enter into the Newfoundland business, stating as a special inducement that there are hopes of a silver mine. However, Lord Conway died a couple of years later: Lord Baltimore afterwards left his colony, and Sir David Kirke took possession, but that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story.

The first settlers, as has been said, had every sort of difficulty to contend with—difficulties quite unknown to modern colonists,—and yet they managed to maintain a colony, and to gradually increase it. It probably was not a very great financial success; the noble lords and worshipful citizens were not probably embarrassed with the riches it produced. Whether it would have long endured if it had not been for the fresh settlers which Whitbourne's grand advertisement attracted to the island, cannot be said. But to those men who undertook it, and to those who immediately followed, Newfoundland, to a great extent, owes its existence. For had not some permanent settlement been made during the reigns of James and Charles the First, colonization would have been indefinitely postponed, as, subsequently to the Restoration, the west of England merchants obtained such power that they would have prevented any

such attempts. As it was, they for many years prevented further immigration.

Of Guy and the earliest settlers, no buildings or monuments remain in Newfoundland; they are gone, and all but entirely forgotten. But though no places bear their names, and few know their history, their work lives after them, and the fruits of their labor have been enjoyed for many generations by a very considerable population.

Fort Townshend,
St. John's, Nfd.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

BY HARRIET FORD.

On the 29th of March, the annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy was formally opened by His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen. It was the fifteenth exhibition in point of number, and the best, in the estimation of those who know, in point of merit, since the foundation.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts was founded by H. R. H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. I put the Princess first, advisedly, believing that she had more to do with the institution than the Marquis. It is the youngest of a whole group of Academies which propagate the Academic idea to the British Philistine at home or abroad:—The Royal Academy; The Royal Scottish Academy; The Royal Hibernian Academy; The Royal Cambrian Academy. They are all modelled upon the constitution of the central planet in London, of which they are largely the satellites, and which, in the eyes of Britain generally, and of Philistia in particular, dominates the art universe.

The Royal Canadian Academy is not an exception, and yet in some particulars it differs materially from the older bodies.

One of the chief differences, of course, arises from there being no acknowledged centre and head quarters. It has a name, but no abiding place. The absence of a focus which draws to itself all the art energies of the country has, perhaps, its advantages and disadvantages.

It is admissible to doubt the wisdom of forming an academy at all under the condition of affairs. Academies have a fossilizing influence all the world over; and painting in Canada is not in a condition to have undue stress laid upon it in any direction. So, when some Academicians talk glibly of an Academic standard, the doubt becomes painfully accentuated. But Academies are the recognized order of things; some society is indispensable. Fortunately the very mobility, arising from unavoidable circumstances, in the construction and conditions of the R. C. A., may prove beneficial in preventing the Academy from becoming a closed oligarchy in mind, body and estate.

The annual Exhibitions are held in either Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Halifax. And the natural rivalry, especially between Montreal and Toronto, in a perfectly good spirit, results in a healthy friction.

The President is chosen annually, and, so far, the election is not, only a matter of form, as in the London Academy, where the President tenders his resignation at the close of the Academic year, but invariably receives re-election. It would, I think, rather astonish the President, Sir Frederick

Leighton, for instance, if some fine day his resignation were accepted. The office is virtually for life, and is believed to be so by the public at large.

Here, however, the President and officers are chosen by vote annually. The Council and Hanging Committee are chosen from the members. The Academicians are elected by the general vote from the Associates, and are a limited number. The Associates, differing in this from other institutions of the kind, are unlimited, and are chosen from among outside exhibitors by the vote of the Academicians alone. The qualification is, as far as I understand, the standard of the candidate's work at the time of his election. So far, the regulations are pretty much those in common with other Academies. But in one important particular, at least, it has shown itself in advance, and that is in the fact that the members of the Academy have no rights peculiar to themselves. The wall space at the disposal of the Committee of Selection is open to all comers. No Academician or Associate has any right to have any pictures hung anywhere unless the intrinsic merit of his or her pictures secures him or her the acceptance of the Committee. To any one knowing the older Associations in England and elsewhere, and who has suffered in seeing the *passe*, bad and useless work of members usurping the line and best places, while the healthy vigorous and meritorious work of men who have not as yet the right to the magic letters, A. R.A., or R.A. after their name relegated to the ceiling, or put into un-get-at-able corners, can fully appreciate the advance made in this new state of affairs, to say nothing of the thousands of canvasses rejected for lack of room, many of which would no doubt gladden the heart, and rejoice the eye, in place of the worn-out Academic work. I once heard a learned divine say that he didn't know why it was that as soon as a man was elevated to the bench of Bishops, he immediately became of no use, unless it were that a fresh egg, being put into a basket of addled ones, immediately becomes addled too. Raising a painter to the rank of R. A. seems often to have the same effect, and apparently from the same reason. His position in the most authoritative body is secure, and, in the estimation of a large section of the public, R. A. invests with extraordinary merit any picture to which it is attached. But if the R. A's. pass judgment with Brutus-like severity upon their colleagues' work, it should open the eyes of the people to the fact that R. A. has nothing magical about it, and lead them to think for themselves, besides keeping up a fresh, healthful current of new ideas, and spirited competition.

The Royal Canadian Academy receives from the Government about $2,000, which defrays the expense of the Annual Exhibitions, and allows a small sum to each of the largest cities to be spent by the local members of the Academy in those cities upon models, and to further the opportunities for serious study. This is a beginning. It is a small beginning: but in the way of art, small mercies are always gratefully received. A larger grant and the institution of regular schools in connection with the Academy, with facilities for more advanced study, prizes, and scholarships and help abroad would, of course, largely further the art possibilities of Canada.

So much for the Academy, *en general*; as to this year's particular exhibition, it was, as I have said before, ahead, in point of merit, of any previous one. We have not yet got to the unhappy state when the *blasé habitues* of the annual shows always intimate that the current exhibition "is the poorest we've had for years!"

There were in the various departments one hundred and ninety-six exhibits, filling up the walls of the only room at the disposal of the committee, and overflowing, in a thin stream, into the passage and stairway.

The standard of the work was good, and fairly maintained throughout, no exhibits falling into the category of "rubbish,"—which is high, if somewhat negative, praise. It is an old and wise attitude of the habitual frequenter of the Continental galleries to be contented, if, among the thousands of pictures yearly shown to the public, it is possible to find some score of first-rate works and perhaps now and then among them a masterpiece in the eyes of those who can see, and to be satisfied by the pleasure arising from them, to wearily pass in review the acres of canvas of mediocre talent. But it is not the mediocre talent which is irritating. Often it is quite charming. It is the banality, emptiness, and superficiality which are the curse of the modern picture show. In thinking about the exhibition at Ottawa, one is particularly struck by the sincerity, earnestness, and total absence of catchiness. It has been said that "vulgarity" is but the excess of energy, the mark of an assertive, strong personality, and tends to a richness of vitality not altogether dispensable in the healthy development of Art. It is quite a distinct thing from the damning quality of "commonness." One sees it in the Dutch masters, and in Flemings like Rubens, and in some of the most alive Frenchmen. There may be a touch of vulgarity in them, but it is not "commonness," and they are never insignificant. However much we may differ from them, they command our respect as, at least, the healthy expression of healthy life. On those lines, I think, we might almost wish for a little "vulgarity" among our painters; a little "brutality;" a more exuberant grasp of life. Throughout there was a quietness of tone; the aggregate "temperament" (it is a very useful term) of the exhibition was one of reflectiveness, of sober thought, a little unhumorous.

Is that to be the tendency of painting in Canada? It is premature to prophesy. Yet the quality, spiritual quality, of the exhibition reminded me of an incident which happened in Paris. We were going the rounds of the Salon, a friend and I. Among other things we noticed two portraits by Canadians. At the second one we stopped, and my friend exclaimed, "Oh! now I understand a quality I did not understand in the first portrait—a sober-toned quality. Is that Canadian painting?" I am afraid I shrugged and laughed, intimating that Canadian painting was not. But now the note is struck again in my mind. Perhaps it is that very young nations, like very young people, are sad before they are humorous, and delight in a "gentle melancholy."

There was a cosmopolitanism, too, in the exhibition, which is encouraging. We are not in a position to stand by ourselves in these matters, and it is a satisfaction to notice the infiltration of ideas and methods from abroad. What Art we have is in a somewhat crude state—a state of experiment, of feeling one's way, of tentative attempts in various directions; and any new life and new blood keeping us in touch with the great art centres, by so much lessens the possibility of stagnation, and, that worst of all fates, unutterable provincialism.

There seems to be an idea in certain directions to inaugurate a National Art; Canadian painters should devote themselves to Canadian subjects. But to the artist, "Art" should be his first aim, and to know all of the best that is to be known; if he has any nationality, it will assert itself in spite of his training. It is the way a thing is painted, not what is painted, which makes a "school" in painting. To paint "Canadian subjects," no doubt, is a worthy ambition, but it in no wise detracts from the merits of a good picture that its inspiration comes from abroad. As far as Canada is concerned, Art is largely an "exotic," and if our painters are not forced in the hotbed of one school, they will be in an-

other; and, just now, French methods prevail. But a certain painter in the exhibition showed several good pictures of purely Canadian subjects. Alas! the bright eye, the unnaturally bright eye of his "Wary Woodcock," gave him away. The "woodcock," no doubt, was the woodcock of Canada: but the manner was the manner of William Hunt. It is, of course, a very good rule to follow, that instead of going to the uttermost ends of the world in search of novelty, a painter should paint those things nearest at hand; among which he lives; which smack of the soil in which his most intimate relations are rooted—to paint these things frankly and unaffectedly, with no "patriotic" intentions, but because he understands them best, and loves them. It is from such an attitude that national schools arise, and it is not far fetched to say that here and there among our artists such a healthful attitude is found. It is not, however, in the simple illustration of backwoods life, and flaunting of snow-shoes and toboggans in the face of the public, that such things truly have their value, but in the subtle delineation of difference which might be between a Canadian backwoodsman and another backwoodsman, in the "*intimité*" which grasps shades of character arising from circumstances, and suggests to the spectator the life of the people, their joys, their sorrows, and, above all, their essential humanity. It was on those lines that J. F. Millet, a Breton peasant, understood, loved, and interpreted the peasant class in France. Perhaps, some day, we may have our Millet; but on any other lines, a series of photographs illustrative of "Canadian Life," and preserved for an archæological museum, would be equally valuable, unless the technical qualities in their production raised the competing paintings to take their place as high Art.

What we want is not a body of "patriots" who fondly imagine a Canadian school of painting may be manufactured at home by native-born and native-bred artists, turning their limited knowledge to the labored delineation of "Canadian subjects," and who feel a deep-seated antagonism to "foreign influence." The whole state of the fine arts in Canada is in too unformed a condition to admit of the possibility of any marked distinction in Canadian art, of any kind. In fact, we should not want to crystalize our tendencies into any set form. It would, when crystalized, surely prove worthless. To create a "school," a long period of incubation is necessary, a painful stirring and working towards the light. But what we do want, is a generous opening of all our sympathies, intelligence, artistic faculties, to the best that is going: a wide cosmopolitanism, thorough knowledge of technical requirements, frank acceptance of the first achievements elsewhere. In a painter, "Art," and art only, should be the goal of his ambition. But to sit down and say, "I'm a Canadian; I'm going to paint as a Canadian," and forthwith retire to the limits of civilization, in ignorance of the great movements in art going on elsewhere, may be patriotic (in a very limited sense of the word, however), but hardly artistic.

Let us take the Americans as an example, much as it might go against the grain to do so. They have certainly acquired a technical proficiency, unseen, as yet, here, and why? Because, among other things, without self-consciousness or patriotic intention, they have thrown themselves into the swim of every movement. Their students have gone abroad in hundreds, and have taken up, sometimes with purpose, sometimes with superficiality, as was inevitable, the methods and manners of their various influencers. And with what result? Already they are beginning to show distinct traits. They use their technical achievements so easily, that they have freedom to follow their inherent perceptions. Many people may not agree with me: but the

difference between Carolus-Duran and J, S. Sargent is not a matter of degree, but a very decided matter of kind. And Whistler, too; his portrait of his mother is distinct and unique among its surroundiags in the Luxembourg Gallery. We would find it difficult to "place," as the Americans would say themselves, if we had not America in the back-ground of our mind.

The World's Fair seems to have been to the generous hearts of many Canadians, a revelation and a shock.

They wandered through room after room, and found that, after a little practice, they were enabled to tell at a glance a Dutch picture from a French one, and a Russian from both. Their "patriotic" pride — dare I suggest, their "provincialism" — received a terrible shaking up when they realized there was no Canadian painting, so called. Perhaps they resolved that thenceforth they would live to create one. Those patriotic Canadians, perhaps, have never realized that a national art represents the whole strenuous life of a people, deep-rooted for centuries; welded and fused into the very blood and bone of old nations. Their institutions, their lands, their governments, their peasants, their aristocracies have grown, developed, evolved step by step, preparing the soil, enriching it, until in the fulness of time, nourished by favorable conditions, the germ of Art, hidden and obscurely manifest, first in one direction, then in another, bursts into life and shows to the world the full stature of the nation. Sometimes it is greater; sometimes it is less; but the art of a nation has its strongest roots hidden deep down in the dim recesses of its earliest beginnings. Therein lies its value, and its power. Let us think of Tuscan Art tracing its descent, as Ruskin says, back to the obscure wall paintings in dim Etruscan tombs; its feet firmly based in the far away country of unknown fable, its head crowned by the glory of the sixteenth century.

Dear patriotic Canadians, we must not be in a hurry! But let us take the good the gods give, and be thankful that, to fulfil the requirements of the moment, we have some foreign influence. The Italians had it themselves, let us not forget, from Greece. Let us use our foreign influence as judiciously as we may; but, whatever we do, don't let us fondly imagine that a national tendency in any direction is to be improved by constantly reminding ourselves that "although we are young, we won't be imposed upon."

And one thing more struck me in our Canadian Academy Exhibition; it was, especially among the younger men, the undoubted tendency to the idea that the function of painting is primarily decorative. There is an opening for decorative work among us. The decidedly decorative qualities of our open air country life could be excellently treated upon the walls of our public buildings. And we could find historical incidents of interest, and of no slight decorative possibilities on more than one occasion. But, more than that, it is a painter's business *par excellence*, to look at whatever he has in hand from a decorative stand-point. It is the fashion now, I know, to decry the "literary" side of painting. Painting, perhaps, strictly speaking, has its literary side. One thing, however, is sure, that there never yet was a great school of painting without its essential quality being strongly decorative. Walter Pater in his essay on the School of Giorgione, puts happily the pretentions of painting to be first and foremost decorative.

"Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material: the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only, nor the form his eye or his ear

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only: but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single object to the 'imaginative reason,' that complex faculty for which every thought or feeling is twin-born, with its sensible analogue or symbol.

"By no school of painters have the necessary limits of the art of painting been so unerringly, though instinctively apprehended, and the essence of what is pictorial in a picture so justly conceived, as by the school of Venice. The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendors of Byzantine decorations, and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of the Duomo of Murano, or of St. Mark's, of a little more human expression. Unassisted, unperplexed by naturalism, mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto, no Angelico, no Botticelli. Exempt from the stress of thought and sentiment, which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters never seem for a moment to have been tempted even to lose sight of the *scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of color for the wall*, only more dexterously blent than the marking of its precious stones; or the chance interchange of sun and shade upon it; *this to begin and end with*, whatever higher matter of thought and poetry, or religious reverie, might play its part therein, between."

A MAY MORN DREAM.

On a morning last May, whilst Venus was shining,
O'er the white, airy blossoms her golden light streaming,
A pretty young maid on her couch was reclining,
And talked to the young God of love in her dreaming.

"You're naughty, sir, Cupid, to always be keeping
Your little ears open to hear all we say;
Your eyes gently closed, one would think you were sleeping,
But no, sir, you sleep not by night nor by day.

"You have sweet coral lips, and your cheek's like a peach,
Oh dear! I could kiss you, but then we all know,
That dare we approach you—just come within reach—
You'd fire a sharp dart from your cute little bow.

"But won't you forgive me, sir, Cupid, for asking—
I know you have told it time over again;
Your dear little brain I don't like to be tasking,
But, say! In what town dwell the nicest young men?"

Now just at this juncture, whilst poor Cupid quizzing,
Her sweet face all glowing with love's warmest beam,
She thought of her hair,—did it really need frizzing?
And woke with a smile from her beautiful dream.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

NARCISSE'S FRIEND.

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

Illustrated by A. G. Racey.

NARCISSE LAFONTAINE and Charlie Saunders became acquainted on their way to the lumbering camp, which was situated some fifteen miles back of St. John's. Charlie had only recently arrived from England, and knew practically nothing about lumbering, while Narcisse had been born in Canada, and felt as much at home in the woods as Charlie would have done in London. Charlie took a liking to Narcisse the moment he saw him, and Narcisse was not slow in responding to the friendly advances of the young Englishman.

In appearance they were strikingly different. Narcisse was a typical French-Canadian lumberman: he was about five feet eleven inches in height, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, broad-shouldered, powerful and good-natured. Not even the most imaginative, had they seen him in the woods dressed in nondescript Canadian home-spun and swinging an axe, would have associated him with anything but what was commonplace and uninteresting: yet the great, powerful, rough-looking fellow had a disposition that was as sympathetic as a woman's. The weather never affected him. With Charlie it was different. He was not accustomed to Canadian winters and the rough unvarying food that was daily dealt out. He got to dread the sight of pork, which was the staple article of diet the week round. His health at times was so poor that he could not do heavy work. It was then that the generous disposition of the young French-Canadian showed itself. He was a great favorite with the foreman, and by a series of adroit schemes, always managed to get Charlie put at easy work, although at times his scheming resulted in his having to do far more than his share of the sawing and chopping.

Charlie was below the average stature: yet he was broad-shouldered and looked strong. He had blue eyes, fair curly hair, a ruddy skin, and a laugh that was most pleasant to hear. If they differed outwardly, they were remarkably alike in disposition. Like Narcisse, Charlie was light-hearted and sympathetic. All through the long winter they were inseparable.

The warm, inquisitive sun had so discomfited the snow that for four months had determinedly hid the earth, that it had began to lose its attractive whiteness and assume a jaundiced hue, and finally succumbing to its ancient foe, gradually retreated into the earth. The vanishing of the snow meant the breaking up of the camp: for without it the logs could not be hauled to the river.

It was a beautiful day at the latter end of March that Narcisse and Charlie, with their winter's earnings in their pockets, left camp and happily trudged off to the railway station four miles away. They had agreed to spend a month at St. John's, where Narcisse lived, before going out to the North-west for the summer. Charlie had suggested that they should go out west at once, but Narcisse somehow never took kindly to the proposition, and had offered several excuses for not hurrying away which had seemed to Charlie to be a little hazy and not very weighty. One reason he laid much stress upon was the good fishing there was at St. John's. Prior to this suggestion Narcisse had never mentioned fishing; consequently the sudden outbreak of this new passion in his friend caused Charlie, on more than one occasion, ample food for reflection.

Town life was wonderfully bright and attractive to them after the long quiet in the woods. Narcisse knew many people in the pretty little town, and wherever he went, Charlie was always sure to be seen. Rev. Father Pelletiere, the parish priest, who had christened Narcisse and buried his parents, called the young men David and Jonathan. He was a man thoroughly opposed to race prejudices. There could be no doubt but that the friendship between the two young men had entirely bridged the artificial barriers so often raised between men of different races and creeds.

The very day they arrived in town, Narcisse, in an off-hand manner, told Charlie that they would go and visit a cottage that he had occasionally visited before he went to the woods. There was something in the tone in which Narcisse said this, that somehow gave Charlie the impression that the house must be one of more than ordinary size and importance. The more than usual attention that Narcisse took dressing that day increased this impression. When finally, after wandering down a series of little streets, Narcisse stopped at a little whitewashed cottage with slanting roof, and knocked at the door with a certain amount of nervousness, Charlie's astonishment fairly overcame him, and he was just going to ask Narcisse if he had not made a mistake in the house, when the door opened. Then he was sure Narcisse had not made a mistake. Never had he seen a more attractive girlish face. Her eyes were deep blue, and were tenanted with such a merry, roguish gleam, that Charlie's hitherto well-regulated heart beat in a most unruly manner when she fixed her eyes upon his. Her brown, round, vivacious face took on a deeper hue, as Narcisse eagerly shook hands with her and introduced her to Charlie. "Jessie Cunningham is a very pretty name," mused Charlie, as they followed her into the quaint little kitchen, in the middle of which glowed an old-fashioned wood-burner.

On the long deal table just behind the stove were several loaves, which evidently had just been taken out of the oven. Jessie's sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and her well-rounded arms were covered with flour. She blushed and gave a nervous little laugh, as she hurriedly pulled down her sleeves and explained that she had been baking. Both Narcisse and Charlie walked over to where the tempting, warm, browned loaves were, and, after hurriedly glancing at them, looked at each other in open-eyed wonder, and told each other that never in their lives had they seen finer loaves. After that all awkwardness was swept away, and Jessie would not be content until they both accepted a generous slice of the admired bread. . The day was a little chilly, so they drew chairs near the stove, and Narcisse told her, in his quaint, broken English, how he and Charlie had spent the winter in the woods, how they had eaten and slept together, and how they had taken a liking to each other the very moment they met.

Charlie was a good talker, too, and told her how they had felled some wonderfully long trees and how Narcisse was considered the best chopper in the camp and could make a tree fall within an inch of where he wanted it.

As she listened, her eyes glowed and danced with excitement and were dangerously attractive. Little wonder that both the young men found them very pleasant to look into. To Charlie's intense satisfaction, he decided, when shaking hands with her at the door, that she seemed just as anxious that he should come and see her again as she did that Narcisse should. Narcisse took the invitation in the most matter of fact manner, which created an impression in Charlie's mind that Narcisse, perhaps, after all, only cared for Jessie in a brotherly way.

Both Charlie and Narcisse soon got

the reputation of being devoted disciples of Isaac Walton, and were to be seen every day wandering down to the river with divers devices to allure and entrap unsuspecting fish. Their success in being able to catch little or nothing soon caused much merriment among the boarders where they stayed. Of course none of the scoffers knew that a very generous portion of the time that these ardent fishermen were supposed to be enticing fish was spent lying on the broad of their backs on the fresh green grass discussing the virtues of the blue-eyed, vivacious young woman with whom the reader is already acquainted. Very naturally the young fishermen did not deem it their duty to enlighten the boarders as to how they spent their time.

Three evenings a week, no matter what the weather was, they dressed up in their best suits and visited the little whitewashed cottage. It would have taken a very keen observer to have decided which of the young men she cared the most for, or whether, indeed, she had any tender feeling for either of them. She always gave them a most cordial welcome. If, however, Charlie had been a very close observer—which was unfair to expect at such a time—he might, perhaps, have noticed that at long intervals she stole a rapid glance at Narcisse when she knew his head was turned away from her—a gentle caressing look that either of them would have been delighted to have intercepted.



"These Ardent Fishermen."

The weeks fled rapidly by, and the month's vacation drew to a close. Strange to say, for over a week neither of them had mentioned the trip to the west. They went fishing together as usual, but her name very rarely passed their lips now. Just exactly how the change had come about neither of them could tell. Something had come between them. The little cloud at first was promptly banished and they tried to be friendlier than ever. But the cloud was persistent and returned again and again, and each time it was harder to overthrow. At first it was not larger than a man's hand, but before the month had elapsed it had grown so that it had well nigh separated them. They both secretly mourned over the estrangement. They both well knew the birth-place of the cloud—the little whitewashed cottage. Several times Charlie generously made excuses for not wanting to go to the cottage, not because he thought Jessie did not like him as well as Narcisse, but because he was willing to sacrifice his interest in her on the altar of pure friendship. He called to memory the numberless acts of kindness he had received from Narcisse in the camp and how he had been introduced to her by Narcisse, who he now felt sure sincerely liked Jessie.

Instinctively Narcisse knew why Charlie desired to cease his visits to the cottage, and it made his heart sore. He decided that he would not go and see her unless Charlie was with him. When Charlie would complain of feeling tired, off would come Narcisse's coat and he would declare that he was feeling completely done up too, and would not bother going down to the cottage. No amount of persuasion would make him alter his decision.

After they had a pipe of tobacco, Charlie would generally, in a most matter of fact manner, suggest that they both take a walk. Right well did Narcisse know where the walk would be to, and always acquiesced in such an unconcerned manner that no one would ever have imagined that they had fully made up their minds a few minutes previously not to go out.

One day more, and the month's vacation would be gone. Charlie and Narcisse had been indoors all day, to escape the rain that had been falling in great sheets since early morning. An ill-disposed wind was buffeting the rain in such a fierce, malignant manner as to make one's room a most desirable place to be in. Charlie and Narcisse had sat and smoked until their tongues were dry and sore. It was a relief for them to smoke; not so much to kill time as to break the long awkward pauses in their conversation. Inwardly they had both decided that it was impossible any longer to bear the constraint that had come between them.

During the long day neither of them had had the courage to refer to the proposed trip to the west, although the day set for it was so close at hand. They had both decided that day, however, that they would right themselves in each other's eyes. Narcisse believed Charlie loved Jessie; Charlie felt sure Narcisse loved her. Charlie was not sure whether Jessie loved him or Narcisse the better. Narcisse had, however, a pretty good idea who Jessie had taken a liking to.

When ten o'clock came, Charlie knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said he was going to bed, and would have a good long sleep, as he was played out. Narcisse glanced sleepily at his bed in the corner of the room, stretched out his long legs and arms, opened his mouth alarmingly wide, yawned vociferously and declared that he was so sleepy that he could hardly keep his eyes open. Before leaving the room to go to his own, which was next to Narcisse's, Charlie pulled off his coat and threw it over his arm. If Narcisse had entertained any doubts as to whether or not Charlie was really as sleepy as he had intimated, this

partial unrobing must surely have dispelled it. Notwithstanding his haste to get to bed, Charlie fumbled at the latch an unusually long time before he succeeded in opening the door. And finally, when it did swing open, his coat, without any apparent provocation, perversely slipped from his arm and fell to the floor. Charlie found it necessary, before he put it across his arm again, to carefully dust and fold it.



"Instantly the dark stairway was made light."

Turning round as the door was closing behind him, he said, in a voice that seemed a little strained, "Yes, we will go to bed and dream of camp days, eh, Narcisse?" Then he was gone.

Narcisse walked over to the window, stood for a few moments with folded arms, gazing out into the darkness, and then said softly, "Yes, dream of de camp days."

When Charlie reached his room, he acted in a most peculiar manner; he put his ear to the partition that separated his room from Narcisse's, and listened intently; then walked over to his bed, sat on the edge of it, took off his boots, held them aloof, and then let them fall on the floor; laid his coat across the foot of the bed, stood still for a couple of minutes, and then threw himself so heavily across the bed that it groaned loud enough to be distinctly heard by Narcisse, who nodded his head in a satisfied manner. Charlie lay on the top of the clothes, dressed, with the exception of his boots, hat, and coat, with his eyes wide open, and his head bent in a listening attitude. The sound of falling boots in Narcisse's room also brought a look of relief to Charlie's face. After hearing Narcisse blow out the light and get into bed, Charlie lay perfectly still. An hour sped by; the only sounds to

be heard were the cries of the wind as it tore through the branches of the tree whose long arms in summer protected Charlie's room from the fierce rays of the sun. At short intervals, the branches tapped on the window panes, as though craving protection from the storm. Inside the house quietness reigned supreme. From a distance one would have been sure Charlie was sleeping, but a close inspection would have shown that his eyes were wide open. It was 11.30. He quietly raised himself, pulled his coat to him, and took a railway time-table from it, and ran his finger down a portion of it. The express left for the west at 12.05 a.m. He drew a line around the figures, and put the table back into his pocket again. Then he got out of bed, on tip-toe stole to his carpet bag, which hung near the door, and quietly began to stow away in it his modest belongings. So quietly did he gather up his things, that not a mouse, except by sight, could have known that he was in the room. Every now and then he would pause, with his face turned toward Narcisse's room, and listen. Twice, a slight noise, which seemed to emanate from Narcisse's room, disturbed him, and with contracted brow he paused and listened longer than usual. The branches smote the window, and he smiled at his folly. He was positive that Narcisse was sound asleep. When the valise was packed, he cautiously turned the light a little higher, got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and wrote in a straggling hand: "Dear Friend Narcisse,—I thought it better if I went alone. I know you like her. You knew her before I did, and you brought me here. I think she likes you better than me, too. She ought to. That which has come between us has made me feel very unhappy. When I am away I will try and think only of the camp days. She will make you a good wife, Narcisse. Some day I will write and let you know how I am getting along in the North-West.—CHARLIE."

He doubled the note carefully and addressed it to Narcisse. Then he rolled some silver up in a paper and addressed it to his landlady. Silently he picked up his carpet bag, put on his coat and hat, picked up his boots, blew out the light, and in his stocking feet stole to the door. "I will put on my boots at the bottom of the stairs," he muttered absently.

He was half way out of the door, when he stopped suddenly. Again that slight noise which seemed to come from Narcisse's room! Could it be possible that Narcisse was not in bed? Again the branches rattled on the panes, and again he chided himself for his folly. He softly closed the door behind him, flitted along the narrow passage and began to descend the stairs leading to the street. He reached the bottom of the stairs, and was just in the act of pulling on his boots, when the door at the top of the stairs was pulled slowly open. There was no mistake this time; someone was stealing down the stairs. The darkness was too great to allow him to see who it was. There was no escape for him; his boots were off, and his latch-key was in his pocket. Long before he could open the door he who was descending would be with him at the bottom of the stairs. Quickly he pulled a match from his pocket and struck it. Instantly the dark stairway was made light. The sight he saw fairly stunned him. Standing in the middle of the stairs was Narcisse, his canvas valise in one hand and his boots in the other.

"Narcisse," gasped Charlie.

"Charlie," cried Narcisse, letting his boots and bag fall. The match went out. For a few moments there was silence; then Narcisse descended the remainder of the stairs. Without a word they both pulled on their boots. They both understood now.

Charlie lit a match while Narcisse unfastened the door. As they stepped out into the street Narcisse drew Charlie's arm through his.

"De train don't leave for twenty minute yet," said Narcisse calmly, "no need for hurry; eh, Charlie?"

Charlie halted, "No, no, Narcisse," he said with a little break in his voice. "She likes you; you must not leave."

Narcisse was big and strong; he drew Charlie's arm again through his, and again they began slowly to walk toward the station.

"So you try to leave me, Charlie?"

"I could bear that which came between us no longer, Narcisse. Then, I thought you liked her."

"So you would go because of friendship for me, Charlie?" They were walking very close to each other now.

"And why are you here, Narcisse?"

"I know you liked her, Charlie." The great fellow's voice was very sweet at times.

The weather was clearing. Through great rifts in the clouds, every few minutes the moon poured great floods of light.

"The clouds are clearing away, Narcisse."

"Dat so, Charlie." He looked up at the moon, which at that moment broke through the clouds again. "And de cloud dat came between me and you has now clear away, Charlie."

In the distance could be seen the headlight of the approaching express.

"All gone, Narcisse; we shall have the camp days over again, now."

They were just in time to get their tickets to Manitoba and get on board. They sat up the remainder of the night, and smoked and talked and made plans for the future. Never once did they speak of her, although she was often in their thoughts. In Narcisse's pocket was a note he had received from her a few days ago, which hinted that, if he desired, he might call sometimes alone. He was so afraid that Charlie some day might find this note, that he had no peace until he had torn it into a thousand fragments, and when Charlie was looking, he covertly raised the car window and saw the mad wind carry the pieces in a hundred different directions.

Another spring had come. Charlie and Narcisse were sitting in a smoking-room, in a small hotel in Winnipeg. Placidly, Narcisse was leaning back reading a paper that he had just got from St. John's. They were better dressed, and looked more prosperous than in the old days. Occasionally they talked about her now. To Narcisse she seemed but a dream, and he had no regrets. To Charlie it was different: to him she was still very real.

Suddenly, Narcisse uttered an exclamation of surprise, and let the paper fall. Charlie, who had thoughtfully had his eyes fixed on the floor, looked up in surprise and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, dare is noting de matter," answered Narcisse, trying to look unconcerned. "I tink I must have been dreaming."

He gathered up the paper, and said he would go and stand at the door for a few minutes.

As soon as the door closed behind him he opened the paper again and read the following in the marriage notices: "Married, May 13, 18—, at St. John's, Miss Jessie Cunningham, to John White, farmer, of St. John's."

Narcisse ran up to his room, tore out the notice and burned it. "Dare," he said to himself, with a satisfied look on his face, "Charlie won't know anything about dat now. No use for open de old wound again. Well, she wait about a year. Dat pretty good," he said, with a good natured smile.

"Well, do you feel any better," asked Charlie, as Narcisse entered the room again.

"Oh, yes," replied Narcisse, puffing out his chest. "Dat fresh air do me all de good in de world." And Charlie never guessed.

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING AND OF THE DEAD.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

IT was only yesterday that it was supposed that, so far at least as this planet is concerned, ghosts had become an extinct species. It was thought that so effectually had these phantasmal apparitions been banished from the abode of men by the exorcism of modern science, that we should hear no more of them, except as objects of ridicule and contempt. If a belief in the existenec of anything of the sort might be found in any out-of-the-way corner of the world, it would be henceforth regarded with an interest akin to that with which we look upon the fossil remains of a distant geologic age. This belief had come to be classed with those infantile conceptions which, however excusable they might be in the childhood of the race, are entirely out of harmony with our enlightened age, and that are interesting chiefly as illustrations of the immense progress which the race has made in our day, and of how much more we know than the people of former generations knew, and how much wiser we are than our fathers and grandfathers were.

But now all this is changed. It appears that our self-glorification, in this respect at least, was premature. The whirligig of time has already ushered in a new era, and one, too, strange to say, altogether different from anything that we expected. The ghosts have come back, and, apparently, have come back to stay. Those weird inhabitants of the border-land, denizens of the dimly-discovered region which separates the world that now is from that which is to come, have not only been rehabilitated, but have been, or are at least in a fair way of being, put upon an improved footing when compared with the position which they occupied at any time in the past. Indeed, if we can accept the testimony of apparently reputable and trustworthy witnesses, the ghosts have been here all the while, playing hide-and-go-seek with us, grimly laughing in their sleeves at us, while we were making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of beings possessing a higher order of intelligence than our own, by denying their existence.

This, at least, is the message which the Society for Psychical Research has brought us, and considering the character of the people of whom it is composed, the earnestness and intelligence with which they appear to be prosecuting their investigations, its testimony is not to be despised. Of course, it will not be expected of one of the uninitiated, who has given no special attention to the subject with which it deals, to vouch for the correctness of the conclusion which it has reached, or the value of the results which it has achieved. Its transactions are published from year to year, and are accessible to the public; and all who desire to do so, can inform themselves respecting what it is doing. It is chiefly interesting as the first serious attempt which, so far as I am aware, has ever been made to subject all sorts of psychic phenomena to thoroughly scientific investigation by trained and competent experts. Hitherto its work has consisted chiefly, if not exclusively, of the collection, authentication and classification of facts bearing upon the subjects with which it proposes to deal. Of these, a considerable mass has been collected, and we have the testimony of at least one eminent scientist, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, that they are as well authenticated as the facts gener-

ally are upon which the natural sciences rest.

And this affirmation, if I remember correctly, is made by Mr. Wallace with special reference to ghosts. And the testimony of this particular *savant* does not, by any means, stand alone. He is only mentioned here on account of his eminence. The late Frederick W. H. Myers, at once a scientist and a *litterateur*, is scarcely less emphatic in his testimony to the same effect. The return of these apparitions, or, perhaps, I should say, their re-assertion of their existence, does not stand alone. It is but one of the incidents of a comprehensive change which is taking place in the thought of the time. The Sadduceeism which a century ago threatened to become universal in the scientific world, rested upon no basis of thoroughly investigated and properly authenticated fact. It was not built up upon argument. It was simply the result of the prevailing spirit and tendency of the time. What Mr. Lecky observes of witches and witchcraft, in his History of Rationalism, is true of ghosts and all sorts of psychic phenomena; the belief in them was not undermined by argument, but by a certain state of mind which made such a belief impossible. This, Mr. Lecky attributes to the progress of knowledge. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was the effect of the progress of physical knowledge, in which the great thinkers of the time had become absorbed, to the habitual neglect of the psychic and spiritual. It has often been observed of specialists that they are apt to be one-sided. Exclusive devotion to one particular branch of study disqualifies the mind for dealing with other subjects which do not happen to be very closely related to it. This observation applies to an age, as well as to an individual, when it is strongly dominated by a particular spirit or tendency. Two master passions cannot exist in the same mind: neither can they in the same age. The almost exclusive devotion to the study of physical science, which has marked the modern era, has had the effect of not only creating an indisposition, but a disqualification in it, for dealing with those higher truths which pertain to God and to the soul.

This is not said in disparagement of the physical sciences, which have conferred such untold advantages upon mankind, or in depreciation of the labors of the great men by whose patient and self-denying efforts this great body of systematic knowledge has been built up. It was perhaps inevitable, that an era, the special mission of which was to investigate the laws of physical nature and to subordinate its forces to the will of man, making even the most subtle and mysterious of them bow to his authority and become his servants, should have taken somewhat of the materialistic turn which, as a matter of fact, we know it has taken. It is scarcely possible for any one to concentrate his mental energies upon any one subject, and make it the matter of intelligent and protracted study, without becoming an enthusiast. And enthusiasm is contagious. In proportion to the number who are seized with it, is likely to be its depth and intensity. When we think of the number and character of the men who were engaged in those marvellous investigations, and the grandeur of the discoveries which they have made—discoveries which have revolutionized the industries and commerce of the world—it is, perhaps, scarcely matter of astonishment that the mind of the age, to some extent, lost its balance, and that even grave and thoughtful men should be carried away by what they found in the material realm to such an extent as to imagine that they could discern in matter not only "the promise and potency of all forms of life," but the sum of all the knowledge accessible to man.

To this state of things the Sadduceeism of the earlier part of the century,

the relics of which remain even to this day, owes its existence. Of course, in such an atmosphere as this, ghosts could not very well exist. Even though they did now and again make themselves visible, an invincible skepticism was pretty sure to deny them the recognition that they deserved. And what was most to be regretted was, that, with the ghosts, other things were in danger of being driven out that we could less afford to spare. Sadduceeism knows neither angel nor spirit. It excludes the whole hemisphere of knowledge which includes all that we have been in the habit of expressing by the word *supernatural*. It leaves no room for the psychic or the spiritual. But it was not possible that this phase of thought should be permanent. A science which is Godless, soulless, and unspiritual, of the earth, earthy, cannot long satisfy the aspirations and longings of a being so closely allied to the invisible and eternal as man is. Even if the ghosts had not obtruded themselves upon the scene, the reign of Sadduceeism must have come to an end. But if these phantoms can hasten so desirable a consummation, as some thoughtful people believe they will, notwithstanding the aversion with which they have generally been regarded, we cannot but welcome their return.

The material thing, however, to which all that has been written is merely introductory, is that the ghosts have apparently fully vindicated their claim to recognition among the facts which science must take account of before it can lay claim to universality or perfection. And this remark applies no less to the *doubles* of the living than to the *manes* of the dead. For it appears that living people have their ghosts as well as those who have crossed the line which separates the life that now is from that which is to come. Indeed, both of these classes of apparitions, if we can receive the testimony of those who are most deeply read in this sort of lore, were among the earliest facts of human observation. Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "Historical evidence shows that the religious consciousness began among primitive men with the belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, *capable of wandering away from him during life, became his ghost or spirit after death;* and from this idea being eventually distinguished as *supernatural*, there developed, in course of time, the idea of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest."

Here we have two things which must not be confounded with each other: We have an alleged fact, and a theory founded upon it. The acceptance of the fact does not involve any obligation to accept the theory. It is with the fact, and the fact alone, that I am concerned. Is it true that the belief existed among primitive men that each individual human being had a *double*, which, capable of wandering away from him during life, became his ghost or spirit after death? Mr. Spencer says historical evidence shows this to have been the case. And from the use that he makes of it, it is evident that he is of opinion that such a belief was universal among primitive men. Now, if this be true, it is itself one of the most curious and interesting facts of human history. What we are most interested in is the genesis of this belief. Its existence must be accounted for. It must have had a cause. It is inconceivable that such a belief could have sprung up among men, least of all that it could have become universal, without having some foundation to rest upon. And the simplest way of accounting for it, namely, by regarding it as the result of observation and having its foundation in fact, may prove to be the most scientific.

Just now we hear a good deal about the wisdom of the East; and from very much that we read and hear of the esoteric doctrines of Brahmanism and Buddhism, we should be led to

believe that to this source is to be traced the occultism which in so many various forms is coming into prominence in our day. It is represented as being among the relics of an extraordinary civilization which existed in India many centuries ago,—the most perfect, some would have us think, that the world has ever known. But if this fact, vouched for by Mr. Herbert Spencer, is really a fact, it points to an entirely different conclusion. It shows that its origin is to be found far back of even the most ancient forms of civilization of which any record has come down to us; that, in its main features, it has descended to us from our rude forefathers of the most primitive times. No doubt the Eastern sages have the credit of being the first to reduce these psychic phenomena to scientific form, and whether these sages discovered the laws by which such phenomena are governed or not, in the sense in which the modern scientists of the West use that term, they learned from them lessons by which they have been and still are able to perform feats which are the astonishment and the despair of those who have not the knowledge which they possess.

But, to go back to the fact under consideration; if the belief in question had its foundation in fact, we should expect to find the traces of it in all history, and the means of verifying it in our own day. Human nature is essentially the same in all ages. In this respect, "the thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and *there is* no *new thing* under the sun." If each individual had his double in the most ancient times, capable of wandering away from him in certain abnormal states during life, and of becoming the ghost or spirit after death, this has been true of human beings in all the past, and it is true of them to-day. And this is a question of fact which is to be determined by evidence, tested as far as the nature of the subject will permit.

Now, it is at this point that the Society for Psychical Research comes to our aid. What it proposes to do is to collect, to sift, to investigate, to classify all sorts of psychic phenomena, and, if possible, to determine the laws by which they are governed. And this, as we have seen, is what it is doing. It is still in its infancy, having been founded only in 1882, and, in the very nature of things, its work has hitherto, in the main, been tentative. At the same time, though most of the facts which have come under its notice were more or less well-known before it came into existence, it has subjected them to a more scientific and thorough examination, and placed them in a clearer light than they had been in before. For this, it deserves our gratitude. Among other things, the Society has shed a degree of light, which to most is altogether new, upon the contents of the human personality. Even here, it may be, it has brought to light nothing that can be said to be absolutely new; but it has set old and familiar truths in such a position that we can see them more clearly and understand them more perfectly.

The doctrine of the complexity of the human personality is perhaps as old as human history. The idea that in its unity, as in the unity of the Godhead, there is a trinity mysteriously and inexplicably one, is traceable to a very high antiquity. It was a cardinal tenet of many of the ancient Greek philosophers. In their nomenclature they often differed from one another, and their perceptions were not always precisely identical. But among those of them whose anthropology was most profound, there was substantial agreement in this, that man is made up of a trinity of soul, body and spirit. According to Plato's idea, man is a trinity of soul, soul-body and body. Scholars find in the literary remains of the Hermetic philosopher traces of the same general ideas. The "Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury" of the ancient alchemists is supposed by some to have sym-

bolic reference to the same mystery. St. Paul recognizes this doctrine of the trinity in humanity, in Thess. v. 23, in which he prays for the Christians at Thessalonica, that their "whole spirit, and soul and body," might be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, if we drop out the material part of this trinity from consideration, there still remains a duality of which we have to take account. It is at this point that we are confronted with one of the profoundest mysteries of our being, which is so full of mystery. Hypnotism reveals the fact that in the hypnotic or somnambulistic trance, thought and emotion may be kept up for hours together, at any degree of intensity, without ever entering into the ordinary consciousness of the person who is the subject of them, insomuch that when he comes out of this entranced condition he knows nothing at all about them. In these instances we have a mind at work, evincing, often, the possession of extraordinary powers, of which the possessor knows absolutely nothing in his ordinary waking and every-day life. This mysterious part of our being constitutes a sort of second self. It has sometimes been called a sub-consciousness. A recent writer, Mr. Thompson Jay Hudson, in order to distinguish it from the ordinary mind, which he calls the "objective mind," designates this "second self" the "subjective mind." And of the powers and properties of these two minds, and the difference between them, he gives the following account:—

"The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses. It is the outgrowth of man's physical necessities. It is his guide in his struggle with material environment. Its highest function is that of reasoning.

"The subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of the emotions, and the store-house of memory. It performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance. In a word, it is the intelligence which makes itself manifest in a hypnotic subject when he is in a state of somnambulism.* It is further observed that the subjective mind, though marvellously endowed, being capable of seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, and thinking when the brain is in a condition which renders thought with the objective mind impossible, is wholly incapable of reasoning by induction. It acquires knowledge by a more direct and simple process—by open vision, and by direct contact with the subjects of the knowledge which it is in pursuit of.

It may be proper to say, at this point, that I am proceeding entirely upon the testimony of adepts who have investigated this subject and come to definite conclusions concerning it. They are reputable men whose trustworthiness I have no reason to doubt. To adduce the proof, however, by which the doctrine of the duality of mind is supported would require more space than can be given to this article. Instead of quoting from the books, two or three incidents may be given, which I had at first hand, and which the reader will accept for what he may think them to be worth. They shall be given in the order in which they occurred.

Many years ago, there was a woman travelling about the country, practising as a clairvoyant doctor. Among other places, she visited Trenton, Ont. There was a gentlemen residing there at the time, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a person of unquestionable respectability and veracity, who was among those who, probably more from curiosity than anything else, consulted her. He was out of health, but his was one of those obscure cases which the doctor did not seem to understand. This woman,

*"The Law of Psychic Phenomena," p. 29.

however, seemed to him, while in the hypnotic trance, to have no difficulty in locating the disease and in describing his case exactly. She then prescribed, and he wrote down the prescription at her dictation. He thought he had written down everything that she had mentioned; but, in order to guard against the possibility of mistake, when she came out of the trance he proposed to read over what he had written. "Oh," she said, "I know nothing about what I said to you; but if you have any doubt about what you have written, I will go into the clairvoyant state and read it for you." She did go again into the entranced state. And then, with her eyes closed, she asked for the paper, which she had not yet seen, and holding it over her head, she proceeded to read it. (And here comes the point of special interest in the story.) When she reached a certain item in the prescription, she said he had omitted so-and-so. He said she must be mistaken, for he remembered it distinctly and was quite sure that he had written it down. But she said she could not find it. And when he took the paper from her and read it, to his surprise he found that he had actually omitted it. I had this from the gentleman's own lips, and I have no doubt of its absolute truthfulness.

A good many years afterwards, I was in the house of a friend in the city of Toronto, where an invalid minister happened to be staying. His, too, was an obscure case, the precise nature of which it seemed difficult to ascertain. He was advised to consult Dr. W. S. Clark, a well-known clairvoyant physician. The invalid,—the late Rev. T. W. Jeffery,—and I were in the room when the doctor came in. He had never met the patient before; and when introduced to him, he simply said, "You will not need to say anything but to ask me to examine you." He then, with a slight convulsion and two or three coughs, as if he were in a state of partial suffocation or strangulation, went into the hypnotic trance and examined the patient. Of course, I do not know whether the diagnosis was correct or not. I only know that he left the impression on the mind of the sick man that he knew all about his case. He then proceeded to prescribe, and the Rev. Mr. Jeffery wrote down the prescription. But the incident which specially interested me was the fact that when he came out of the trance, he went over to the table where Mr. Jeffery was writing, picked up the paper and carefully read it over, and then said in undertone to Mr. Jeffery, "I should think it is"—mentioning the disease—"that you are suffering from." He evidently did not know anything about that which had been passing through his mind in the abnormal state out of which he had just come, but he was trying to gather, by inference from the remedies which he had prescribed, the nature of the disease which they were intended to cure.

Now, let it be distinctly understood that I express no opinion concerning either the diagnosis or the prescription in either of these cases. The only thing about them in which I have any interest is the light which they seem to shed upon the duality of the mind. In both cases, what Mr. Hudson calls the objective mind was wholly inactive, and the physical senses were locked up; yet there was another mind at work. When Mrs. Besant lectured in Toronto, a few months ago, she mentioned a case of great interest which had been recently reported. I regret that I did not catch the authority from which she quoted, or the name of the person who conducted the experiment which she described, though I think she gave both at the time. Of the genuineness of the incident there is, however, no reason for doubt. In brief, it was this: A French hypnotist had put a person into the hypnotic trance, and gradually reduced him to a state so near death that the action of the heart and the lungs could only be de-

tected by the use of the most delicately-constructed instruments. And yet in this state of virtually suspended animation—a state of profound insensibility and unconsciousness, in which, so far as the objective mind is concerned, thought and feeling were physically impossible,—the spiritual being was found to be even more active and powerful than in that state in which one would say he was in the use of all his faculties.

But my critical reader will be ready to say: "What has all this to do with ghosts?" To this I answer, "Much every way." In fact, this is the ghost. This is the double which belongs to each individual, capable of wandering away from him during life, that was believed by primitive men to become his ghost after death. Wonderful things are told of the doings of this mysterious part of our being, and the temptation is strong to dwell upon it at length; but the power which it possesses, with which we are immediately interested, is that of, not only apparently leaving the body and visiting distant places, putting itself in communication with other minds independently of the ordinary means of communication and reading matter contained in sealed envelopes and closed books—all of which and more is affirmed of it—but also of making itself visible without the intervention of the physical organization. It is this power to create phantasms which identifies it with the phenomena of ghosts.

Those who desire to study this subject thoroughly will do well to read the work entitled *Phantasms of the Living*, the product of the joint authorship of Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, and *The Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research*. Of course, it is impossible to enter upon the proof of this at any length. Two or three cases, however, may be briefly referred to in illustration of the reality of these phenomena, and the manner in which they are produced. A gentleman in London, a member of the Stock Exchange, and a person whose high character is vouched for by those who know him, gives this account of one of his experiments: "On a Sunday night, in November, 1881, I was in Kildare Gardens. I willed very strongly that I would visit in spirit two lady friends, the Misses V——, who were living three miles off, in Hogarth Road. I willed I would do this at one o'clock in the morning, and having willed it, I went asleep. Next Thursday, when I next met my friends, the elder lady told me she woke up and saw my apparition advancing to the bedside. She screamed, and woke her sister, who also saw me." A signed statement by both sisters accompanies this narrative in which the time of the apparition is placed at one o'clock.

The same gentleman gives other instances in which he did the same, with like results. He willed strongly that he would make himself visible to a certain person at a particular hour, and then went asleep, and in each instance he, or his double, was there at the predetermined moment. Another apparently well authenticated instance is given, in which a gentleman willed to visit a gentleman friend at his lodgings on a certain night at half past eleven o'clock, and, with this determination fixed in his mind, went asleep. The next time he met his friend he asked him whether anything remarkable had taken place in his quarters during the night in question His answer was that he should say that something very remarkable had taken place. He and a friend who had called upon him had been chatting until about half past eleven o'clock, when the former left and he went down to the hall door to let him out. When he came back to his own chamber, he found this man with whom he was now conversing in the seat which the other friend had just vacated.

These are only specimens of a large number that might be referred to. But they all tell the same story. It will be seen that in each of these instances

the objective mind—to adopt Mr. Hudson's distinction—was in a state of unconsciousness before these phantasmal creations of the subjective mind came into being. The former knew nothing of what the latter was doing. And, apparently, in most instances the subjective mind makes no report to the objective mind, on such occasions, of what it has been doing. And yet there appear to be instances in which there is a better understanding between them, and their co-operation is more conscious and complete. This was the case with Mrs. M., Mr. W. T. Stead's hostess at Hindhead in Surrey. When the editor of the *Review of Reviews* took lodgings with this lady, who, by the way, is the daughter of a well known London solicitor, and a person of apparently undoubted respectability, he was busily engaged in collecting and arranging the material of his book on "Ghosts." He was, of course, full of his subject, and prepared to converse with any one and everyone who was supposed to know anything about these mysterious inhabitants of the border land. In the prosecution of his enquiries he made a rather startling discovery. He learned, upon what appeared to be reliable authority, that the house in which he was lodging was haunted, and, though he had no reason to doubt the testimony of others, he naturally felt that the mistress of the house was likely to know more about it than anybody else could know. He therefore resolved to ask her if the report was true. She answered that it was quite true, but added that she herself was the ghost!

"Yes," she said, quite seriously, "it is quite true what your friends have told you. They did see what you would correctly describe as an apparition. That is to say, they saw a more or less shadowy figure, which they at once identified, and which then gradually faded away. It was an apparition in the true sense of the word. It entered the room without opening the door or the window, was visibly manifested before them, and then it vanished. But it is also true that the ghost, as you call it, was my ghost."

This phantasm, which was visible to her neighbors and distinctly recognized by them at Hindhead when Mrs. M. was at home in her town-house in London, she calls her "thought body," in which she claims to have the power to roam about without carrying the grosser physical organism with her; and of it she gives the following account: "Every person has, in addition to his natural body of flesh, bones and blood, a thought body. It is capable of motion with the rapidity of thought. The laws of space and time do not exist for the mind, and the thought envelope, of which we are speaking, moves with the swiftness of the mind." She further says of this thought body: "My mind goes with it; I see, I hear, and my consciousness is with my mind envelope."

As to how all this is done by this lady she does not fully inform us: but she says enough to make it safe to conclude that she does it in precisely the same way that has been already described. That is to say, it has its origin in the action of the will. She tells us that when at London she used to go into her bed-room after breakfast and lie down on a couch, and that in a moment she was in Hindhead in Surrey. And, from what she says elsewhere, we learn that when she lay down she went into the hypnotic or somnambulistic trance. Whether or not it was from this lady that Mr Stead received the first suggestion of making the use which he is reported to be making of occultism in his every-day life as a journalist and a man of business, I am not aware. But he is reported to have said to an interviewer at Montreal, after he had been a good many weeks in America, that he neither wrote nor received letters from home, and that yet he was in daily communication with his London office. Whether this communication

was purely telegraphic, or whether he made daily journeys across the ocean in his "thought body," after the fashion of his Hindhead hostess, I have no means of knowing. Mr. Stead himself seems to attribute it to the agency of familiar spirits; but as all the things whereof he affirms may, in the opinion of those who appear to have studied the subject most profoundly, be accounted for independently of the hypothesis of spiritual agency, it seems to be unnecessary to complicate the question of the hidden powers of the human personality by mixing it up with the darker mystery of demonology.

But we must not lose sight of the ghosts. Assuming that what has been said about the phantoms of the living be substantially true, what are the lessons which are suggested by the facts which have passed under review? We get a profounder and more impressive view of the complexity of the human personality, of the mystery in which it is involved and the powers and properties with which it is endowed, than we could get without them. They show, among other things, that though the intellectual being, in our ordinary every-day experience, appears to be entirely dependent upon the physical organism, not being able to acquire knowledge but through the bodily senses, or to reason or think but by the instrumentality of the brain, there are concealed within its depths a power by which it can, upon occasion, assert its superiority to it and act independently of it. They refute the notion that mind is the result of material organization, and point to the opposite conclusion, namely, that organization is the product of mind. If the subjective mind can travel with the swiftness of thought, and not only put itself into communication with minds apparently at almost any distance from the body but can go farther still, and instantly weave a garment for itself out of the impalpable elements of material nature, so as to make itself visible to the eye, it does not seem to be an unreasonable conclusion that mind, or that spiritual essence of which mental phenomena are the manifestations, is the cause, rather than the effect of organization, and that the judgment of materialism must therefore be reversed.

Then, the phantasms of the living differ not from those of the dying and the dead, and as we only know how those are produced when the subject of them is in health, it is only fair to conclude that those which occur in weakness and in death are produced in the same way. Those apparitions most frequently occur when the subject is dying or immediately after death. And they frequently occur some time after death. The evidence in support of this, in the judgment of eminent scientists thoroughly trained in the laws of evidence and in the art of examining witnesses, is overwhelming. Now, assuming this view to be correct, and that the only phenomena of this kind, of the genesis of which we know anything, are produced by the action of the will in entire independence of the physical organism, does not the conclusion seem to be inevitable that they are all the product of the will? Thus even the ghosts seem to demonstrate that the will, with the intellectual being through which it works, is no less powerful in sickness than in health, in extreme weakness than in the greatest physical strength; nay more, it proves that the intellectual being is not involved in the ruin that is wrought by death, that it survives that great change, and is capable of performing some at least, of its most wonderful feats after physical dissolution.

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

(The narrative of a 2,500 mile journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River Basin.)*

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

II.

BETWEEN Chipewyan and Smith's Landing, about one hundred miles, there are two or three ripples caused by ledges of rock, but there is nothing to interfere seriously with the passage of the *Grahame*. Every season she makes two or three runs from Chipewyan to McMurray, and as many down to Smith's Landing. The combined distance is about 300 miles by the route the steamer takes—though a few miles less by the canoe route. As two round trips make 1200 miles, and three make 1800, and there is a run of 500 miles up Peace River, (sometimes there are two runs), she covers 2000 to 3000 miles each season.

Smith's Landing is at the head of a series of rapids in Great Slave River. The aggregate fall in all is about 240 feet, in a distance, by the river, of about sixteen miles. The Hudson's Bay Company some years ago constructed on the west side of the river, past these rapids, a waggon road, over which all their supplies for the Mackenzie River District are handled in carts and waggons. By this road, the distance from the Landing to Fort Smith, at the foot of the rapids, is about fourteen miles, of which only a short part, near the south end, can be called bad. A great part of it winds among sand hills which are thinly covered with Banksian pine, or, as it is known in the country, pitch pine. This is said to be the worst or best place in all the North-West for flies, which, in some years, reduce the oxen used for transport to skeletons. It is even said that oxen have been killed by them.

Fort Smith is on the west bank of the river, at the lower end of the rapids. The soil around the fort is generally sandy; the surface knolly, and pretty well wooded with small poplar, some fair spruce and much Banksian pine. As the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Wrigley* can get no farther up than here, the company has quite a large store-house on the bank, in which the goods brought over the portage are stored until the *Wrigley* comes for them.

The rapids are caused by a spur of the Laurentian rocks which extend northward from Lake Athabasca to and beyond Great Slave Lake. It is curious to note that Great Slave River is, from the lake down to the foot of the rapids, a pretty sharp boundary between the Laurentian and sedimentary rocks in this district. Very seldom are Laurentian rocks seen on the west bank of the river, and just as seldom are sedimentary rocks seen on the east bank. At the head of the rapids, Laurentian rocks are seen on both banks, but about two miles below, the older rock gives place on the west bank to a thinly bedded rock which in places holds small nodules of gypsum. This rock is very similar in appearance to the rock associated with the extensive gypsum beds on Peace River near Peace Point, and very probably the same formation includes all the intervening country.

Below the rapids, the Laurentian rocks appear to trend eastward, while the river bears westward, and between these and Great Slave Lake, with the exception of a cliff, called "Bell's Rock," on the left bank, about seven

The illustrations are from photographs by Count de Sainville and others.



ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER.

miles below Fort Smith, no rocks are seen along the river.

About twenty miles west from Fort Smith, the salt springs of Salt River are situated. They are about fifteen miles in an air line from the mouth of Salt River, which is about twenty miles down Great Slave River from Fort Smith.

The evaporation of the waters of these springs leaves little mounds of salt around them. From this source is supplied nearly all the salt used in the Mackenzie Valley. Capt. Back, in his Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of Great Fish River, tells of visiting them on the 5th of August, 1833, and says: "And on arriving at the proper spot we filled our five large bags with pure white salt in the short space of half an hour. There were no mounds like these seen in 1820, but just at the foot of the hill which bounds the prairie in that quarter, there were these springs, varying in diameter from four to twelve feet, and producing hillocks of salt from fourteen to thirty inches in height. The streams were dry, but the surface of the clayey soil was covered, to the extent of a few hundred yards towards the plain, with a white crust of saline particles. The plain itself had been trodden into paths by the footsteps of buffalo and other herbivorous animals." Mr. R. G. McConnell, of the Geological Survey Staff, visited these springs in August, 1887, and his description of them corresponds generally with Capt. Back's.

The Hudson's Bay Company has a garden at Fort Smith in which good potatoes and other vegetables are grown. There are also, on the east bank of the river and opposite to the post, many Indian houses, the inhabitants of which cultivate patches of ground, raising good potatoes therefrom, and this helps out their fish and meat stores.

On both occasions of my passing Fort Smith, I was too much hurried to converse with any of these Indians, but have learned from the whites around that some of them make extended hunting excursions eastward from here, following some stream to the vicinity of the waters of Hudson Bay, presumably at Chesterfield Inlet.

On my arrival at Fort Smith, I found the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Wrigley* there, loading for her down trip. I arrived there on the afternoon of the 30th July, and spent the greater part of that night getting observations to determine the geographical position. The resultant latitude was 60° 01′ 51″ and longitude 112° 00′ 05″ W. The following evening the *Wrigley* started for Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, and on the way down I obtained much information of value from Captain Bell, commander of the steamer, concerning the depth of water and the obstacles in the route. To render this information more intelligible, I will give a short description of the *Wrigley* and the route she travels over. This steamer was built at Fort Smith by the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1886, and made her first trip in 1887. As in the case of the *Grahame*, previously mentioned, the magnitude of such an undertaking, small as she is, can be appreciated when we know that every piece of lumber used in her construction had to be sawn by hand. All her machinery had to be transported upwards of 100 miles by horses, over somewhat bad roads, and then taken nearly 240 miles in scows, and 300 on the Company's steamer *Grahame*. Her dimensions, as given to me by Captain Bell, are eighty feet keel, fourteen feet beam, five to six feet draught at stern when loaded, and four to five at bow. Her propeller is a four and a half foot four-bladed screw, with adjustable blades. Her engine, manufactured by the John Doty Engine Co., of Toronto, with about 60 pounds pressure will drive her about eight miles an hour, but she can be driven ten. In the course of a season, the requirements of the Company's service necessitated her travelling about 6,500 miles. Her maximum load is about thirty tons.

Going down the Great Slave River, Capt. Bell kindly pointed out to me the shallow places and gave me the depths of water in each of them. Just below Fort Smith there is an extensive bar, but there is a channel through it which always affords plenty of water for the passage of the *Wrigley*. The shallowest place in the river is beside an island known as Big Island. The lowest water Capt. Bell ever experienced in the country, and the lowest he recorded, (by the way, it is generally admitted to have been unusually low), was six feet here; at average height there is nine feet, and at the date of my passage (1st August) there was thirteen feet. This shoal is about 200 yards across, and is on the left side of the island. The other channel is much the wider, but is full of sand bars, and, unless in very high water, the *Wrigley* could not get through it. Capt. Bell found in all the other parts of the river from twelve to thirty-six feet of water at average height. As is usual in all



LESSER SLAVE LAKE POST,
West end of Lesser Slave Lake.

such places, there are bars across all the mouths where they empty into the lake. On the one through which the steamer enters the lake, there is at very low water a depth of five and a half feet, and at high water, eight; the usual depth is six to seven, but this varies a good deal with the force and direction of the wind, a south-westerly wind lessening it and a north-easterly increasing it.

Owing to the displacement of the channel marks by a violent storm a few days before our arrival, the boat ran aground on the bar, with no other result than a couple of hours' detention.



SEPTARIAN NODULE, FROM MACKENZIE DELTA.

This gave the Professor a much desired opportunity to air his experience as a steamboat-man. He immediately took the captain into his confidence, told him of his long experience on Red River and Lake Winnipeg steamers, and advised him how to get the *Wrigley* off the bar. "You see Captain," he said, "whenever our boat ran on a bar, the first thing the captain did, was to ask, 'How is she heading?' Then the wheelsman sung out her course: the captain then said, 'Hold her there;' the bells were then rung to back her hard; the wheels were then backed until she came off." The Captain was inclined to resist this interference, but seeing me smiling at him, he gave his orders and came over and asked me what kind of a fellow that was. We had a hearty laugh at this idea of holding a boat to her course when aground and when the only object was to get her off in the easiest way possible. Though the crew of the boat consisted, with the exception of the Captain, engineer and his assistant, of half-breeds and Indians, they greatly enjoyed the Professor's display of nautical skill, and soon began to mimic his voice and swagger.

We expected to reach Fort Resolution before night, but this detention make it quite dark when we rounded Mission Island and came in sight of the Fort, which, with its houses all lighted up for the night, looked quite pretty. This post is situated on a sandy point five or six miles from the main mouth of Great Slave River.

The country all around it is flat and alluvial, and no doubt the land immediately adjacent was at one time a part of the lake. As the river combines the waters of the Peace, Athabasca and all the streams flowing into Lake Athabasca, it is of considerable volume, and, as the country along its course from Fort Smith to the lake is all clay and sand, it is continually bearing to the lake a great quantity of sediment, which is slowly filling up that part of the lake in the vicinity of its mouth.

Capt. Bell informed me that in his passages around and across the Great Slave Lake, he had done much sounding and found the depth to be, generally, at two miles from shore four fathoms, at six miles twenty fathoms. In mid-lake, on the way from the mouth of the Great Slave River to the head of Mackenzie River, he generally found upwards of forty fathoms, and in places sixty fathoms gave no bottom. In the arm of the lake on which Fort Rae is situated, he found, fifty miles

below Rae, twenty fathoms, thirty miles from Rae, three fathoms, eighteen miles two fathoms, and seven miles seven feet, a depth which continued up to Rae. The bottom in this arm he found muddy, with many boulders in it.

This lake, as laid down on our maps, is about 325 miles in an air line from end to end, and, exclusive of bays, is, in its widest part, about sixty miles across. Its longer axis lies in a north-easterly direction from its west end. No complete survey has yet been made of its shores; consequently our geographical knowledge of it is, in part, vague. Between the mouth of the great Slave River and the head of the Mackenzie, the adjacent country is mostly low and flat, and covered with the timber peculiar to the north, that is, spruce and poplar on the flats and hill-sides, with, on the heights, Banksian pine, or, as it is generally known in the country, "jack" or "pitch" pine. In some of the swamps some tamarac is found, but is seldom large enough to be of much service. The soil along the lake-shore is generally sandy.

About thirty miles west from Resolution, bituminous lime-stone crops out on the shore. This seldom rises more than twenty-five or thirty feet above the water, and it extends many miles. In some places it is so saturated with bitumen that it is quite black on a freshly broken face, and when put into a fire, soon gives off strong fumes of petroleum and a black smoke. No other rock is visible until we come to the head of the Mackenzie, where, on the south side, a low outcrop of apparently the same formation occurs.

Between the Great Slave and Mackenzie Rivers four streams entitled to the appellation of rivers enter the lake, but only one of them,—Hay River—is noteworthy as a stream. At its mouth it is about 200 yards wide, but I understand from accounts I have heard of it, that it is not much over half this width in general. It is also reported generally unnavigable for anything but canoes.

About thirty miles in an air line from the mouth—probably fifty or more by the river—are situated the Falls, named by Bishop Bompas, Alexandria Falls, in honor of the Princess of Wales. These falls are two in number, and about a mile apart. The upper one is a sheer drop of about eighty feet; the lower one, not so precipitous, has a drop of about fifty feet. It is said that when the water in the river is high, they are fine sights.



SEPTARIAN NODULE, FROM MACKENZIE DELTA.

From credible accounts which I got of this river later on, it rises in a ridge of hills sixty or seventy miles north from Fort St. John, on Peace River, in about latitude 57° and longitude 120° 30′. By my observations its mouth is in latitude 60° 52′ and longitude 115° 58′. Its length, as the crow flies, is thus upwards of 300 miles, but its actual course must be nearly double that distance. In one part of the course it runs parallel with Peace River; and from Vermillion, on the latter river, it is said to be only about forty miles across to Hay River.

Several rivers of considerable size discharge into the eastern half of the lake, but of only two is anything very definite known. One is Hoar Frost

River, which Captain Back ascended in 1833, and which tumbles into the lake over a precipice sixty feet high, forming a splendid fall. The other, Captain Back calls the Ah-nee-dessy River. He describes it as almost one continuous rapid, with two cataracts on it quite close to the lake; these he named respectively Parry and Anderson Falls. The former appears, from his description, to be between four and five hundred feet high, and, for "splendor of effect," he says it was the most impressive spectacle he had ever witnessed. Of Anderson Falls he only says, "it is deep and perpendicular." The lake has an area of about 10,400 square miles, and ranks about fifth in size on this continent.

There is a place in the narrows, before we come to Christie's Bay, which never freezes. Back mentions this, and says it is called Tal-thel-leh, and reports that the observations of two writers confirm his account. The fact was mentioned to me at Resolution by several, but I could learn no cause for it. No up-flow from the bottom was observed by any of my



SEPTARIAN NODULE, FROM MACKENZIE DELTA.

informants, but I do not think they looked for any such. As the lake is deep here, it is possible that no effect of springs could be observed, though it is very probable that the absence of ice is caused by deep-seated springs.

There are several tar or bitumen springs on the north side of the lake, near Pointe aux Esclaves, from which tar has been collected in the past for boat-building.

The first white man to visit it was Samuel Hearne, who reached it in December, 1771. He crossed it and ascended Great Slave River about forty miles, and leaving it, travelled eastward. Hearne called the lake "Athapuscou Lake."

At Fort Resolution I took observations to determine its position, which I found to be in latitude 61° 10′ 35″ longitude 113° 51′ 51″.

Trading has been done here for over a century, houses having been erected at the mouth of the river in 1785. At the present site of the Fort are situated the Anglican and Roman Catholic Missions. The Company and the missions, also some of the people employed at the Fort, have gardens in which they raise potatoes and other vegetables of good size and quality. The Company generally grows a little barley, which usually develops well. Wheat has also been tried with success. At Hay River, where the Company some years ago had a trading post, some Indians now reside most of the year. They have several lots of ground under cultivation, in which they grow potatoes of very good quality and size. An aged Indian, who may be considered a permanent resident here, some years ago bought from the Company two calves, which he so cared for that at the time of my visit in 1891 he had seven or eight head. Some weeks before my arrival he had sold a heifer to the Roman Catholic Mission at Resolution. At the time of sale, payment was not completed, the Fathers being short of goods. They took advantage of my passing the point to send the balance in the form of tobacco, cloth, twine, and other articles. I inquired for the old man by name, found him and delivered my charge. He opened the package then and there,

examined the goods and announced himself satisfied. He made a distribution of some of the tobacco to the other Indians, sat down by my camp-fire, and enjoyed a smoke purchased with his first sale of cattle. The old man's face was a picture of perfect contentment: but the others looked on him with envy, and his example, in all probability, was wasted on most of them, for if the cattle belonged to them they would have killed and eaten them the first time they were short of provisions, and the fact of owning such a supply would be a prime motive for their idling and thus creating want. The old man cut hay for winter use on flats around the mouth of the river. Though they milked the cows, no attempt was made at butter-making. I fancy the old man had about reached the limit of accumulation with his herd, as he found it considerable trouble to cut and save sufficient hay for the number he had.



VIEW FROM FORT SIMPSON AT JUNCTION OF MACKENZIE AND LAIRD RIVERS.
Mackenzie on left, Liard on right, Gros Cap in centre.

On my way from Resolution to Hay River, we were wind-bound at Dead Man's Island, thirty-three miles from Resolution. This island is named from the occurrence there of what was said to be a fight between Indians from the south, and the native Indians, but I could learn nothing positive or definite about it. The supposed number of killed, as stated to me by different parties, varied from fourteen to two hundred. A half breed who was with me on the island told me that years ago its surface was strewn with human bones, but, though I made much search, I could not find a trace of any bones. This fight is said to have occurred about sixty-three years ago: and from some accounts I got of it, it seemed more like a series of murders than a fight.

We left Hay River in the early morning of the 16th of August, and as we had a fair sailing breeze we proceeded gaily with sail and paddle, and had high hopes of getting well into the Mackenzie that evening, but the breeze increased until after we rounded Stony point, some fifteen miles from Hay River, it was a gale, and we fain would have landed, but we could not, as we certainly would have been swamped in the attempt. Several times we were nearly swamped by breakers, but we fortunately escaped. With our sail all spread, we flew from wave to wave at a lively rate, and just as I was wondering whether or not we would weather it to the Mackenzie, which was yet some eighteen miles away, I saw breakers between me and shore, and recollected passing two low reefs at this point in 1888. They were half a mile or more to leeward; the canoe was headed for them, and in a few minutes we were in their shelter. As they were less than a quarter of a mile from shore, the waves were sufficiently subdued by them to enable us to land, but not without some risk of swamping.

High winds were now the rule for some days, and we did not get into the great Mackenzie until the 19th.

The Professor having never seen a

large river, was very anxious to have his first view of the river and contemplate its vast proportions. His anxiety was manifested in such original expressions that it was a source of amusement to us, and, at last, when on the afternoon of the 20th, we passed the mouth of Beaver River and were fairly out of the lake, I said, "Professor we are in the river now," he was spell-bound. He gazed around, with distended eyes, for some time, then turned to me and said, "Why the Saskatchewan a'int in it; this is an ocean; there must be barrels of water, sure! How deep is it? Sound and see." We found seventeen feet. As the river here and down to Fort Providence is from two to three miles wide, he was in a high state of admiration all the way down.

We now had a current of two-and-half to three miles per hour in our favor, and made fine time.



FORT LIARD.

Near a place known as "Bix point," we saw a smoke, went to it and found a Roman Catholic priest and two Indians, who were on their way from the fisheries at the head of the river, to Providence, some fifteen or sixteen miles from here, and had stopped to make tea and have a smoke. As we thought it would be late when we would reach the post, we concluded to have a lunch here, too; so we landed.

A few minutes afterwards the good priest bade us good bye, telling me that he would inform the people at the post of our approach. I thanked him, but at the same time thought "May-be you will." For he had two Indians to row his boat, and I knew they would do their utmost to beat us into the post, and proposed to Charlie and the Professor that we try them a race. To this they at once assented. We hurriedly ate our bite, packed up, and shot out into the river; but by this time the other boat was only a speck in the distance. In a short time it began to show plainly, and we put our best strokes forth. The other party, too, were pulling their best, as I could see with my glass, yet we were hauling up to them in grand style, when up came a fair breeze and up went their sail, which was all ready, but, alas! ours was stowed in the bottom of the canoe, and would cost us more time than it would gain us to get it out. We plied our paddles with all our power, but the Indians rowed with equal vigor, and, with the aid of their sail, for four or five miles almost held their own. Then the wind fell away, and we made up to them and passed them with ease. The look of utter disappointment and chagrin on the faces of the Indians was such as we seldom see: but the good priest congratulated us on our prowess and on the sailing qualities of our canoe. I had not the heart to chafe

him about carrying the intelligence of our approach, or to leave him; so we continued together and arrived at the post at dark on the evening of the 20th.

At Providence, I took the necessary observations to determine its position, which I found to be in latitude 60°20′ 38″, and longitude 117°58′43″.

The usual Hudson's Bay Company's buildings are here, also a Roman Catholic church and nunnery and the necessary residence for the clergy. It is situated on the north bank of the river, about forty miles from Great Slave Lake, and fifteen miles above Little Lake. The country around it is all densely wooded, but quite an extensive clearing has been made around the post, and both the Company and the Mission cultivate several acres of ground. Potatoes and other vegetables are grown with much success, and barley is equally successful.



VIEW ON LIARD RIVER.

The Company almost every spring sows some wheat, which nearly always gives a good return of a fine sample. There is a hand mill here with which they grind the wheat and make a coarse flour, which is made into good and wholesome bread. While here in September, 1888, I ground enough of the previous year's crop to make a small loaf, which I had my cook bake for me. The flour was not as white as our patent-process flour, but the loaf was very palatable nevertheless. I will now state what may seem incredible. The entire crop planted at Fort Providence in 1891, was devoured by grasshoppers. I went over the Company's wheat field, but could see only the butts of the stalks half an inch or so above ground. That such a thing should occur 1,150 miles nearer the pole than Toronto, gives one a truer conception of our frozen north than many of our people entertain. The season was exceptionally dry, and therefore favorable to the propagation of the locust. The Roman Catholic Mission suffered in the same way. The soil here is a dark clay which, when mixed with the vegetable mould of the forest, makes a nice compound for farming on.

It is proper, here, to insert some information I got from Capt. Bell relative to the navigability of the Mackenzie River. Many of the facts stated take me far beyond the limits of my journey, but their general interest will justify the ramble.

As the head of the river, as before remarked, is very wide, several miles consequently may be expected to be, and are, shallow. Search was made here for a suitable channel for the steamer, and of course the notes furnished refer exclusively to this channel. In ordinary low water this channel affords a depth of about six feet, in very low water only five feet. In ordinary high water, such as there

was when I passed, there would be a depth of about nine feet, but in 1888 the depth must have been thirteen or fourteen feet. Capt. Bell thinks this shoal is the result of shoves by the ice on the lake, as quite close to it on both sides there is twelve to fourteen feet of water. It consists of gravel, and is, he says, only about two hundred yards across, so that improving it would not be a difficult undertaking.

Five miles below this there is another shoal known as "Trout Island Shoal." On this in low water there is six feet of water, but it appears that the depth is very irregular. This irregularity Capt. Bell thinks is due to the gravel at the bottom being scraped by ice and deposited in heaps. He thinks a proper search would show a deep channel all through here, but it would be very crooked, for it would wind about these gravel heaps. This shoal extends about a mile and a half. Through "Beaver Lake" in low water there is a depth of ten feet, in ordinary water twelve, and in high water fourteen. Of course this refers to the shallowest places in Beaver Lake.



R. C. CHURCH AND RESIDENCE AT FORT LIARD.

Providence Rapid, situated a little above Fort Providence, has five feet in the shallowest places in low water, and in ordinary stages six to seven feet. This extends for about two miles. Here, as in the before-mentioned places, a good channel could be found, but it would be very crooked, so much so that a steamer descending could not keep in it. From this rapid down to Rapid Sans Sault, the least depth in the lowest water was found to be twelve feet.

Rapid Sans Sault is caused by a ledge of rock extending across the river. Near the easterly shore the water drops over this a few inches and causes quite a commotion across the easterly half of the river. In the westerly half there appears to be a greater depth of water, and smoother current. It need hardly be said that the steam-boat channel is on the westerly side in the smooth water. Over the ledge, the lowest water found by Capt. Bell in a year remarkable for the low state of all the rivers in the country was six feet.

Over the ledge of the Cascade Rapids, which are caused by an obstruction similar to that at Rapid Sans Sault, Capt. Bell found a depth of nine feet in low, and eleven in good water. This rapid is near the head of the "Ramparts."

Close to the Ramparts there is another rapid known as "Rampart Rapids:" this, also, is caused by rock bottom in the river. In it in lowest water Capt. Bell gives the depth as eleven feet and in high water fifteen. It extends for about half a mile.

In his various passages of the Ramparts, Capt. Bell has sounded, without

finding bottom, with forty fathoms, which was the length of his sounding line. I have mentioned in my report for 1889 that Sir Alexander Mackenzie found fifty fathoms here.

Between the Ramparts and the delta, where the steamer leaves the main channel, less than twelve feet depth was never found, but Capt. Bell says that less might be found. Through the channels of the delta to Peel River no difficulty was ever experienced with the steamer.



LOOKING UP LIARD RIVER FROM FORT LIARD.

In Peel River up to the bar, five miles below Fort McPherson, the average depth of water is about fifteen feet. On the bar in low water the depth is about six feet, and with medium water seven feet.

Count de Sainville, a French gentleman who went down the Mackenzie in 1889 and spent much time in making an examination and rough survey of the delta of the Mackenzie and Peel Rivers and the coast line in the estuary of those streams, was good enough to give me all the information in his power. He assured me that the most easterly channel of the delta is the main one, and he never found less than a twelve feet depth in it down to tide water. The tides do not come up more than ten or twelve miles above the ocean, and the rise is not more than about two feet. What depth might be found beyond the mouth of the river he is not prepared to say, but bars there may naturally be looked for. This gentleman purposes making further and more complete examinations which will, no doubt, be of much interest and value.

Before resuming the narrative of my journey, I will give some notes I obtained from Capt. Segur, of the steamer *Athabasca*, and Capt. Bell, of the steamer *Wrigley*, giving the times over the various parts of their runs.

Steamer *Athabasca*, 2nd June, 1891, ran from Athabasca Landing, down to landing of Grand Rapids, in eighteen hours, with six large boats in tow. Up trip, started on 6th June, running time to Athabasca Landing, forty-eight hours. Second trip down, 13th July, running time down, fifteen hours and forty-five minutes. In 1890, her first down trip, made the second of June, was done in twenty hours and fifty minutes, and the return, 10th June, in fifty hours. This run was made in very low water.

The *Wrigley's* log shows the following averages between Fort Smith, the most southerly part of her run, and Fort McPherson, the most northerly: the distance between them is about 1,270 miles. From Smith to Resolution, average running time about eighteen hours; between Resolution and Providence, about seventeen hours, of which twelve and a half is in Great Slave Lake; between Providence and Simpson, about fourteen hours; Simpson to Wrigley, about ten and a half

hours; Wrigley to Norman, about fourteen hours: Norman to Good Hope, about thirteen hours; Good Hope to McPherson, about twenty-four and a half hours. The total running time is 123½ hours, a trifle over ten and a quarter miles per hour.

On her "up" runs, the following averages have been made: McPherson to Good Hope, forty hours; Good Hope to Norman, thirty-four hours; Norman to Wrigley, thirty-nine hours; Wrigley to Simpson, nineteen hours; Simpson to Providence, about twenty-eight and a half hours: Providence to Fort Rae, uncertain, but appears to be about thirteen hours; Providence to Resolution, about twenty hours; Resolution to Smith, about thirty-five hours; Resolution to Rae, about fifteen hours, and return about the same, as it is all lake water. The duration of these runs was varied somewhat by the force and direction of the wind. The total running time from McPherson to Smith, as shown above, is 215½ hours, which gives a rate of 5·9 miles per hour. The mean of the up and down rates is a fraction over eight miles per hour, which is said to be her normal speed.

For convenience of reference, I insert the following table of distances on the Mackenzie :—

	Miles.
Smith to Resolution.....	190·5
Resolution to Providence .	167·0
Providence to Simpson....	157·5
Simpson to Wrigley.....	134·0
Wrigley to Norman.....	180·3
Norman to Good Hope....	169·5
Good Hope to McPherson.	274·7
Total.....	1,273·5

We started from Providence on the morning of the 22nd August, and had to make way in the teeth of a fierce wind which more than neutralized the advantage the current gave us. On Little Lake we had to go ashore for some time, being unable to make headway. By dint of very hard work we got out of the lake and into the lee of the north shore, which enabled us to make such good headway that the last three hours we were paddling put us as far on our journey as all the previous part of the day.

The next day we were again unfortunate in encountering a strong headwind and heavy rain storm which delayed us considerably.

On the way I was surprised to note the difference in the level of the water as it was then and in 1888. In the latter year, from the head of the Line to Little Lake all the banks were submerged, in many places the water extending hundreds of yards into the forest. There must have been a difference of at least twelve feet in the level of the water in those years. Just fancy the difference in volume of discharge in a river a mile to a mile and a half wide, with a three mile or more current, and twelve feet of a difference in depth.

The evening found us well down the "Line," with every prospect of making Simpson on the morrow. For convenience I will recapitulate what I said of this part of the river in my former article in this magazine. "A short distance above the confluence of the Mackenzie and Liard, the Mackenzie narrows to an average width of a little over half a mile, with a generally swift current. This continues for seventy-five miles above Fort Simpson, and causes that part of the river to be called the "Line," from the fact that large boats cannot be rowed against the current, but have to be hauled by line, as has been previously described in this article."

We reached Fort Simpson early in the evening of the 25th August, and remained there until the forenoon of the 28th. The nights of the 25th and 26th being beautifully clear, I spent many hours taking observations. To most of the people around the fort it was most unusual to see a man gazing into the depths of a disk of mercury and then up at the sky. Not understanding it, they applied their

term for all forms of occultism and magic to it—"Medicine"—and I was dubbed a conjurer at once: but unfortunately for me the Professor came on the field, and my reputation was explained away in the most profoundly scientific manner. Those benighted people heard more about latitude and longitude, stars, astronomy and the glacial period that night than ever they had heard before, or, in all probability, ever will hear again.

The result of my "medicine" both nights put Simpson in latitude 61° 51′ 43″, and longitude 121° 42′ 52″. This is about nine and a half miles farther west than Thomas Simpson placed it in 1837, and about five further than Sir John Franklin put it.

The garden and field produce did not present the same fine appearance here that it did in 1888, as the season was unusually dry; yet, were it placed anywhere in Ontario, the people would never suspect from its appearance that it had developed outside of that province. Although a few grasshoppers were seen here, they were not in numbers sufficient to injure the crops. While at this post, we enjoyed the fine potatoes, carrots, parsnips, cabbage and peas grown in the Company's garden. They were as large and as fine-flavored as the best in any part of the country. Barley is yearly grown here, and, it may be said, always successfully, for any failures have been due to drought or too much rain oftener than to frost. Wheat has been tried several times, often successfully, but, as it cannot be utilized except through grinding with a hand-mill, it is not considered desirable to grow much of it.

The Company keeps a large number of cattle here. The hay for their winter food is cut on the uplands south of the post. To give an idea of the length of time they require stable fodder, I will insert an extract made from the Company's journals at the post. It shows, for a number of years the date of the breaking up of the ice, the date of the first appearance of ice in the river, and the time of the closing of the river:

Year.	*Ice broke up.*	*First drift ice.*	*River closed.*
1876	May 14th	Nov. 4th	Nov. 17th
1877	" 8th	" 1st	" 28th
1878	" 8th	Oct. 16th	" 26th
1879	" 3rd	Nov. 12th	" 20th
1880	" 7th	" 2nd	" 26th
1881	" 13th	Oct. 12th	" 18th
1882	" 7th	Nov. 1st	" 30th
1883	" 1st	Oct. 28th	" 20th
1884	" 12th	" 11th	" 18th
1885	" 2nd	" 28th	" 20th
1886	" 13th	" 30th	" 25th

I may remark that the thickness of the ice (it being over four feet) helps to keep it in place in the spring, and the breaking up cannot be considered the same indication of the progress of the season as the same occurrence would be at Ottawa. The snow is generally all gone by this time, and often seeding is done before the ice leaves.

While at Fort Norman in the same year I made extracts from the Company's journals there, which, as that post is 318 miles further down the river and is in about the latitude of 65°, will be of interest here:

Year.	*Ice broke up.*	*First snow.*	*First ice.*	*River closed.*
1872	Not given.	Sept. 28th	Oct. 7th	Nov. 8th
1873	May 17th	Sept. 28th	" 21st	" 12th
1874	" 25th	Oct. 15th	Nov. 2nd	" 15th
1875	" 24th	Not given.	Oct. 23rd	" 9th
1876	" 19th	Oct. 10th	" 18th	" 9th
1877	" 12th	Sept. 25th	" 18th	Not given
1878	Not given.	" 28th	" 22nd	Nov. 7th
1879	May 9th	Oct. 8rd	" 20th	" 2nd
1880	" 22nd	" 7th	" 22nd	" 12th
1881	Not given.	" 2nd	" 7th	" 12th
1882	May 14th	" 9th	" 14th	" 14th
1883	" 11th	" 9th	" 24th	" 10th
1884	" 28th	rest of record lost.		
1885	No record.	No record.	No record.	No record
1886	"	"	Oct. 18th	Nov. 18th
1887	May 24th	Sept. 23rd	Oct. 5th	" 8th

In the above, the date of the first snow does not mean the permanent snow for the winter, which may not have come for a month afterwards.

The Liard River, up which we had to go, joins the Mackenzie just above Simpson. The point between them is scarped, and rises about 200 feet above the level of the water; it is locally known as the *Gros Cap.*

The Hudson's Bay Company officers and employés at Simpson, in 1887, organized a museum, which they entitled the Mackenzie River Museum

in which they preserve specimens of all the birds and beasts peculiar to the country. They also collect specimens of fossils, Indian work and curiosities—in fact, any article of note or interest, found in the basin, finds a home here. Capt. Bell of the steamer *Wrigley*, proved himself quite a skilful taxidermist, and must necessarily, from the number of specimens fixed when I was there, have devoted a great deal of time to this work.

Count E. de Sainville, a French gentlemen, who has spent several seasons around the delta of the Mackenzie, found a curious specimen in that vicinity, which he presented to the museum. As it appeared to me to be very curious and interesting, I took the liberty of bringing it away for the purpose of identification or classification. It is now in the Geological Museum in Ottawa, where it will remain for some time, if not always. On looking at it, most persons would at once pronounce it organic, but our geologists pronounce it a Septarian nodule, consequently inorganic: but it is very interesting and curious, nevertheless. As it is a very rare specimen, the pictures of it, which are here presented, will no doubt be interesting to many.

As this was the turning point on my journey, it will be interesting, before I start back, to present to my readers an idea of the facility with which one so minding may visit the Arctic Ocean by this route. We will presume we are in Ottawa or Toronto, and wish to visit the land of the midnight sun. Four days from our start, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, we arrive at Calgary; one day from Calgary we arrive at Edmonton, *via* the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. From Edmonton three to four days will be required to reach Athabasca Landing; this part of the route (about one hundred miles) has to be made with the aid of horses. By timing ourselves to reach Athabasca Landing about the first days of June, we shall likely catch the steamer *Athabasca* at the Landing, and go down to Grand Rapids on her. From Grand Rapids it will take us three or four days to reach McMurray, and if we are fortunate enough to catch the steamer *Grahame* there, we shall reach Chipewyan in a day. Another day will take us to Smith's Landing, and another to Smith: if we are fortunate at Smith's Landing, we can get to Smith the same evening. If we meet the steamer *Wrigley* at Smith, and she is bound for McPherson, for which she generally starts about the last days in June or the first days in July, we shall likely reach McPherson in seven or eight days. The steamer has not heretofore gone farther down than the delta, but it is possible she may in the future go down to the Arctic coast and along it a short distance

From the foregoing we see that even with the present facilities we can reach the Arctic Ocean from Ottawa in about twenty-three days--let us say, to cover possible contingencies, thirty days—and return in about forty. On the way we shall pass through about 1,200 miles of beautiful prairie country, which extends almost to Athabasca Landing; and from Athabasca Landing to the Arctic Ocean, upwards of 1,800 miles, we have only ordinary river navigation, with the exception of a few miles on Lake Athabasca, and about 120 on Great Slave Lake. During the whole of the journey, we are likely to experience as pleasant weather as if we had remained at home, and it may be more pleasant. We are likely to see much that will interest and surprise us, and we shall certainly have a much clearer conception of the extent and value of our country. All the way to the Arctic coast we shall see timber and plants similar to much of what we see at Ottawa, and were it not for the absence of many of our trees, and the increased duration of daylight (which we would find at the coast to be of twenty-four hours' duration

each day), we would hardly realize that we had travelled upwards of 4,000 miles from home, and been more than 1,600 north of it. I cannot give the cost of such a trip, but believe that, at most, it would be about $300. It is well to bear in mind, that north of Edmonton the steamers have no regular date of sailing, their movements being governed by the Hudson's Bay Company's needs, and transport facilities over the other parts of the route, and it is possible that we might not even be able to make our way to the Arctic on the steamer: but there would be no great difficulty in completing our journey with such aid as the Hudson's Bay Company could place at our disposal; in which case our journey would partake more of the primitive style of travelling and be a more satisfactory experience to ourselves.

At Simpson I found it necessary to engage extra help for the ascent of the Liard (pronounced *Leor*), in order to reach Peace River before winter set in. The Company's servants were nearly all away on the steamer, and the only available men were an Indian and his son. Though the Indian probably never heard of Robinson Crusoe, he was called Friday.

The Indian has a gruesome history; Over a dozen years before my visit he had a wife, with whom he seemed to live in as much harmony as Indians generally do. The unfortunate woman fell sick, and in the delirium of fever fancied herself a cannibal, and I believe avowed her intention of killing and eating the members of her family.

Now, Friday, unlike his immortal namesake, did not flee from his uncanny fate, as he might have done, and found his Crusoe. No; he took time by the forelock and killed the woman. He was arrested, sent out, tried, convicted, and spent, I think two years in confinement with the mounted police, who called him Friday and taught him a fair smattering of English, of which accomplishment he is now duly proud: and from that day to this, he bears the name which accompanied him to his northern home. Lest the reader wonder why such a light punishment was given him for such a serious misdemeanor, I will say that the Indian dread of a cannibal, real or imaginary, is a lively one, and it is considered perfectly proper to put a cannibal out of the way if one can, in fact it is considered necessary. Friday's case was by no means an isolated one, and it was justified by Indian custom and tradition. All this was shown at the trial, and the judge simply gave him a lesson in his less fortunate white brother's customs and prejudices. Both Friday and his son were lusty men on a hauling line or with a paddle.

I left Fort Simpson on the forenoon of the 28th August. The Liard River, a short distance above the confluence with the Mackenzie, is from six to eight hundred yards wide. The current is generally strong, and at one point, about nine miles up, there is almost a rapid. About thirty-three miles above Simpson, what is known as "The Rapid" commences. In this the river is much wider than usual, being not far from three-quarters of a mile across: on both sides are high rock banks, in many places rising perpendicularly from the water's edge. At those points, in high water, it is impossible to walk along the beach, as the swift current does not permit rowing or paddling up, and large boats cannot be poled up; this renders the ascension of the river impossible until the water falls. No part of this rapid is too rough for the descent of an ordinary canoe, and the only danger in the passage down might be from rocks and shallows. There is nothing in this rapid to prevent the passage up it of such steamboats as are now on the Athabasca River, if there is sufficient depth of water over the ledges. As our pass age up was necessarily confined to the

shore water, I cannot speak from personal observation on this point, but I have been told that in very low water many of the ledges would not permit a steamer to pass over them. There would, however, be water enough during a good part of the summer, or I am greatly deceived in the appearance of the place. This rapid, from head to foot, is about six and a half miles ong. About ten miles above this there is a ripple over a gravel bar, where there is a large island in the river, but this would not hinder the ascent of a steamer such as I have spoken of. Between here and Fort Liard, there are two or three places where the current is very swift, but a steamer which would work her way up to them could easily ascend them.

Between Simpson and Liard no streams of any importance enter the Liard. About one hundred and five miles above Simpson the Nahanni enters from the west; it is about two hundred yards wide at the mouth. I did not learn anything concerning it, but as it comes from the mountains it is not probable that any extent of it is navigable. About fifteen miles above this another small river enters from the west. About one hundred and seventy-six miles above Simpson, Muskeg River enters from the east. It is an unimportant stream, little larger than a creek. It flows out of a small lake called Lake Bovie, which is fifteen or twenty miles from the Liard River.

Friday had been up the Nahanni "many days" as he expressed it, but he appeared to know very little of it. He described the country as all big mountains.

"Much game up there, Friday?"

"Wough, plenty."

"Any bears?"

"You bet your life, plenty bears!"

"Big?"

"Yes, big, plenty."

"You shoot him?"

"*No, me no shoot, me look!*"

This answer was accompanied by a, "well,-you - must-be-a-born - fool - to-think-I-would-tackle-a-grizzly - bear - alone" look, which amused me.

All the way from Simpson to Fort Liard it was a daily or bi-daily event to see fresh tracks of moose. Often the drippings from their wet sides, after swimming the river, had not yet been absorbed by the dry sands on the beach, which indicated that they had just passed. But we never saw any. It was annoying to us that we could not get sight of any, when we must have been so close to them. Not so with Friday. He "knew his man better," so to speak, and would quietly laugh at our expressions of annoyance at not seeing the animal, and remark, with the proud air of a professional to an amateur, "Umph, you no ketch him!"

Once, just as we rounded a long sandy point, one had passed so recently that the water from its body yet lay in drops and pools on the dry sand.

This excited even Friday a little, and he remarked, with flashing eyes, "No far!"

I took my rifle and walked up into the woods a short distance, more through a desire to stretch my legs than from expectation of seeing the moose; but Friday thought the latter was my object, and followed me, smiling in derision.

When well into the woods I gazed around me intently as though expecting to see the moose, and remarked *sotto voce* "Well; I wish I could see that moose!"

Friday could stand no more, broke into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "You no kill him."

I determined to break up Mr. Friday's contempt, and sternly looking at him, asked, "No! What for me no kill him?"

He quit laughing at once, and civilly replied, "Too much stick (trees)," but I replied, "Me kill him through the stick!" making him understand by signs that I would shoot through

several sticks or trees; and, pointing to a spruce, 16 inches in diameter, standing close to a balsam poplar, or cottonwood as it is called in this country, twenty-six inches in diameter, I placed myself in line with them and fired at them.

It would be difficult to picture Friday's surprise when I showed him that the bullet had passed through the spruce, but when I showed him that it had also passed through the poplar, he stood speechless. After a little search, I found where it had grazed another spruce, passing through about three inches of it, and then passed into the ground a foot or more, whence I dug it out in Friday's presence. From that time until I parted with him, he was firmly of the opinion that I could kill anything anywhere, and he never spoke to me of not being able to shoot. He had seen me shoot across the Mackenzie River at Simpson, 1800 yards, and make pretty fair shooting, and did not express much astonishment; but seeing a bullet pass through forty-five inches of wood, and then a foot into the earth, imbued him with a very great respect for my gun. He did not fail to tell of this wonderful gun at Liard, and the natives there were all expectancy to see some wonderful things whenever they saw it in my hands. I made them understand that it was the gun the Great Mother's soldiers shot with, and how useless it would be for any one to seek shelter from it behind trees, or get away from it if they were in sight at all. I may say the rifle in question was the new magazine rifle adopted by the Home Government for the Imperial army, a modification of which rifle is now being prepared for the Canadian Militia.

We reached Fort Liard River, 182 miles from Simpson by the course of the Liard, in the evening of September 4th. Here I remained until noon of the 7th, getting the necessary observations to enable me to determine its position, which I found to be in latitude 60 14′ 18″, longitude 123° 57′ 01″. This post has hitherto been marked on our maps as being in British Columbia, but it is sixteen miles north of the northern boundary of that province.

The Hudson's Bay Company for many years did a good trade here, but it is now run down to a very small amount. The Roman Catholic Church has a mission about a mile up the river from the Company's post, and both Company and Mission have a few acres under cultivation, on which they raise very good potatoes and garden stuff. The drought which prevailed elsewhere in the north, here, also, prevented the usual development of crops. At the date of my arrival the barley had been harvested several days, and though the straw was short, the grain was plump, hard and of fair yield.

Wheat has often been grown here successfully, but as it can only be used whole, it is considered better to grow barley, which can be and is much used as cattle food. Cattle are kept here, and seem to thrive as well as at other places in the country. At this post the soil is a rich black loamy clay, and the surface is thickly wooded all around. As seen from the high ground on the opposite side of the river, the country to the south and east appears undulating, rising into extensive ridges all heavily timbered. This condition is said to continue through to Hay River. In the valleys are many lakes, some of considerable extent, and many large swamps. I could not learn anything of the character of the soil, but it is fair to assume from the general character of the woods that it is of fair quality. While at this fort, I examined the daily journal of events kept at every post, for the purpose of getting some information as to the times of the general run of farming events, opening and closing of the river, or any other fact of agricultural, meteorological or general interest.

I will here make a few explanatory remarks with regard to these journals. It is a standing rule of the Company's

service that a journal of daily events be kept at every post, but each officer seems to have a different idea of what a daily event is, and there seems to be a want of continuity, so to speak, in the records, when there is a change of writers or officers; some officers aiming at making it what it was intended or ought to be, a chronicle, which could at any time hereafter be consulted with confidence regarding historical, meteorological and agricultural events in particular, and information generally.

Unfortunately many seem to have considered it an unpleasant duty, and put it off from day to day, until a long interval had elapsed, then gone at it in desperation and made the best record they could from memory, of course often omitting many items of interest and general importance. In many of the journals I have seen, there are great gaps, the officer at the place being absent on a journey, or sick, or otherwise unable to write the journal at the post.

Each recorder stamped his character in his entries as plainly as if it were a part of himself, which, after all, it really is. Some appeared to have enjoyed a quiet sit-down with a pipe and pen, and had a pleasant confidential chat with a friend, narrating their own doings, and hopes and fears in connection with them. Others seemed to have considered it an audience to whom they grandiloquently communicated their estimate of their own powers and ability. Others have been moralists, reflecting, with a sad smile and a shake of the head, on the shortcomings of those around them. Many have been witty, entering with much detail any ludicrous event that may have occurred, and embellishing it with amusing reflections and remarks. It is unfortunate that some common motive did not actuate every recorder, for the lack of system has made valuable references, in some cases, of little use.

The journals at Liard gave me the following dates and facts:

1878. Planted seed May 9th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice drifting in river October 18th; ice set in river October 29th.

1879. Planted seed April 22nd; reaped barley, August 14th; first ice in river, October 15; ice set fast, November 7th.

1880. Planted seed May 7th; reaped barley, August 14; first ice in river, October 25th; ice set fast, November 9th.

1881. Planted seed, May 5th; reaped barley, August 12th; first ice in river, October 10th; ice set fast, November 13th.

1882. Planted seed, May 9th; reaped barley, August 22; first ice in river, October 16th; ice set fast, November 7th.

1883 Planted seed, May 3rd; reaped barley. August 10th; first ice in river, October 29th; ice set fast, November 9th.

1884. Planted seed, May 1st; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 10; ice set fast, October 29th.

1885. Planted seed, May 22nd; reaped barley, August 11th; first ice in river, October 23rd; ice set fast, omitted.

1886. Planted seed, May 7th; reaped barley, August 19th; first ice set in river, November 9th; ice set fast, November 20th.

1887. Planted seed, May 3rd; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 22nd; ice set fast, November 9th.

1888. Planted seed, May 9th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 20th; ice set fast, November 5th.

1889. Planted seed, April 16th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river, October 28th; ice set fast, November 14th.

1890. Planted seed, April 30th; reaped barley, omitted; first ice in river October 15th; ice set fast, November 14th.

Potatoes are generally harvested about the 20th of September. The ice generally breaks up in the river about the 1st of May.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

JOURNALISM in France is a royal road to the highest and most important of offices. Adolphe Thiers, formerly an editorial writer on the *Moniteur*, became prime minister under Louis Philippe, and President of the French Republic after the fall of the Empire at Sedan. Jules Simon, another French premier, won his spurs originally as a journalist. Jules Ferry, Charles Floquet and Leon Gambetta, who were also heads of the government, were at one time special writers on various Parisian newspapers. In fact, journalism has contributed largely not only to the composition of governments, but also to the *personnel* of France's embassies abroad, and her highest public life at home. Talented quill-drivers abound in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. They occupy responsible offices in the State, and move in the highest social circles. Journalism in France is officially, as well as non-officially, recognized as a profession, and the journalist is consequently as much a professional man as a lawyer or a doctor. Politically, he wields more power than other professional men. With a stroke of his pen he sometimes makes and unmakes cabinets. He is feared and respected by politicians of all parties. His influence, power and prestige are due to the fact that he is often an important political personality himself. His daily or semi-weekly articles are signed over his own name, and are read by many thousands; and thus his reputation grows apace until, if he be a brainy man, as he generally is, he becomes one of the big wigs of the State, and aspires to the premiership or the presidency. These circumstances place him in a superior position to his English and American colleagues, most of whom are never personally known to the great public for which they cater.

A PARISIAN NEWSPAPER.

While London, with its population of four and a half millions, has only some twelve or thirteen daily newspapers, Paris with its two millions supports thirty-two morning and evening publications. This extraordinary number of daily journals is attributable to the fact that there are many parties and sections of parties in French politics, each of which finds itself compelled to be represented by one or more organs of its own in the press. Some financial companies have also their daily newspapers. Then, the Parisian is an omniverous reader of news. Every man worth his salt buys his own newspaper, the price of which varies from three cents to one. The Parisian newspaper is smaller in size than those of London, New York, or Boston. Its pages are not quite as large as those of the *Recorder*, and are rarely more than four in number. Periodicals like the *Petit Journal* and *Le Petit Parisien* are not much larger in the size of their pages than Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*. The tariff for advertisements is exceedingly high. Wants and such other short "ads" are inserted for twenty-five cents a line; while in *Figaro* they go as high as fifty. Bigger "ads" are proportionately high. This almost prohibitory price is explained by the limited space at the disposal of the newspaper managers, most of whom have very little journalistic enterprise—particularly in the matter of foreign news, to which only a "stick" or so is devoted in many of the publications. Very few of them have correspondents in other capitals. Correspondents rarely wire

the news, which is usually telegraphed by the Havas or Dalziel agencies.

LITERARY AND SOCIETY FEATURES.

If the Paris press is far behind the age in the collection of news, it is superior to the English press in its literary and society departments. The ablest writers of the day, such as Emile Zola, Francois Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, Francisque Sarcey, and others, are special article writers on the dailies, and receive handsome stipends for their services. Some years ago M. Zola received from the *Figaro* five thousand dollars per annum for supplying a three column article once a week on any social or literary topic of the hour. Short stories form an important feature in some of the Parisian dailies, while nearly all have one or two serial novels, written by eminent writers, running through their pages. Under these circumstances, and in a city, moreover, where the literary syndicate business is quite unknown, story-writers are well patronized, and their wares command a good sale in the market. In the discussion of social topics, the Paris newspaper resembles the American. Unlike the London daily, it never reproduces the speeches of public men *verbatim*, and its parliamentary reports are more or less chatty pen and ink pictures of various scenes throughout the debates. It may not be generally known that each newspaper in Paris is provided with a humorous editor, whose sole duty it is to strike off, under the heading "Nouvelles à la Main," three or four jokes on some current event; his pay is usually five francs per joke. Humorous verse-writers on the fads of the hour are also in much demand. These jokes are signed by the writer's name, and secure him a reputation. Even reporters, whose budget of news consists of the break down of a street car, or the dislocation of a wayfarer's ankle by coming in contact with an orange peel on the boulevard, attach their signatures to the "copy" with as much pride as Daudet attaches his to a novelette.

A PEEP INTO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

The circulation of the Paris dailies is not on the whole very large. *Le Petit Journal*, a little one cent sheet, has, however, the largest circulation of any journal ever published. It strikes off at present one million daily. The *Figaro* comes next with 60,000. The others have a circulation ranging from 40,000 to 10,000. With the exception of the *Figaro*, the *Temps*, and *La France*, most of the newspapers are published in dingy flats where the editorial, business and composing rooms are veritable cells, separated from each other by wooden partitions. These offices are, in many cases, situated on the third or fourth floor, and are approachable only by a rickety staircase. I have known one building in the Faubourg Montmartre where there were no less than twelve newspaper offices. Here the editors and "comps.," the reporters and machinists and clerks, were wedged as tightly together as sardines in a box. Most of the members of the editorial staff and the reporters, however, do most of their work in neighboring cafés where yards of "copy" are turned off on marble tables under the inspiration of a glass or two of absinthe. Here, too, when their work is over, the Royalist and Republican pressmen fraternise and clink glasses, after having raked each other fore and aft, mayhap, in their respective journals of the same day! The Paris journalists, I may add, are banded together in various mutual benefit societies, the exchequers of which are well provided with cash for the needs of members out of employment, as well as for the widows and families of deceased colleagues.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRESS IN PARIS.

Three newspapers in the English language are published in Paris—two

dailies and one weekly. The dailies are *Galignani's Messenger*, a sheet some seventy-five years old, owned by a company, and the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, started some years ago by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, for the benefit of Americans travelling on the continent, as well as for American residents. The weekly organ of the English-speaking colony in Paris is *The American Register*, owned by the American millionaire dentist, Dr. Evans, who gained some notoriety in 1870 by assisting the Empress Eugenie to effect her escape to England from Paris, after the proclamation of the Republic in the Hotel de Ville. Though Bennett's London *Herald* turned out a dismal failure, his Paris edition is, I am told, paying its working expenses, though its circulation is naturally rather limited. Clifford Millage, the Paris correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, is one of its leading writers. Among the other American and English prominent journalists in the French capital, I may mention Miss Lucy Hooper, daughter of the American Vice-Consul, a vivacious little lady, Parisian to the finger tips, yet for all that truly American; General Carroll Tevis, of Philadelphia, who fought on the French side in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, and on the Turkish side in the years subsequently; Mrs. Crawford, who is the society representative of the New York *Tribune*, and Henry Haynie, who writes correspondence for an American press syndicate. These, and scores of other lesser lights, fill the mail bags weekly with chatty articles descriptive of the wondrous fairy-land life of one of the most entertaining of modern capitals.

BOSTON, Mass.

EVENTIDE.

The day is past, and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim, 'mid the shadows grey,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns (with the long day done),
Looks out to the West, with the light on his face
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not, (with their sin-dimmed eyes,)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky,
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch wide
To the calling rooks, as they homeward fly
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—
—God's eventide.

JOHN MCCRAE.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL TRIUMPH.

BY DAVID BOYLE.

It is too often taken for granted by parents and others that the chief or only value connected with school training consists in pupils acquiring the ability to read and write. This, as a matter of course, is much, but it is far from being all. Compare the behaviour of an illiterate mob of adults with that of a crowd of educated persons. Coarseness or brutality will be found to characterize the former, and one may look among them in vain for what is called *Consideration*. If, on the other hand, those who form the multitude possess only an elementary education the difference in behaviour is apparent. The public school pupil has been made to understand his position as a mere unit—that he must regard the welfare of others, as well as his own, and that he must submit to authority. The wayward child is tamed, the thoughtless child is made thoughtful. This, however, is the result of modern school methods rather than of those followed within a generation. Our fathers and mothers were flogged in season and out of season. Teachers and parents alike were of the opinion held by Pete Jones in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," that there could be no "larnin' without lickin.'" It has been reserved for these days to prove not only the opposite of this, but that the less unreasonable repression we exercise in training, the less will liberty be abused. We no longer believe that if we "give a child an inch he will take a ell." We appeal to his sense of honor, and the appeal is seldom in vain. Bullying teachers make bullying and pugnacious pupils, and such pupils usually retain their quarrelsome qualities as they advance in life. Eternal "Donts" give a zest to violations, and perpetual naggings and threatenings render the subjects callous to reproof. Reasonable liberty increases the self-respect of pupils, and diminishes much of the desire to set authority at defiance. An open fence, or no fence at all, is better in some communities than a stone wall, six feet high, with broken glass on the top, is in others. Another civilizing agency of present day school life may be discovered in the tasteful architecture and furnishing of schoolhouses, and the attention bestowed on grounds and outhouses. A dirty and dingy building will produce a slatternly pupil, and uncared-for playgrounds will result in a tendency to thriftlessness and lawlessness on the part of those who play in them. Clean, comfortable and tasteful surroundings elevate the character by quietly cultivating the æsthetic, and pupils educated amid such influences are not only likely to become superior citizens themselves, but they exercise a wholesome, restraining and repressing power over those who have been less fortunate during their school days, and who, in consequence, are more disposed to turbulency.

These thoughts, be they worth little or nothing at all, are, to a large extent, the outcome of six months' observation at the World's Fair, the crowning glory of which, to my mind, was the remarkably good behaviour of the enormous masses who gathered there from day to day. Most of the buildings were white, yet there was no disfigurement on any of the walls by the pencils or pocket-knives of the Caucasian savage. Grass-plots, with few exceptions, were as green and as smooth in October as in June. It was a rare sight to see a person

making a short cut across the sward, although the only protection was a low chain. Flower-beds there were thousands of square feet in extent, and within easy reach, yet they appeared to be wholly unmolested. The bark of trees and the backs of benches were left uninitialled, and even when the largest crowds were present, and locomotion was a matter of difficulty, everybody was in good humor—nobody jostled, nobody swore—women and children were treated with every possible consideration, and a drunk man was seldom seen. It would be nonsense to assert that among the millions who came and went there were no rowdies, no uncouth people, no utterly selfish ones; without doubt there were many such, but the better-behaved were so overwhelmingly in the majority that their influence pervaded the masses, compelling those who were rudely inclined to become genial in spite of themselves. And this is not an individual opinion. I have yet to hear the first adverse remark regarding the conduct of the crowds in Chicago during the World's Fair. Europeans were more than astonished. They had been taught to believe that in "free and easy" America they would experience nothing approaching to civility, and fully expected that in such vast crowds it would be "every man for himself" and a certain disreputable personage to "take the hindmost;" instead of which, the universal and unvarying style of remark made by foreigners was, "I never saw a better behaved crowd of people in my life."

The Columbian guards, or World's Fair policemen, were themselves, with few exceptions, models of propriety. Most of them were tolerably well educated young men—clerks, students, teachers, doctors, civil engineers, lawyers, and even a few candidates for the ministry. Probably no other similar body of men ever had a lighter task as keepers of public order, for the reason that perhaps there were fewer breaches of rule and law in Jackson Park, than have ever been known to occur at such a time and in such circumstances anywhere else.

With regard to other officials it may be said that, if they were not always efficient, they were invariably obliging and polite. As a general thing, we do not expect an overplus of consideration from customs' officials or other government servants, (should I have said *employes*?) but here, no one could wish for better treatment than was meted out to all who had to transact business with these men. Rasping and harassing, in most cases, were the stupid, red-tape, circumlocutory regulations, but the officers were personally all that could be desired, and did everything possible, especially when they were approached in a proper spirit, to assist exasperated foreign exhibitors; and this, let me say parenthetically, has no reference to dollars and cents, for I have before my mind an instance of the indignant refusal of a ten-dollar bill by the chief customs' officer in one of the buildings, when the offer was accompanied by a request urging a favor.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the public schools of the United States? Wherein has it any reference to "A Public School Triumph."

I have no hesitation in avowing my belief that all the good humor, all the civility, all the good order, exemplified at the World's Fair were directly or indirectly attributable to the influence of the teacher. Whatever may be the shortcomings of individual "systems" as pursued in this, that, or the other state, it is nevertheless a fact that the average American citizen, and his wife, as the products of these systems, are not only intelligent, as we have a right to assume, but they are more—they are broader in their views, and wider in their sympathies, than are the corresponding members of society in

many other American countries, and in Europe. They do most assuredly magnify themselves to exaggeration annually on the "Glorious Fourth:" they do at times manifest a good deal of childish (perhaps, rather. childlike) jealousy towards Great Britain: and they do show themselves not quite so friendly to ourselves as they might, or as they should; but despite these failings (for which we can, and do regard them with pity), they are to-day, taken as a whole, the largest and best result of common school education that the world has ever seen, unless we except Scotland on the one hand, and Ontario on the other, so far as the latter attribute is concerned. But even these are doubtful exceptions, and it is probably quite safe to allow the foregoing statement to stand without any reference to them whatever.

As a matter of course there are other agencies that must be taken into account when we attribute to the American people the enlarged views and sympathies, the self-restraint and general good manners to which reference has been made. There are, for example, the extent to which travel is indulged in; the multiplicity of newspapers, periodical literature and books; and the large number of foreigners with whom Americans are, perforce, brought into contact. But are not all these conditions more or less directly the result of the fact "that the schoolmaster has been abroad" in America?

View the subject as we may, so far as these and other conditions are concerned, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the highly exemplary bearing of the vast crowds who gathered at the Columbian Exposition, presented to the world a wholly unexpected and highly instructive illustration of the advantages that accrue to a people from the practice of modern methods in public schools; and while it is not asserted that equally good or even better results are unattainable by different methods of education, it is none the less pleasurable to friends of the public school system to know that, when within a few months, millions of its ex-pupils were brought together from widely separated portions of so extensive a country as the United States, their deportment was such as to prove so highly creditable to themselves, and to command the unbounded admiration of observant foreigners.

Surely this may be regarded as a public school triumph.

ENTANGLEMENT.

Web after web of gossamer thread
Steadily winding,
Closelier binding,
Drawing us nearer, fonder and dearer:
Love the deft spider thus twisting
Slight bands that enfold past resisting.

ORAC.

GABLE ENDS.

THOMAS McILWRAITH, THE CANADIAN ORNITHOLOGIST.

BY J. M. LE MOINE, F.R.S.C.

On a bright June morning, thirty-four years ago, a genial visitor, hailing from Hamilton, Ontario, called on me at Spencer Grange,—Thomas McIlwraith, the Ontario naturalist.

Congeniality, a common and attractive study, rendered the meeting, I can safely say, enjoyable to us both.

At that date I was revising the proofs of an unpretentious manual on the birds of Canada, "L'Ornithologie du Canada," issued in 1860-61, the first French publication of the kind in the province of Quebec. It was an earnest attempt of a *litterateur*, not of a *savant*, to stimulate the listless interest of his compatriots in an attractive branch of the natural sciences.

The interview was, indeed, pleasurable, as it afforded me an opportunity to commune with so well informed a student of our avi-fauna as the Laird of Cairnbrae.

A survey of the Spencer Grange collection of specimens and eggs naturally furnished abundant subjects for discussion and comparison. Perhaps we derived still more zest from a ramble through the neighboring green groves of Spencer Wood in that auspicious season—spring—vocal with the heavenly minstrelsy of the Hermit Thrush, the Veery, the Red-eyed Flycatcher, and other melodious choristers—the accredited poets of nature.

One of the umbrageous, winding avenues, close to my dwelling, we walked over in a musing mood. It is now historic ground. Here, in 1842, during his visit to Labrador and Quebec, had sauntered the great master, John James Audubon, author of the "Birds of America," then an honored guest of the scholarly proprietor of Spencer Wood, Henry Atkinson.

Like ourselves, doubtless, the poet-naturalist enjoyed the song, and admired the gaudy spring liveries of the many artists disporting themselves in the tree tops, high over head—the Redstart, Blue Jay, Golden-winged Woodpecker, Maryland Yellow Thrush, Indigo Bird, Great-crested Flycatcher, and other welcome harbingers of returning sunshine, and love-making.

Since this date, my intercourse with the Ontario bird man has been limited to an occasional letter on a topic which has engrossed many sunny hours in our existence.

Thomas McIlwraith, the Canadian Ornithologist, was born at Ayr, in Scotland, in 1824, not very far from Paisley, the birth-place of the gifted ornithologist, Alexander Wilson. Like him, at an early age, he sought his fortune in the great new land of the west, where both have acquired fame. In 1853 he went to Hamilton, where he has resided ever since.

For years Mr. McIlwraith has discharged an important trust as manager of a large commercial concern at Hamilton. His scientific studies and field explorations as a naturalist now bid fair to make his name a household word in every Canadian home where may dwell a lover of birds, and the number of such, one is happy to say, is considerably increasing.

The love of natural history is transmitted in his family; in more than a dozen passages of his book occurs the mention of an enthusiastic purveyor of feathered specimens, Dr. K. C. McIlwraith, whose achievements already gained in this field of study, warrant us in expecting that he will worthily sustain the name of his respected father.

"Mr. McIlwraith's present work on the Birds of Ontario is the outcome of an address on birds and bird matters, delivered before the Hamilton Association, on 2nd April, 1885, when the author promised to prepare a freely annotated list of the birds of that locality. He was then busy hunting up Canadian observations for the Migration Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union. The Hamilton Association published the address in their

proceedings," so wrote the learned Dr. Coües, in the *Auk*, in 1887, adding words of encouragement to the writer, whom he styles the "veteran observer" who had maintained his interest in ornithology for a quarter of a century. Mr. McIlwraith had been privileged to attend, at Washington, the meetings of the leading United States naturalists, who subsequently founded the *Auk* as their organ, in 1884, and had been named "Superintendent of the Ontario District for the Migration Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union."

The rare advantages within his reach, his close and untiring study of birds, and his life-long explorations in the field, in the woods, on the shores of rivers and lakes; his familiarity with eminent writers of the new school of classification, nomenclature, and bird migration, furnished the "veteran observer" with the materials for the first edition of his treatise. The second edition, much enlarged, to which his publisher, Mr. William Briggs, has added such a graceful appearance in printing and binding, has just been issued, and forms a handsome volume of 426 pages

I do not know what may be the most familiar objects which meet the eye of the visitor at Cairnbrae, the home of the Hamilton naturalist; somehow or other a passage in the life of Mr. McIlwraith's distinguished compatriot, Alexander Wilson, as contained in one of his letters to William Bartram, crops up unbidden before me. "Whilst," writes the Scotch naturalist, "others are hoarding up bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's work that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, etc., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me. A boy not long ago brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bull-frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary."

Reserving for a subsequent article a notice of the different groups described by Mr. McIlwraith, I shall avail myself of the occasion to enumerate his co-workers in Canada, by quoting from a paper,* read by me in Montreal.

"The earliest ornithological record in Canada—I might say, possibly in America—occurs in Jacques Cartier's Voyages up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In chapters ii., iii., vi., vii., and xii. of the narrative of his first voyage, in 1534, and chapter i. of his second voyage, in 1535, as well as an entry in the log of Roberval's first pilot, Jean Alphonse, in 1542, mention is made of the myriads of gannets, gulls, guillemots, puffins, eider ducks, cormorants, and other sea-fowl nestling on the Bird Rocks and on the desolate isles off the Labrador coast. Jacques Cartier goes so far as to say that 'the whole French navy might be freighted with these noisy denizens of that wild region without any apparent diminution in their number.' (Chap i. ii., Voyages.) Reliable modern naturalists—Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, visiting the Bird Rocks, in 1860, and Charles A. Cory, in 1878—confirm these statements of early discoverers as to the number and species of birds to be found in the lower St. Lawrence. The Jesuit, Le Jeune, in the 'Rélations des Jésuites for 1632,' dwells on the multitudes of aquatic birds infesting *Ile-aux-Oies* (county of Montmagny), and frequenting the shores of our noble river. Friar Gabriel Sagard Theodat that same year furnished in his 'Grand Voyage au Pays des Hurons,' a list of Canadian birds. In 1636, he noticed, among other things, some of the leading species, such as the jay, eagle, crane, etc., and has left us a lovely piece of word-painting in his glowing description of the Humming-bird. In 1663, Pierre Boucher, Governor of Three-Rivers, in an agreeably written memoir, addressed the 8th October 1663 to Minister Colbert, depicted the birds, mammals, fishes, etc., of New France. This memoir has been recently reprinted by a lineal descendant of the learned and venerable governor, the late Edward F. (Boucher) Montizambert, in his lifetime law clerk to the Senate of Canada, and father of Col. Charles and Dr. Frederick Montizambert of Quebec. In Volume I. of Baron la Hontan's Voyages to North America, published in France in 1703, there occurs an annotated

* *The Birds of Quebec.*—A Popular Lecture delivered before the Natural History Society of Montreal, on the 12th of March, 1891, by J. M. Le Moine, Esq., F.R.S.C.

'List of the Fowls or Birds that frequent the South Countries of Canada,' and also, a second 'List of the Birds of the North Countries of Canada' Father Charlevoix, in 1725, devotes a few pages of his voluminous history to the Canadian fauna. Peter Kalm, the Swedish savant, the friend of Governor La Galisonière and guest, in 1749, at his *Chateau St. Louis*, at Quebec, in an edition of his travels republished in London, 1770-71, gives plates of American birds and mammals. Thomas Jefferys, geographer to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in an elaborate folio volume, issued in London in 1760, devoted a few pages to the birds of Canada. The year 1831 gave us Swainson and Richardson's standard work on the birds of the fir countries, 'Fauna Boreali-Americana.' In 1853 Hon. G. W. Allan, of Toronto, furnished a list of the land birds wintering in the neighborhood of Toronto. In 1857, a committee of Canadian naturalists, Messrs. Billings, Barnston, Hall, Vennor, and D'Urban founded in Montreal a monthly magazine, the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, now the *Canadian Record of Science*. This valuable storehouse of many good things is still of daily reference. Three years later, in 1860, I published at Quebec, under the title 'Ornithologie du Canada,' in two volumes, the first French work published in Canada on Canadian birds. Professor Wm. Hincks, of Toronto, furnished, 1866, a list of Canadian birds observed by Mr. Thomas McIlwraith about Hamilton. In 1868, an industrious entomologist, the Rev. Abbé Louis Provancher, started at Quebec a monthly publication, *Le Naturaliste Canadien*, which he kept up, with a legislative subsidy, for fourteen years. Canadian birds often found a corner in it, though not a large one. In 1883, Mr. C. E. Dionne, the taxidermist of the Laval University, brought out a useful volume, 'Les Oiseaux du Canada.' Six years later, in 1889, he supplemented it with a 'Catalogue des Oiseaux de la Province de Québec.' We owe to Messrs. J. A. Morden of Hyde Park, London, Ont., and W. E. Saunders, also of London, Ont., carefully prepared notes on the feathered tribes of Western Canada, whilst a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin of Nova Scotia, drew attention to the birds of prey of his native province. In 1881, William Couper, taxidermist, published in Montreal a little monthly journal, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*, to which, for three years, our leading field naturalists and amateurs generally contributed useful notes and observations. Amongst other valuable records, it contains Mr. Ernest T. Wintle's list of birds observed round Montreal, with discussions and correspondence over the signature of Dr. J. H. Garnier, Mr. Lett, and the Rev. Vincent Clementi. In 1886, that veteran field naturalist, Thomas McIlwraith of Hamilton Ont., published his excellent treatise, 'The Birds of Ontario.' The book was favorably reviewed in the *Auk* by the eminent Dr. Elliott Coües, who unhesitatingly placed Mr. McIlwraith 'in the first place in his own field.' I have previously dwelt on the invaluable works on the Canadian fauna by Mr. Chamberlain,* one of the founders of the American Ornithological Union Club. I would be guilty of an injustice were I to fail noticing the numerous contributions to the daily press from a keen Quebec field naturalist, John T. Neilson, who has utilized the rare facilities his outdoor occupations as land surveyor afford him, to study the bird world. Canadian ornithology is also indebted to the late Dr. T. D. Cottle, of Woodstock, Ontario, for a 'List of Birds found in Upper Canada,' in 1859; to H. Hadfield, 'Birds of Canada observed near Kingston during the Spring of 1858;' to A. Murray, 'Contributions to the Natural History of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories,' 1858; to Professor J. R. Willis, 'List of Birds of Nova Scotia,' 1858; 1870, to J. F. Whiteaves, 'Notes on Canadian Birds;' 1873, to A. L. Adams, 'Field and Forest Rambles, with Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada;' to Dr. J. H. Garnier, of Lucknow; to Prof. Macoun, of Ottawa; to Prof. J. I. Bell, Kingston; to Ernest E. Thompson, Toronto; to W. Dunlop and Charles Hughes, of Montreal; to W. A. D. Lees, A. G., Kingston; to John Tannin, Victoria, B. C; to W. L. Scott and George R. White, Ottawa; to Harold Gilbert and James W. Banks, St. John, N.B; to

* In 1887, Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, N. B., published his useful *Catalogue of Canadian Birds*, and in 1888, his elaborate work, *A Systematic Table of Canadian Birds*.

Prof. A. H. Mackay, Windsor, N.S.; to Napoleon A. Comeau, Natasquhan, Lower St. Lawrence; to Rev. Duncan Anderson, New Liverpool, P.Q., and many others, for interesting papers. The *Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick*, and the *Transactions of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club*, have proved useful auxiliaries to the cause of the natural sciences."

Mr. McIlwraith closes a graphic description of the Wood Thrush—in May and June the Orpheus of our woods—with the following appeal: "When will some divinely-gifted Canadian appear to sing the praises of our native birds, as men of other lands have done for theirs? Hogg and Shelley have eulogized the Sky Lark in strains so musical that they rival those of the birds they have sought to honor."

The birds of Ontario have now their historian—when will their poet appear? May it soon be.

BY THE SEA.

(For dramatic orchestration.)

I.

Fleecy-white waters,
Shorn by the tempest,
Wrathful and doomful
Rolling to land!

Naked and lustrous,
Fiercest of smiters,
Straight for the stern cliffs,
Iron to steel!

Shock unto shock calls
Boom answers boom,
Roars the huge tide-loom,
Thunder and storm!

Torn are the vast webs
Woven of tumult,
Flung to the cloud-rack,
Tatters of sound!

II.

The glistening waters again
 Are marching loyal and true
 Under the hollow sky,—
A hundred million of men
 Throbbing as fiery dew
 Under the morning's eye!

List to the repetend note,
 Multiplex tone of the sea,
 Refrain of grief, of mirth,
On violet air afloat
 Far borne to mountain and lea,
 To the home of its birth.

List as its music unbraids :—
Rivulets pour from the hill,
Winds wash the lips o' the trees.
The brook by the rocky glades
Brattles its way to the mill
Through fields a-dream with bees.

Forests of pine and of fir
Plain as their dark plumes are fret
By the free-coursing winds ;
Alder and golden birch stir
To notes too sweet to forget,
Sung by brook as it winds.

List to the lone laugh of the auk
As 'twere a disprisoned soul come
From out the shining foams,
And the loon's "ha ! ha !" and mock
'Mid the torn surf's booming drum,
Or hushed tide's star-sprent domes.

The ringdove coos in the grove,
The cataract's thunders jar,
Rapids swirl white and hiss ;
Peoples in temples of love
Echo their anthems afar,
Diapasons of bliss.

Great flux of the world, O Sea,
Blood of earth's wild pulsing veins
Beating to orbs afar,
Your life and mine cannot be
Unlinked with God's joys and pains
Here or in throbbing star !

List as its music unbraids,
List to the much-sounding sea,
List to its repetend note,
Multiplex tone of the sea,
Refrain of grief, of mirth,
On violet air afloat
Far borne to mountain and lea,
To the home of its birth.

BAY OF FUNDY. THEODORE H. RAND.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Those interested in such matters should note the fact that the "harvest moon" in September next will be especially worthy of observation, because it will belong to the class best typical of this phenomenon. Such "moons" occur but once in the lunar period of nineteen years, the conditions being most favorable. In September the moon will be full at 11.23 p.m., on the 14th.

Preparations are already being made for the due observation by European parties of the total eclipse of the sun, to be visible on the 8th of August, 1896, at Vadso, on the Veranger Fjord, Finmark. An opportunity for such an observation is not so frequent in Europe that this one can be passed by because it happens to occur in a part of the continent somewhat inaccessible and, therefore, not often visited even by the most enthusiastic tourists and sportsmen. With a view to testing the conditions which may reasonably be expected to prevail, parties are being organized this summer to make the journey and report. Some ladies, scientifically inclined, will join these parties which will also make themselves acquainted with the facilities for fishing and hunting said to be as good as any anywhere. It is intended that the excursionists who go out in August, 1896, shall arrive on the chosen ground by the 2nd of the month at the latest, so that they may see the last "midnight sun" of the year, visible on that day.

Sir Henry Thompson, who has made a fortune in the practice of medicine, has presented the sum of $25,000 to the Greenwich Observatory, for the purchase of a twenty-six inch telescope for photographic work. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the University of Cambridge has, through a syndicate of its astronomers, including Sir Robert Ball, addressed an appeal to friends of the University and other scientific men for the sum of $11,000 to complete the celestial photographic equipment of the University Observatory, which has just finished the work allotted to it of photographing the stars. This is an appeal which should find a response. The Astronomical Society of Toronto has been asked to make this appeal known in Canada, and has done so. Mr. Charles Carpmael, F.R.A.S., president of the Society, will be glad to communicate with anyone who may be desirous of contributing to this worthy cause.

The Royal Society of England is asking the co-operation of all scientific persons in establishing, at some central place, a bureau which shall be charged with the compilation of an annual general catalogue containing the titles of all scientific publications, whether appearing in periodicals or independently, the titles to be arranged not only according to authors' names. but also according to subject-matter, for the purpose of reference. The value of such a catalogue would be very great, and it is to be hoped that the Society will meet the response it deserves. Communications, with suggestions, etc., may be addressed either to the Secretaries of the Royal Society, Londen, or to the Secretary of The Astronomical Society of Toronto, which has been invited to report on the subject, and will be glad to forward any material sent in to it. A movement of this kind should receive the prompt attention of scientists, who should do all they can to encourage it. The Royal Society will take it up only on a reasonable assurance that it will be supported and made successful.

G. E. L.

THE PUBLIC LI... ORT W...

BOOK NOTICES.

Britain and Her People. By J. Van Sommer, Jr., Toronto.

This work is very timely, considering the practical questions which have arisen in connection with trade within the Empire. Mr. Van Sommer appreciates the situation, and, in forcible style, urges the feasibility of immediate action towards the consolidation of Imperial unity. The array of facts and figures which he presents regarding inter-imperial trade add much, also, in support of his proposals.

Sea, Forest and Prairie: Stories of Life and Adventure in Canada, past and present. By Boys and Girls in Canada's Schools. Montreal, John Dougall & Son, *Witness* Office.

This work is a credit to the *Witness* and to the Linotype Company, of Montreal, from whose plates it is printed. The collection is admirably selected and edited, and, better still the stories, as a whole, reflect credit on Canadian literary work. If the boys and girls of the Dominion can do such work in their teens, what may not the next quarter of a century develop in Canadian literature?

The Sticket Minister and Some Common Men. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto, William Briggs; London, T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Wm. Briggs, the publisher, is to be congratulated on having produced a very creditable edition in cloth, of the second edition of this popular work. Many are already acquainted with the merit of Mr. Crockett's sketches. Their pathos, action and close delineation of simple life, have given them a popularity second to but few works of similar character published in the past quarter of a century. Those who have missed reading the Sticket Minister, have a treat to look forward to.

The Canadians of Old: an Historical Romance. By Phillippe Aubert De Gaspe, translated by Charles C. D. Roberts. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Montreal, Norman Murray.

The Province of Quebec is richer in stores of literature than Ontario, much as Ontarions are inclined to boast their superiority to the natives of Quebec. These stores are chiefly French, and the absence of translations, and the difficulty of preserving the charm of the original in the rendering into English, interfere with the English-speaking population of Canada fully appreciating the merit of the literature of Quebec. The task of translating *The Canadians of Old* could not have fallen into better hands than those of Prof. Roberts. He has rendered the work of De Gaspe in a style which is not that of a mere translator, but of a gifted author, and he has reproduced in felicitous English, one of the kindliest, most graphic, and most faithful to life, of the stories of the earlier part of the century. De. Gaspe's story is associated with the period of the Conquest of Canada; it is fair in treatment of both the French and the British régimes, is broadly sympathetic with human nature, regardless of nationality, and is full of information which is of value to Canadians and tends to cement the thorough union in aim and sympathy that should subsist between the descendants, in Canada, of our two great mother countries.

Marcella. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," "The History of David Grieve," etc. Two volumes. New York, McMillan & Co.; Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

When it was announced that Mrs. Ward's new book would have a woman as a leading character, every one expected that she would describe a noble being who would pass through the fiery furnace of a wicked world and come forth pure gold of full weight. Robert Elsmere was a man whom we respected, and with whom we sympathised, and when his doubts came we could not help but feel that they were honest doubts. With David Grieve we had the same sympathy, and we felt for him as much in his early material struggles as in his later spiritual doubtings.

But with Marcella Boyce it is different. She does not possess the exceeding gentleness and timidity or the domestic turn of mind of a Desdemona, the natural reserve of a Cordelia nor the elegance and commanding grace of a Portia, and she lacks to a certain extent the dignity, the sweetness and the tenderness which characterize her sex generally. Having spent her younger days at a boarding school, she had no father's kindliness or mother's tenderness to aid the development of the gentler side of her nature. As the author says, "Friendship and love are humanizing things," and her sensitive nature both felt and showed a lack of them. Her isolation from these influences developed in her a lack of consideration for those things for which a woman is supposed to have the greatest consideration.

It is just this feature which causes the reader to be, at times, out of sympathy with the whole story. When we come to the point where she allows herself to be hypnotised by the transparent imposter, Harry Wharton, we feel that we should like to throw the story aside, although only two-thirds of the first volume has been read. But we read on and find that the best wine is reserved for the last of the feast.

Marcella Boyce was the only daughter in an English family which traced its history back through many generations, but in her early days the sins of her father prevented his taking his proper place in English Society. After leaving her boarding school, Marcella spends some time studying art in London, and there makes some friends among the Venturists, a society of Socialists in that city. Through her associations

with this society she imbibed certain ideas concerning the injustice of private property, the destructiveness of unrestrained competition, and the sacredness of the rights of labor. It was these ideas that gave her much trouble in later years. Her impulsive nature caused her to spring to the conclusion that the world is all wrong and that the sooner it is turned upside down the sooner will justice be done.

While she was yet young her father inherited the family estate and returned from his wanderings to take up his proper position as an English landlord. "Here," says the author, "for the first time had Marcella been brought face to face with the agricultural world as it is—no stage ruralism, but the bare fact in one of its most pitiful aspects. Men of sixty and upwards, grey and furrowed like the chalk soil into which they had worked their lives, not old as old goes, but already the refuse of their generation, and paid for at the rate of refuse, with no prospect but the workhouse, if the grave should be delayed, yet quiet, impassive, resigned; girls and boys and young children already blanched and emaciated beyond even the normal Londoner, from the effects of insanitary cottages, bad water and starvation food—these figures and types had been a ghastly and quickening revelation to Marcella." Her enthusiasm led her to sympathise with and to be anxious for the poor in her immediate neighborhood. She was carried away with her own schemes for their elevation.

Her vivid beauty and her intense sympathy bring her the homage of Aldous Raeburn, the son of a neighboring lord. She sees that he admires her beauty, and his admiration flatters her. She thinks of the great power she would wield with the assistance of his name, his wealth, his position. She does not realize that she loves him, but when he proposes she accepts. She realizes only that the "transition period" is at hand, and her vehement enthusiasm desires to aid the poor, to teach them their rights, and to rouse their independence. Her large and passionate humanity leads her on. She is a creature of impulse.

But just before the marriage day she quarrels with him because he will not sign a petition for the reprieve of a poacher who has shot a gamekeeper. She denounces the game-laws as unjust, and desires the murderer saved. Aldous Raeburn's sense of justice and his respect for the laws which had been the growth of ages, make him refuse her request, and they part.

She goes away to spend a year as a nurse among the hospitals and slums of London. Here she is regenerated and emerges from socialism—although we submit that the causes for the change are not sufficiently explained—and then declares: "No!—so far as Socialism means a political system—the trampling out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it—I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No!—as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis—do what I will—comes to lie less and less on possession, more and more on character. I go to two tenements in the same building. One is Hell—the other Heaven. Why? Both belong to well-paid artisans with equal opportunities. But one is a man; the other, with all his belongings, will soon be a vagabond. That is not all, I know—oh don't trouble to tell me so—but is more than I thought." She changes from the revolutionist to the evolutionist. She recognizes that the laboring man must be educated and refined before he can be placed on that elevated plane where all men are free and equal, and that reforms must come gradually and not precipitately. She ends her fictional career by marrying the noble lover whom she once discarded through the influence of mad enthusiasm and the adroit but conscienceless Wharton.

Of the other characters much might be said. Aldous Raeburn is long-suffering, stable and kind. He recognizes that the world has taken the road to democracy, and resents in a quiet way many of the illusions of those of his rank and wealth. His pleasures, after his parting with Marcella, are in politics and books. He is perhaps the most majestic character in the book. His friend Hallin, who is also a most noble character, is a conservative social reformer, and a hater of demagogues. Lord Maxwell is an English peer who demands respect and admiration. Wharton is a schemer and agitator, solely devoted to his own interests. He goes to parliament, aims at the leadership of the labor party, upholds the Eight-hour Bill, and finally reveals his weakness by selling the influence of his labor journal to a combine of iron manufacturers whose employees were out "on strike."

It cannot be denied that Mrs. Ward's three years' incessant labor have produced a remarkably strong book. The *fin-de-siècle* socialistic phenomena are clearly portrayed, although not so clearly explained. The subject is one which is attracting the attention of thinking men everywhere, and there is no reason why it should be shunned by thinking women. The author's prominent femininity enables her to paint, in strong colors, pictures of the present social unrest, but it does not enable her to present a definite scheme for its appeasal, beyond merely gradual reform. This picture-power stirs the fires of the reader's enthusiasm, but it cannot supply the fuel for a continuous blaze. She plays on one's sympathies, yet dulls them in the playing.
—JNO. A. COOPER.



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VIEW ON THE UPPER OTTAWA, FROM OISEAU ROCK.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1894. No. 2.

THE "MACHINE" IN HONEST HANDS.

BY HERBERT B. AMES.

President of the Montreal Volunteer Electoral League.

DURING the closing weeks of the month of January, 1894, several hundred men and women, prominent throughout America for their interest in the cause of municipal reform, were assembled in the city of Philadelphia, to take council together regarding the best methods of bringing about their common desire. Almost synchronous with the deliberations of this representative body a criminal prosecution was in progress in Brooklyn, the defendant in the case being one who had for years successfully defied authority in the most flagrant violation of the election laws of the state of New York. While the Philadelphia reformers were discussing the improvements in civic administration that a well disposed municipal body might be expected to make, with hardly a word relative to practical work at the polls, the trial of the "Boss of Gravesend" was demonstrating beyond a peradventure that reform, to be effectual, must commence at the ballot box, and that as long as election laws can be evaded and a community be defrauded of its electoral rights, only corrupt men and corrupt measures are possible. It is common nowadays to heap abuse upon the "machine," but until the reformer can learn the practical lessons that the "machine" is prepared to teach him, his abuse of that instrument will have little result in impairing its effectiveness. The "ward boss" not infrequently remarks: "We will give you the press, the pulpit and the indignation meeting, provided there be left to us undisputed control of the registry list and the ballot box." And in his shrewd choice of weapons the "practical politician" has ofttimes won the fight before he has even met the enemy. The city of Montreal is not, perhaps, universally regarded as the most progressive city upon this continent, but it has been one of the first to learn that the only road to substantial reform in municipal administration is through the sanctity of the ballot box, and the adoption of "machine" methods on lawful lines. It is to give an account of the way in which this lesson was learned and acted upon that constitutes the *raison d'etre* of this article.

Montreal, like many another city, has for some years past tolerated a thoroughly corrupt administration. During the past two years matters had gone from bad to worse. Valuable franchises had been practically given away to favored and, it is reasonable to suppose, favoring corporations.

While Toronto annually receives $125,000 for her Street Railway privileges, the Council of Montreal recently granted similar privileges for thirty years to a company this year paying the city only $25,000. Although there were three other lower tenders, the contract for electric lighting was renewed with the old company at $124.10 per arc light annually, and the tenders of the other companies, offering to save the city $25,000 a year, were not even opened. A paving contract was given to a contractor whose tender was the highest by $12,000. A public property was purchased by the Health department, with the consent of the council, for eighteen cents, that, in the morning of the day of purchase, had been sold for twelve cents per square foot. The debt of the city had reached $21,600,000, or 16½% on the taxable real estate, and yet the treasury was depleted and the council clamoring for authorization to negotiate fresh loans of several millions. Despite the protests of the Board of Trade, the Chambre de Commerce, and the citizens generally, and despite the fearless attacks of the non-partizan press, the council would not pause in its course of reckless extravagance; each censured alderman confident of finding means to appease a vengeful electorate when the time should again arrive for him to appear before his constituents. "We have been thus attacked before and yet been re-elected: the same power is still at our backs and can elect us again." So argued the condemned aldermen. But election day came and went, and, out of twenty-one who defied public protest in the electric lighting contract, nine only remained. Montreal's civic government is as yet by no means spotless, but few among the citizens are unwilling to admit that the strength of the "ring" is broken, and that an honest minority holds to-day the balance of power, with every reason for believing that another election will see that minority converted into a majority.

To give an account of the way in which this change was brought about is, in the main, to give the history and describe the methods of the Volunteer Electoral League of the city of Montreal.

On a winter evening, three years ago, the members of a social club were informally discussing the influence of money in politics. It was very generally admitted that corruption and a plentiful fund for election expenses were synonymous terms. There were several politicians of experience present, and being among friends, they felt free to reveal what are usually held as state secrets. Many were the tales of successful electoral corruption, and the verdict unhesitatingly rendered by those who know was, in effect, that fraud in the preparation of the voters' lists, and personation (that is, one man voting on the name of another) were responsible for the election of many, if not all, of those who corruptly administered Montreal's public affairs.* Among the listeners were a few earnest young men, who determined to test the truth of these statements, and make at least one honest effort to find a remedy. An extended inquiry was made. It was found that frequently 15% of the vote polled was fraudulent, and that where the majority was narrow, this fraudulent vote always elected the more unworthy candidate. There was law enough, but no one seemed willing to undertake its enforcement. The general belief appeared to be that the only way to elect good men was to fight the devil with his own fire. But it was evident to the would-be-reformers that just so long as corruption was necessary to elect candidates, upright men would

* There is not in Canada, as in the United States, a system of personal registration, excepting the system only to be applied to two cities this year, recently adopted by the Legislature of Ontario. When the assessors make their rounds, they inscribe upon their blotters the names of the tenants or proprietors of the properties assessed. Such parties as, prior to Dec. 1st, pay their taxes are entitled to be entered in the municipal voters' list for the coming year. This list may be examined as soon as completed, and is subject to change at the hands of the Board of Revisors. This word of explanation is necessary in order that what follows may be intelligible.

not offer themselves, and honorable workers would not take part in the election. It was necessary to devise some means by which honest men could be elected by honorable means, or else to surrender the entire business of municipal politics to the unscrupulous element of the community. To this end, the young men made the following experiment. A parliamentary election was close at hand, and selecting a candidate whose character was good, they offered to man and operate, free of expense, the two worst polls in his constituency. Their offer was accepted, and the experimenters were given full control. The two lists comprised about 400 names. A portion of these were merchants, but the great majority were of the poorest and most ignorant class. Thirty-five fraudulent votes had been polled in this locality in a previous election, and the people of the district fully expected to maintain their reputation. The first step on the part of the would-be-reformers was to devise printed cards as follows:

District No..Poll No..Voter No..	Inside.
Name	
Registered Residence	
(If removed)	
Qualification	
Occupation	
Height	
Build	
Complexion	
Whiskers	
Color of Eyes	
Age	
Peculiarities	

District No..Poll No..Voter No..	Outside.
Name	
Business address	
When to be called for	
Sentiments	

There was one of these cards to correspond with each elector. The heading was filled in from the voters' lists; the description was obtained by personal visitation. For four weeks, every night was spent in looking up these voters and obtaining the required data, but the work was done thoroughly, and when election day arrived, not even the prefect of the Paris police could identify his people better. At each poll sat the watcher with his pack of description cards, and no man polled his vote unless the watcher was satisfied. Six attempts to pass the watchers were made, and when it became evident that further attempts were not only useless, but extremely dangerous, these efforts ceased. This system, with slight modifications, has now been in use in Montreal for three years, and has proved effective when applied on a scale much more extensive than in the case of its first application.

Encouraged by their unqualified success, the young men determined to form an independent organization, and on April 1st, 1892, the first constitution of the Volunteer Electoral League was promulgated. The objects, as therein set forth, are as follows:—

1. To revise and perfect the voters' lists.
2. To encourage the nomination of candidates of known integrity for public office.
3. To use all *legitimate* means to secure their return.
4. To prevent fraudulent and dishonest practices in elections.
5. To cause to be followed up and prosecuted, to the full extent of the law, those detected in any violation of the Election Act.
6. To suggest and promote any legislation, approved by the League, having for its object the purity of elections.

It was also clearly stated that the organization should be purely non-political, its members believing that civic affairs should be wholly divorced from national issues; that it should not aspire to become a nominating body, this function being left to municipal organizations composed of older men; that possible aspirants for municipal honors, and officers of political clubs, should be excluded from membership: that its funds should be raised by subscription among citizens, no donation to be received from any civic official, representative or candidate; that the services of every member should be voluntary, and the or-

ganization absolutely independent, even of the candidates which it had selected, the organization being equally ready to unseat, as to elect, in case the candidate proved unworthy of trust. Matters relative to the general policy were to be determined by a council composed of three representatives from each ward organization, while those which related solely to a single ward were to be left to the ward council, the minority, however, always having the right of appeal to the central body. This, in brief, constituted the platform of principles as laid down by the Volunteer Electoral League at its inception.

By the close of the year 1892, the League had grown sufficiently in numbers to warrant it in undertaking the management of the election for an entire ward. Selecting a division in which the contest lay between the sitting member, notorious for his connection with unsavory contracts, and a business man of recognized ability and sterling integrity, who would have nothing to do with corrupt practices, the League endorsed the latter candidate. So vigorously was the campaign conducted, that, five days before the date set for the election, the objectionable alderman gave up the contest as hopeless, his retirement returning by acclamation the candidate of the League.

Relieved from further responsibility in the ward of their original choice, the force was now transferred to what is considered the most corrupt ward of the city, and four days before the election, the work of identification was there begun. It was a large ward and the time was short, but 1068 voters, equivalent to about one-third of the vote of the ward, were identified; five polls were manned, and on election day thirty-three attempts at personation were prevented. In the remainder of the ward the unprotected polls were at the mercy of the fraudulent voter, and the contrast thus exhibited was startling. The candidate of the League was defeated by thirty-four votes had the entire ward been watched by the League, his majority would have been considerable. This time the system had been given a wider trial and had not been found wanting. The public eye was upon it, and the public purse was now open to its call. The workers had gained experience of value, and the veterans of this year were ready to become the commanders of the next.

Many defects in the statutes regarding election matters had by this time become apparent, and when in the fall of 1893 the Provincial Legislature was assembled at Quebec, a number of carefully prepared amendments were presented by the representatives of the League. These measures provided for the municipal disfranchisement of mere boarders and lodgers; for compelling the assessors to strike from the voters' lists the names of dead men and minors; for the appointment, after the current year, of an impartial Board of Revisors free from aldermanic control; for a minimum fine of $100 for each detected case of personation; and for two constables at the door of every poll to preserve order and immediately arrest any person violating the election act. All these provisions, in due course, became law, and in the hands of the League have proven most efficient weapons.

Once more a civic contest drew near, and the League prepared to combat election fraud on still more extended lines. Five wards were now undertaken. Hitherto, it had been sufficient to watch the ballot box and ensure the proper casting of the vote as registered; now it was determined to investigate the composition of the registry lists while there should yet be time, according to the law, to make objection. Previously the League had been compelled to fight upon the ground chosen by the enemy: now the field should be of its own selection. A citizens' fund of somewhat over four thousand dollars was collected, for

the work undertaken was now too large to be covered by volunteer effort, and the task of identification required skilled men, able to devote to it their entire attention. An office, with paid secretary and canvassing staff, was established for each ward. Voters' lists were obtained, identification cards prepared, and the canvassers sent forth with instructions to secure accurate descriptions of the *bona fide* voters and full data regarding cases where the right to vote could be questioned.

The civic elections in Montreal are held on Feb. 1st. Nomination takes place on January 20th, after which date no changes can be made in the voters' list. The Board of Revisors meet on January 5th, and from that date until nomination consider objections and make additions to the list. According to law, no name can be taken from or added to the roll by the Revisors, unless written notice has been given not later than January 4th. Usually the work of the Revisors has been a sinecure. They have held a few sittings, added several names, and, as a mere matter of form, certified the lists when presented. But when the Board met on January 5th, 1894, they found that the Electoral League had prepared sufficient work to occupy them at every possible sitting until the date of the nominations.

The canvass of fifteen thousand electors had been nearly completed by the League's identifiers, and many and astonishing had been the discoveries. Over six hundred persons were found to have been incorrectly inscribed, through carelessness or inefficiency on the part of the civic officials: thus, Hy. J. Head was entered Hy. J. Mead; B. Radford appeared as B. Bradford, and John Craig was found to be John McCuaig. Had any of these parties applied for a ballot under this mutilated title it is more than probable that he would have been denied his vote. To each of these parties, thus incorrectly entered, a notification of the error was sent, together with instructions as to the manner in which the Revisors should be communicated with in order to rectify the error.

It was further found that some four hundred permanent non-residents were entered as entitled to vote. That they did not and could not vote was evident. That they were frequently voted for was an inference most admissible. No law, however, existed under which these names could be expunged. It was only possible to so mark the names upon the list that the vote could not be accepted at the poll.

But besides incorrect names and the names of non-residents, were the names of seven hundred and twenty-three persons whose right to be upon the list at all was seriously in question. These names the League, through its attorney, notified the board of Revisors it would challenge. Of this number, two hundred and eight names were those of deceased persons. When they came up for consideration it was not sufficient for the League to establish a reasonable doubt; the Board of Revisors insisted that they were required to institute no inquiry. "The names were there, and unless indisputable evidence could be produced, there the names should remain." But the Board found the proof prepared, and for nearly every name a certificate of decease, duly signed by a relation and the attending physician, was produced, and it was only where a party had been so long dead that no relation or friend could be found thus to sign, that the worthy Revisors were able to rule that the name must still stand.

Next were considered the minors. The names of forty-seven children, heirs to estates, had been discovered, although no one is by law entitled to vote under the age of twenty-one. Again, certified evidence was demanded and again produced. But there were some instances where, though minority was admitted, the parents or guardians had refused to sign a writing to that effect; in such cases the worthy Revisors left the names

upon the list. Then, according to the city charter, employés of the corporation are disfranchised, but there were two hundred and ten such names found entered upon the roll of four wards. When visited by the canvasser, the civic employé invariably said, "Why call on me? I have no vote." He knew the law and observed it; but the name left on the list was a constant temptation to the personator. In their contention to have these names removed the League representatives were not altogether successful; but they did secure the marking of the names so that the vote could not be polled by proxy. Still another evidence of gross carelessness was brought to light. Although a person may own several properties in the same ward he is entitled to but one vote in that ward, but nearly three hundred persons where found to be twice entered. These names, after prolonged argument, were removed.

But there were many unclassified iniquities revealed in those voters' lists. In one instance, a cigar manufacturer, a poultry merchant, and a marble cutter were purported to have rented the same tenement yard for "storage purposes," and yet even the landlord, himself an alderman, was not certain that any of the supposed lessees had ever used the property. Eleven names were found registered as tenants of one hotel saloon. Two were the rightful lessees and one was the proprietor, but the remaining eight were either employés or friends of the tenants. It was claimed that as business partners all were entitled to registration, yet it came out in evidence that the only agreement existing between them was that, in addition to wages, the bar tenders should receive five per cent. of the profits. Worst of all, a number of names were found on the voters' list that were not on the assessment roll, no taxes having been paid by these parties, and the only explanation the department could give was that these names must have been added, by parties unknown, after the books had left the assessors' hands.

The Board of Revisors did not do their duty by all the complaints. How could they be expected to, when they were themselves aldermen on the verge of an election? Still there was much gained by the exposures. In the two largest wards the lists were found to contain, when the *enquete* was concluded, five hundred and eighty less names than in the previous year, though a natural growth of population had continued. Public sentiment had been aroused, and by legal enactment the pernicious system of appointing aldermen to revise the lists that their own allies had tampered with, came to an end. Hereafter a Judge of the Superior court will appoint the Board of Revisors.

With the lists tolerably purged and the identification material ready, the next problem before the League was how to raise a sufficient *volunteer* force of trustworthy men to operate on election day the polls in five wards.

In nearly every civic community the good element *plus* the indifferent outnumbers the bad. In order to win an election, it is necessary to find a sufficient number of men not only to watch the polls and thus checkmate the enemy, but also to bring to the polls every careless voter who, if he voted at all, would vote right. The members of the League set forth, therefore, to preach a crusade among the young men of the city from the text which is their mottto: "Every man is individually responsible for just so much evil as his efforts might prevent." The plan of campaign was to enter a given ward, call together a few of its representative and respected older citizens, lay upon them the need of reform and ask their co-operation. In a French ward, this group would be French, in an Irish ward, Irish, and in an English ward, English. It would be the men of the ward, and thus all criticism of outside interference would be disarmed at the outset. From this

nucleus a select body was formed. It was then created a branch of the League. Officers were elected and the policy of the ward organization was left in their hands. When candidates appeared, the most worthy was offered the League's independent support, but only upon receipt of satisfactory written assurance that his election would be conducted strictly according to law. A public ratification meeting was then called. Personal notification was sent to the best men of the ward, irrespective of nationality, politics or religious belief. The young men especially were appealed to. Here the independent press joined in, like an auxiliary naval force following a land army. When this meeting was held, stirring speeches were delivered, and everything was done to arouse the electorate and enlist recruits for the work of election day. This policy, pursued in each ward, gathered a force of three hundred and fifty-four volunteers, ready for whatever work they might be called upon to do. This force was then divided and subdivided. Each man was trained for his particular duties and given printed instructions by which to refresh his memory. By election day many of the League's recent recruits understood the election law better than some of the deputy returning officers in charge of the polls. The same course of instruction having been given to all, a force was easily transferable at short notice from one ward to another, so that in case any objectionable contestant retired, reinforcements were immediately released for other fields.

As the first of February drew near, public sentiment became awakened. It was admitted that now or never a successful stand could be made against the "ward boss" and his corrupt "machine." Better candidates than usual were induced to take the field, and as the lines became clearly defined, the League made its selection. Not all the former aldermen deserved eviction, but they usually clung to their positions in inverse ratio to their desirability. In all, the League supported eight men; of these three were sitting members deserving re-election, and five were new men. Opposed to these were aspirants considered wholly objectionable. The result of the contest can be summed up in a word. Three of the aldermen objected to retired before election, four were beaten at the polls and one retained his seat by a narrow majority of seventy-three. Out of eleven thousand one hundred votes cast, less than one-fifth of one per cent. was fraudulent, though determined and repeated attempts were made to bribe, bully and bulldoze the League watchers. Throughout the entire campaign none but lawful methods had been employed, and it was conclusively proven that illegal practices are not necessary to elect honorable men.

The method employed for bringing to the polls the indifferent voter has been borrowed largely from the "machine." How it operates can best be illustrated by the detailed account of a particular contest. For several years a certain ward had been notoriously misrepresented. It had come to be considered a pocket borough by a certain clique. Not that it did not contain a well-intentioned electoral majority, but this majority was unorganized and discouraged, while the clique had a thorough organization and no stint of contractors' money. The ward's representative it was believed had been directly interested in nearly every scandalous measure that a very objectionable council had adopted. Against him, as David before Goliath, was pitted a young and comparatively unknown man, for whom little could as yet be claimed beyond an honorable name, a clean character and moderate ability. The latter candidate the League accepted, and with him undertook to dislodge so formidable and well-entrenched a rival. An identification canvass of the ward had already been made, and the guarantee of

at least an honest election secured. A second canvass was now made to ascertain the sentiments of each elector respecting the two candidates, the voter s address during business hours, and the time most convenient for him to vote. The ward was divided into districts of five polls each.

Each district had a committee room where all information pertaining to the five polls was collected. In each committee room were five large cardboard sheets (tableaux), placed upon separate tables, each sheet containing the names, alphabetically arranged, of persons entitled to vote at a given poll. A colored mark before the name denoted the elector's sentiments, that is, whether he was favorable or otherwise to the League's candidate, while, after the name, was entered the business address. To each sheet were assigned on election day, two men—a "receiver" and a "despatcher,"—whose duties will be presently defined. At every poll was a team of three men, two of whom were inside watchers or "scrutineers." Every elector, upon presenting himself, was carefully inspected, and, if failing to correspond with his identification card, was sworn. Few dared to swear falsely, but where they did thus swear the watchers were prepared to fill up warrants and secure the instant arrest of the personators. Outside the poll stood the third representative of the League. In his hand was a packet of card stubs (see form marked *outside*), one for each elector, with name and sentiments, but no description. Those favorable were on white stubs; those considered otherwise were on red. As each voter entered the booth and his identity was ascertained, the outside man withdrew from his pack the corresponding ticket. Every half hour a runner from the district committee room collected the "voted" card-stubs and delivered them to the "receiver," who promptly lined off the names from his "tableau." At the door of the committee room were a number of sleighs, loaned for the day by well-wishers of the cause. Opposite the "receiver" sat the "despatcher." It was his constant duty to copy off several unvoted names, with addresses, upon a slip, and despatch a sleigh to bring up the voters from the business addresses indicated. This system, steadily and quietly worked from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., resulted in the polling of the largest vote ever cast in a municipal contest, and the return of the League's candidate by a majority of 655.

Montreal is singularly fortunate in having for the most part a disinterested and independent press. In any campaign for better things, the most influential newspapers may be depended upon to sink political distinctions and endorse worthy men. The partizan press of the city, however, were chary of giving much endorsement to the work of the League, not knowing just what effect this ignoring of political beliefs for personal fitness might have on coming national campaigns; but the following appeared in the best known party paper, the day after the election: "The machine politicians thought they knew all that was worth knowing about election work, but the V. E. L. can give them a few pointers." Editorials next appeared in the party organs in unqualified praise of the League and its work. Here was a recognized force that must be conciliated. The League as a body will not enter national politics, but its influence will. It is hardly probable that at the approaching national elections, either party will care to run the risk, by objectionable nominations, of alienating from its ranks a strong volunteer force that can be depended upon to lift not a finger for a corrupt nominee, but which cannot be relied upon, even to remain neutral, if the party usually opposed brings forward exceptionally fine men. Honest civic elections make for honest national campaigns.

The methods employed and the results attained in Montreal are possible, *mutatis mutandis*, in any city on the

American continent. There is ample call and room for municipal reform organizations on many lines. Good government clubs can do much towards exposing administrative unfaithfulness, arousing public sentiment, securing better legislation and inducing worthy men to present themselves for municipal offices; but unless such efforts can be supplemented by other organizations recognizing the necessity of the inviolableness of the ballot box and prepared to spend and be spent in active hand to hand conflict with the "machine," on its own battle ground, the triumph of righteousness and good government, which we all so desire to see, will be long delayed. Few are the cities on the American continent, in which there does not exist a sufficient number of patriotic citizens to amply endow any working organization that can be trusted: in which there are not enough sincere, enthusiastic, determined young men, from whom to recruit an electoral league to full fighting strength: in which a lawful registry list, an honestly polled ballot and a gathering in of the indifferent vote will not bring about the triumph at the polls of any just cause.

A GREEK REVERIE.

OFF NEWPORT.

This is the purple sea of ancient song.
These are the groves to which Bacchantes lured.
And in these rocks bad spirits are immured,
Pent in by Heaven in token of a wrong.

Sure that is Pan, who marches through the pine,
Followed by boys with passionate eyes, and men
Bedecked with roses! Fainter down the glen
Tramps the mad rabble, caught with song divine.

Now once again the Lord of Life and Day
Smites with his splendor all the dull, waste waves.
Straight Ulysses, his face, sleep-swoln, laves,
Rouses his Heroes, and with scant delay
Prows are turned homeward. Hark the rythmic beat!
Another weary day, and vacant sky, and heat.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA. JAMES COBOURG HODGINS.

A JAPANESE VIEW OF JAPAN.

BY K. T. TAKAHASHI.

"IN the quietude of an isolated Isle she grew up to be a fair maiden, unknown to the world. Time came, however, when they found and forced her out into society. They worship her now. But she is a heathen, and Christians knew, long before, that she could not be good. God bless Christians! what man, what woman, what nation, can be faultless—perfect? This maiden has, indeed, an abundance of shortcomings. But with the learned, as well as with the fastidious, it has become a fashion to rival in discovering such excellent qualities as a long-continued peace and unsophisticated modesty of human nature have developed in her, although many who are so wise as to force events, learned that in no remote future this amiable damsel, too, will outdo herself, and become a virtueless coquette." These are the lines which occurred in my reading some time since. They recur to me with strange fitness as I sit thinking about Japan.

I have just finished reading an article with the quaint title of "The Japanese Smile," by Lofcadio Hearn, which appeared some months ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Following the bent of the day, Mr. Hearn takes it upon himself to make such a whimsical topic the subject of an elaborate discourse, discovering in the national trait a cause for commendation rather than condemnation. This is entirely kind of Mr. Hearn, and I shall have nothing to find fault with in him, especially as he has done well what he had proposed to do. Besides, I am a Japanese myself, and nothing is more agreeable to me than to hear foreigners speak approvingly of my country.

But there is another side to Mr. Hearn's essay, probably not intended by him, and it is that the article sums up the reasons why, on the one hand, friendly foreigners admire Japan, and on the other hand, at the same time, why they raise their warning fingers. For attractions may be many and various in Japan; but it is essentially the joyful atmosphere that envelopes her whole existence which enchants foreigners. And it is this joyful atmosphere, native and natural, which Mr. Hearn expands upon in his article. But when he expresses his anxiety that Japan, if left to herself, will come to lose all her charming peculiarities, and contract the odious practice of smiling to hide,—to hide cold irony, evil secrets, the heart of a hypocrite; to hide all that degrades mankind to deviltry,—and, still worse, perhaps, of grunting instead of smiling, Mr. Hearn is again voicing the sentiments of many an Occidental. So that his essay is, after all, an ingenious summary of the current western opinion upon Japan. That opinion is an unhappy one from my point of view.

It is said that it was the United States, and then England, that entreated, pleaded, nay, forced upon Japan, the opening up of her ports and harbors; that they introduced civilization into Japan, and that the gates once opened, the noontide of the 19th century surged in, in an appalling manner, at least to the eyes of outsiders. But our good foreigners are, almost in the same breath, preaching forbearance and conservatism to Japan. Do they know that out of one hundred foreign visitors to Japan, seventy-five are, I may be allowed to say, pleasure-seekers, who are only too apt to indulge in vagaries unworthy of home and relatives; and twenty-four are commercial Christians, whose Christianity is consistent only with

their simple motto, "Heathens have no rights;" while the remaining *one* is that good missionary, just out of a college cradle, who, instead of looking after those globe-trotting sinners of his own race, is destined, as soon as he reaches Japan, to write home reports of "divine graces," and other merciful things, among every-day people to whom salvation is precisely as good, whether it proceeds from Christ or Buddha, or Mahomet for that matter, so long as it promises to be of fairly good quality.

Under such circumstances, how can Japan—poor helpless heathendom—be expected to successfully avoid contamination with undesirable foreign elements? It is about time an international league were organized, having in view the prevention of the national demoralization of Japan. But let good foreigners remember that in this wide, wide world there is no maiden but knows the value of that individuality which in woman is chastity, and also the power of modest grace Japan is neither a mere maiden nor a rash youth. She has her twenty-five centuries of unbroken independence and undefiled individuality to cherish for ever with fondness and pride; to look back to for inspiration and aspiration.

The world knows what radical changes Japan has undergone since the downfall of her feudalism; has she grown less sincere in her smiles, less frequent in her mirth, in these thirty years? The world still regards her as the most hospitable and pleasant nation on earth, and the more so, the more she becomes known.

It is true Mr. Hearn is not the first foreigner who has observed the fact that the most hopeless personage,—unlovely at the least,—any man can meet in Japan, is he who craves after, imitates and worships everything that is European or American. But Mr. Hearn, as well as the others, knows that such a one is only exceptional; for Japan on the whole is still Japanese. The question is whether that exception will ever become general or not. Now, in spite of their Anglomaniacs, the people of the United States will never become English. Nor will the prevalence of studying German ever make England German. But what nation is there that does not count among her millions some persons addicted to undue worship of foreign manners and ways. This mania is so constant a quantity in every land that nobody cares to take notice of it. If, however, the good friends of Japan mean to say that because Japan is neither England nor America, but a mere Pagan Empire, the latter should not be presumed to possess sense enough to preserve her national individuality, all I can say is that the judgment is extremely occidental. Japan will ever be ready to sacrifice her egotism for the sake of her individuality; but I am afraid that those kindly foreigners, who are wailing over the supposed coming fate of Japan, will never come to appreciate the distinction which I here make between egotism and individuality.

The next argument invented to humiliate Japan runs thus: "Japan, in her wild ambition to attain the level of the all-sided civilization of the white race, has blindly plunged herself into a task which is beyond her mental capacity, which for that reason can only make her more and more discontented, morose and phlegmatic, and which in the end can only bring about her total wreck." But this is begging the question. It assumes that Japan is a nation of untractable epicureans, upon whom the varied experiences of twenty-five hundred years had but been wasted like a dream in a night of debauchery, and so unnerved them, that any attempt on their part to grapple with occidental ideas, and white men's discoveries and inventions, would burst their poor, aching heads in twain. I grant the assumption is quite excusable, as coming from men to many of whom it is a matter of

conviction that heathens are the beings doomed to hell-fire after death, and who, while in life, can do naught but tell lies. Do the men of white skin remember how long ago it was that they themselves came to utilize the hidden powers of nature? It was only as yesterday; but since that yesterday what marvellous changes have overtaken them as well as the world at large. And these changes, were they in any way less sudden, less complete, less wonderful, than what have been taking place in Japan? I love and honor Japan as my motherland, but I should not hesitate to say that, rationally speaking, she has nothing to be proud of or made much about, however great have been her recent changes. Why are our brothers of the west surprised at Japan's progress—unless they consider the Japanese an inferior race? Why are men of white skin so proud that they must look down upon their brothers of different climes, and insult them by excessive praising? Whatever the Japanese have achieved in recent years is nothing more, and is probably a great deal less, than what the Europeans and Americans have achieved in that yesterday. Nay, in this world of cosmic evolution, we are too humble to know what we have done. But the world is still progressing, and Japan, in order to keep her place in the comity of nations, must also keep up her pace. It is really unreasonable, if not extremely mean, to try to persuade Japan to remain her former self forever.

But the good friends of Japan still insist: "The numerous problems which are confronting the occidental nations are so ominous and grave, that they are likely to drive forever the lights of mirth and laughter from the face of their after generations. It will be, therefore, unwise, nay madness, for Japan to plunge out only to be disfigured in this coming disaster." In short, our kindly friends say to us: "You are such a pleasant lot of people, always smiling, always bowing, and doing things so prettily and nimbly, that we would always like to have you by to please us in our moments of leisure. So don't think; don't knit your brows; we will do all that for you. But be always smiling, bowing!" Tut, tut; the Japanese have little ambition to enlist themselves for circus clowns. Besides, the clowns have to do the hardest thinking in the world.

Well, this way of arguing is unpleasant at the best. It is hoped, however, that the reader has already seen that the points discussed have hardly justified any other treatment, Yet it will be ingratitude to dismiss in this manner the well-meant praises and warnings of the well-wishing friends. Let me add a few words of explanation.

It is singular that those writers and others who regard the momentousness of the occidental problems, in all their profoundness should invariably evince such pathetic childishness, whenever they talk or write about Japan, that we are almost compelled to doubt the serious nature of those questions. With them our recent changes are no more, nor no less, than a mere outcome of a mimicking faculty abnormally developed. I can well sympathize with their shuddering anxiety when I understand that they know no other ground upon which the changes of Japan rest. Yet, on the face of it, it is absurd to think that a community of men and women, with dignity enough to be called a nation, could explain itself, its different phases, its various ups and downs, merely upon such a principle. It was only the other day that the gossips of the world were talking with serious apprehensions about the fearful criminalities of many leading Frenchmen; but all is over and well now. The stability and individuality of a nation, with its experience and time-grounded wisdom, is hardly a fit subject to prattle about. "But it is a poor hand that points to France for an example of the stability

of a nation," a voice would say. I pity the man who persuades himself to believe that a few admonitory words could have saved France from relinquishing its resplendent days of Louis XIV., which to us, at this distance of time, seem sufficiently romantic, picturesque, and refreshing, and the fact of their being gone forever, appears even regretful.

But to come back to Japan. In looking back to the event of twenty-seven years ago which consummated, as by one stroke, Restoration, Reformation and Revolution, does not its very magnitude alone suggest that a mere national aptitude for mimicking could not have been its sole cause?

These are the reasons for the event: 1—Japan could not have avoided the changes; 2—and those changes could not but have been radical, 3—and also progressive.

Let us briefly go over these reasons. As a matter of fact, Tokugawa Shogunate had given Japan a peace and rest of over two hundred years, an unusually long period of prosperity for feudalism, which could not but be a temporary form of government, from a sociological point of view.

Now it will be extremely difficult for Americans to realize in imagination feudalism as it was, but if they can exercise their patience, and deny, for the time being, the existence of one Grover Cleveland, and suppose that fifty years hence Tammanyism has become the governing principle of the mighty Republic, then they would have a somewhat true idea of the past feudal system of Japan, for the latter, in time of peace, was only a little better than that felonious tigerism.

Baneful as feudalism was, Japan endured its evils patiently, more than anything else out of a sense of gratitude towards the Tokugawa family, who in the beginning had brought to her the much desired peace after a long period of war and misery. And in those days literature and art, such as would please the rich and leisure some, had indeed kept on advancing, but the time-honored national motto, "Government is for the people," had gradually been lost sight of, in the midst of such absurdities as Kirisute-gomen, or pardonable killing, which, with many other atrocities, grew up into a right by which a Samurai could butcher common people with impunity for almost any act, even an act of mere discourtesy.

Thus towards its closing days, in spite of its courtly manners, refined tastes, and flourishing arts, such as a church would affect in the most hypocritical period of its history, feudalism had gone down into the abyss of degradation. A change had become necessary for Japan. Nor were lacking men of learning, thought and patriotism, who studied, planned and paved the way to such an end.

But it was evident to these men that the desired change, in order to bring about the desired results, should be not less than the total overthrow of feudalism, and the introduction of a new order of things, and therefore a radical change. Of course each man had his own views, but all were disgusted with the then existing state of things, which led to laxity of morals, and, among and above all other results, enslaved the people. They all agreed that the change must be prompt, and thorough, and strike to the root of feudalism, which had grown up to be a system of oppression and corruption. Here then was the reason why the changes could not but have been radical.

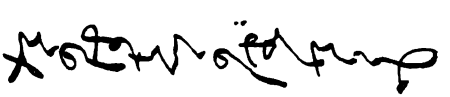
Perhaps it may be urged that those who had actually most to do in effecting the downfall of the Tokugawa Shogunate had, many of them, a secret design in their own minds to instate themselves in the position thus vacated, and continue feudalism according to their own fashion. But the events that followed proved that the real cause was other than such individual ambition, that the change was a case of evolution, or

(should I say ?) the course of nature, or rather the effect of the long suppressed desire, of the country at large, utilizing the selfish action of a few men for its own purpose. So the change was effected. Now it was the very nature of the new *régime* thus brought about to determine which course it would follow.

The Damio-hood and Samurai-hood abolished, the Japanese, with the hitherto recognized distinctions of ranks and privileges no longer existent, stood for the first time on equal terms of manhood. Naturally the Kuazoku and Shizoku, or the Damio and Samurai of former days, readily saw that it was now the era of personal merit, not of inheritance, and that they must exert themselves accordingly, while the Heimin, or the former unprivileged class, seeing the new field for honor and aspiration wide open before them, lost no time in adapting themselves to the privileges of newly liberated souls. To add to this, the doors of the western world had just opened on fresh ideas and thoughts. Thus the change that followed could not but be progressive.

Brief and incomplete as these remarks are, I hope they will sufficiently show how utterly ludicrous is the idea that Japanese progress is a mere flower of curiosity, and may to-morrow fall off in a gust of wind. All progress, as the term is now understood, is essentially democratic, but Japan, without the democratic condition which she has so far attained, could not have achieved her recent progress. That democratic condition was not, however, the outcome of mimicry, but the necessary consequence of the radical change which in course of her national existence Japan could not have avoided. It is true that the fact of foreign intercourse, beginning at the time it did, to a greater or less extent had an influence in determining somewhat the manner of her progress, and possibly, also, in leading the change that was coming over her to be more democratic than otherwise in its tendencies. And it is quite natural that this should have been so, for intellectually and materially, no nation or generation has alone scaled the height of civilization the Occidentals of this century have attained. But it will be unjust to deny to Japan the purely national impulse which brought about and determined the courses of her own changes. In other words, the Japanese progress could not have been a mere accident, nor a miracle of mimicry. It was an unavoidable step in a national evolution.

We have now a firm ground to stand upon and discuss the future of Japan. But I have tried the patience of the reader already to a painful degree, and I must stop. Besides, the subject to be of much value must be dealt with from a sociological, or rather scientific, point of view, and would require deeper learning and an abler hand than mine.



FOOT DISTORTION IN CHINA.

BY G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, M.D.

In no part of the universe, save in an exclusive corner of the Chinese empire, is the beauty of the female "form divine" so jeopardized. Elsewhere, heads may be flattened and elongated, noses skewered, ears pierced, lips made pendulous, busts obliterated or abnormally developed, teeth and skin rendered hideous by stains and dyes, but the feet, those indispensables to the grace and comeliness of the sex, are inviolable. To the Caucasian, a neatly turned ankle, full and rounding calf, terminating a well-tapered leg and swelling thigh, are manifestations of perfect loveliness. But the Celestial, loathing the springing, half-gliding, undulating movement of the daughters of the Occident, finds no beauty in woman's "understanding," save when artificially provided with broomstick legs, clump feet, and a hobbling gait, most suggestive of the cloven pedals of the sable Asmodeus.

What caprice ever gave rise to so infamous and barbarous a custom, is a mystery, since even the Celestials themselves are at a loss for explanation, and take refuge in traditions that for the most part are vague and contradictory, and often wholly irrelevant. The great Confucius, who descants with wearying solemnity and prolixity upon the minor details of life, here is wholly silent; and other classic authors of the flowery kingdom are equally remiss; but some of the minor writers affect to believe the custom antedates the Imperial Tsins, declaring the records were lost in the universal destruction of literature that marked the reign of this vandal dynasty (B.C. 248 to 206).

Turning to traditions, it is found that the one obtaining most popularity and greatest credence, evolves the custom from one Tanké, an infamous Empress of the twelfth century before our era, who is reported to have combined the beauty of a Cleopatra, the wisdom of a Semiramis, and the morals of a Messalina. Born with deformed feet, her personal graces were such as to raise her to the proud position of Emperor's consort. All men became her devoted slaves and admirers; yet, throughout life, from her thirteenth year upwards, she deserved her reputation as infamous. Exquisitely sensitive, however, regarding the physical imperfection that courted the adverse criticisms of her own sex, she cajoled her imperial lord, who to her was "as clay in the hands of the potter," into issuing a decree that defined clump feet and shapeless legs as models of elegance, and, further, required them to be perpetuated in all females of seven years and under who, by birth, would be entitled to the privilege of the Court.

Another tradition comes from the Province of Kwang-Tung (Canton) and the south-eastern portions of the Empire, and refers to the misfortunes of one Pwang, a favorite concubine of the Emperor Yang-te, of the Suy Dynasty, who reigned in the last part of the sixth or early portion of the seventh century. Consigned to the Emperor's harem in early childhood, and a constant sufferer from bromidrosis, the attendants of the poor creature, in order to render her presence more tolerable to her master, were wont to daily swathe her feet in bandages, and to place in her shoes powdered spices and aromatics that, as she walked, sifted through openings in the soles communicating with the imperial stamp therein, thus leaving with every step the perfumed imprint of a yellow

lotus. From this is derived the Celestial form of flattery: "Your step procures the golden lotus," with which the gentlemen of Kwang-Tung and Fuh-kien are wont to tickle the ears of maidens possessed of phenomenally small pedal extremities. This procedure failing to wholly alleviate, by the advice of the court physician, the bandages were drawn more tightly each day, a remedial measure successful only at the expense of limb contour and development.

As the writer may state from experience there, deformed feet are by no means so fashionable, even in China, as the world is wont to infer from the tales of missionaries and travellers, who, for personal reasons, deal largely with the morbid and wonderful, and not always (I regret to say) with the strictest regard for truth and accuracy.

In many Provinces, the small foot is almost as much a novelty as it would be in Ontario or New York, and in Tartar and Mongol districts, Southern Manchou excepted, has never been tolerated. During the Ming Dynasty, the custom received a blow from which it has never fully recovered, and it was then forbidden on pain of death. Ever since, the custom has been slowly on the wane, and it is now forbidden within the precincts of the Emperor's Court. The "Son of Heaven," as his Imperial Majesty is termed, will have none of it, and his harem is made up exclusively of females possessed of normal feet. Even in Kwang-tung, where the custom prevails, it is possible for one to reside for months without encountering a small-footed female, unless especially brought into contact therewith, as in the home of some medium-class official. "Conspicuous chiefly by its absence" in higher circles, it is emphatically a badge of the middle class; though, every high rank mandarin usually aims to possess one small-footed wife or concubine, on the same principle, doubtless, that led ancient conquerors to drag captives at their chariot wheels.

The distortion is not, as commonly surmised, commenced in infancy, but reserved for the period embraced by the sixth and tenth years. Experience has taught the fallacy of meddling with bones and tissues until they have attained a certain degree of firmness and consistency; if soft, they are too readily yielding for plasticity, and do not take kindly to the bruising and squeezing that accompany the act of moulding; if too hard, the operation is inclined to result in frightful ulceration and gangrene, and, even barring this, the result is not satisfactory. In fact, under the most favorable circumstances, the result is attended with great risk, owing to the inflammatory and absorptive processes set up, whereby the general circulation is made a channel for the elimination of effete and decomposed products.

Glancing for a moment at the relations of the feet, we find that during the first ten years of life, no portion of the human frame undergoes greater changes. In the adult, each perfect foot has the form of an arch-convex above and concave beneath, the highest point being the bone known as the ankle-bone, which constitutes the pedestal for the support of the leg, and through which the weight of the body is transmitted to the ground by a series of articulations between the heel and toes. It is to be noticed also, that the convex, or superior portion of the foot, is essential to the greatest possible freedom of motion on the part of the leg, and, at the same time, aside from flexibility, permits of normal changes of position on the part of the body, without endangering its centre of gravity. The concavity, from the great number of bones entering into the formation of the sole, insures suppleness and accommodation to irregular surfaces; again, the under portion of the foot possesses two arches, one lateral, the other longitudinal, and when it is brought to the ground, the immediate points of contact are the anterior lower portion of the heel and

anterior inferior portion of the bones immediately behind the toes, whose articulations with the latter form the "ball."

In the infant, the under surface of the foot is flat, and the convexity of the upper surface is largely a matter of conjecture, owing to the abundance of soft tissue provided by Nature, with a view to affording nourishment to the parts; the bones are irregularly and imperfectly developed, cartilaginous in structure, and connected by soft, tissue-like bands that, later in life, will develop into ligaments of great elasticity and power. The support of any material weight is impossible, since, owing to lack of ossification, dependent relations are not established; the soles turned upward and inward now approximate each other; also, the foot is longer and broader, in proportion to its height, than in the adult. With development, however, the anterior portion outstrips the posterior, and straightening is accomplished by the more rapid growth that accrues to the inner border, the changes being brought about chiefly by alteration in the structure of the bones. In the fact that the bone development is seldom complete before the eighth or ninth year, and that the bones themselves are scarcely ever firmly resistant until four or five years later, we find the reason for postponing the moulding and shaping of the foot until infancy shall have been superseded by childhood.

Almost from the moment the little one begins to comprehend speech, she is taught to look forward with expectation to the distortion of her feet. By the completion of the act she is ushered into womanhood, and becomes marriageable, regardless of mental or physical development, or fitness for the duties of maternity. Wives and concubines, who have not reached their eleventh year, are by no means uncommon features in the Celestial harem.

The torture, and it is no less, is instituted amidst relatives and friends especially bidden for the occasion, and to do honor to the feast that follows. In order to render the flesh amenable to the squeezing process, the feet are first submitted to the prolonged action of intensely hot water, and next plentifully dusted with powdered alum to ensure complete contraction of the minute and superficial blood vessels. Then the bandage is applied with all the combined force of two operatives, one of whom is usually a professional; the child meantime being extended upon the couch, and forcibly held by attendants, who do not scruple to stifle the evidences of her suffering with the hand, unless, as sometimes, though rarely, happens, the narcotic powers of opium have been invoked. The bandage employed is a stout, non-elastic band, especially woven for such purpose, some two or two and a half yards long and two inches wide, and is newly wrung out of boiling water at the instant of application.

The four outer (lesser) toes are doubled under and confined to the sole, the intervening space being packed with astringent powder (alum), when the bandage is given a turn to confine it about the point of the heel, and then returned over the top of the foot, and at the point of articulation of the toes. Powerful traction is now made, expression, kneading, and other manual aids being called into requisition, and in a way to crowd the bones of the anterior portion of the foot backward and forward upon those of the instep, which in turn are thus crowded down to meet the heel that, by the same act, has been drawn downward and forward to occupy a position in the same plane with, and perpendicular to, the bones of the leg. Finally, the whole is tightly wound laterally as high as the calf, every effort being made to limit motion and blood supply.

Every four or five days during the first month—after that once in as many weeks—the bandages are loosen-

ed, each removal bringing away considerable quantities of exfoliated cuticle and dead tissue, whereby more or less superficial bleeding is provoked. So, too, there is some ulceration, and not infrequently small patches of gangrene. The hot water bath affords a cursory cleansing; more alum is applied and packed in the creases and raw surfaces, when the bandages are replaced with greater severity and rigor. It is only when the deformity assumes a semi-ovoid, or rather hemiconoid form, of which the great toe is the apex, and the sole the flat surface, that the operation is deemed at all satisfactory. There are fashions even in distorting feet, and various modifications obtain according to locality and district, the most notable, perhaps, being that pertaining to Southern Manchou, where the great toe is also confined to the sole, and an attempt made to secure as nearly as possible a model of the equine hoof—a resemblance that is further aided by the form of boot prescribed.

From two to five years is required to bring the deformity to the acme of Celestial perfection, during which period the little one is positively never for an instant free from excruciating suffering; and the anguish which condemns her to spend alike her waking and sleeping hours in a recumbent position, with legs dangling over the hard edge of the couch—that circulation may be impeded sufficiently to benumb the parts—may better be imagined than described. Never by any accident are the feet permitted to touch the ground, lest the process of moulding be interfered with; and by disuse and lapse of time, the muscles from the knee down become flabby and incapable of responding to efforts of the will. As a sequel to this treatment, we find not only a shapeless leg and ankylosed joints, but also displacement of articular relations of every bone in the foot, those of the great toe, perhaps, excepted, with loss of all natural form and contour. Now it is the *posterior* lower portion of the heel, the *inferior* portion of the bones of the arch, and the *upper* surfaces of the toes that form the sole of the foot. The doubled-under digits ultimately become incorporated beyond recognition with the sole, and the bones throughout the member are coalesced to form one solid, osseous lump, rendered more hideous by scars and cicatrices. Foot and leg resemble nothing so much as a bludgeon with a knobbed head, and they have to the eye the peculiar dead appearance, and to the touch the doughy feel, that always accrues to paralyzed and imperfectly nourished tissues.

During life the bandage is never discontinued once its use is begun. Child, maid, matron, or widow, the wraps supply the demand that is met by hose among the fair ones of western lands. The removal of the bandages, too, is a matter of some hesitation, since re-application demands the services of an expert; hence the "beauty feet" are exposed to the air and action of cleansing fluids as infrequently as is consistent with the texture of their coverings.



OUR VESSEL IN HUDSON STRAITS.

THREE YEARS AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

BY J. W. TYRRELL.

THE Eskimo, the most northerly inhabitant of this continent, is in many respects a very strange and most interesting character. Doubtless many of my readers had an opportunity of seeing a party of them who were on exhibition at the World's Fair. The writer, who has just returned with a Canadian Government Expedition from explorations in the north, has lived with and travelled amongst the Eskimos for about three years, and during that time he has become greatly interested in them, and quite accustomed to many of their peculiar ways.

In appearance these people are short and thick set, with very fat round faces, usually almost entirely devoid of hair.

Their eye-brows and lashes are very small, and against their dark skins are scarcely discernible, so that their brown, oily faces, and eyes without trimmings, have often a very bare and homely appearance. Their hair, like that of the Indian, is black and straight, and by the women it is worn platted and twisted up into three knobs, one at either side of the head and one at the back.

The men wear their hair short, cutting it occasionally with a knife, and have heavy bangs in front to protect their foreheads from the cold in winter, and from the sun in summer. There are, however, some exceptions to the above description, the writer having met with some really handsome, stalwart men, up to the standard height of Europeans, and some very pretty, charming women.

Most of the Eskimos have very bright soft brown eyes, which of themselves are features of beauty; but they serve these savages a better and more useful purpose—they furnish marvellous powers of vision, enabling their owners to see objects clearly at great distances when they would be quite invisible to an average white per-

son. As an example of their wonderful powers of sight, the writer will relate a little incident that once took place during his stay with them. At one time a party of Eskimo hunters had gone out upon the floating but heavy ice of Hudson Straits to hunt seals. The ice, owing to the strong tidal current, was so broken and rafted up into great piles that it made travelling



MR. J. W. TYRRELL IN ESKIMO GARB.

very difficult and dangerous; but food being scarce, the hunters had determined to go, in order, if possible, to supply the wants of their hungry families. They took with them their kyacks, or skin canoes, to cross the open stretches of water. When walking upon the ice, these would have to be carried on their shoulders, and so would be alternately launched and hauled out, perhaps fifty times in a day. Such travel is necessarily very dangerous, for the currents caused by the tides are often as swift as that of a great rapid river, causing the ice to whirl, crush, and lift until it forms into immense piles.

No wonder then that the families of these bold men became anxious regarding the safety of the hunters when their absence was prolonged, and days passed and they did not return. The writer sympathised keenly with the poor people, and, besides doing what he could to supply their immediate wants, walked up frequently with his telescope to a "look-out" hill to, if possible, discover some trace of the absent party. A little daughter of one of the hunters, seeing him one day thus looking for her father, came to where he stood to receive any news he might have to give her; but she had no sooner reached the elevation of the "look-out" than, leaping with delight, she exclaimed "Awunga tacko Ittata." (I see father.) The writer asked where, and she pointed away across the glistening field in the direction in which he had just been gazing with the big telescope, and had seen nothing but ice. At first he thought that she was mistaken, but turning his telescope again in the direction in which she pointed, presently discerned away on the horizon, a black speck, which, sure enough, proved to be the returning hunters.

To the writer's naked eye, they were quite invisible, and almost so with the aid of the telescope. Soon afterwards, as they came nearer, he could make them out more clearly, but his eyes, aided by the telescope, were not a match for the bright brown orbs of the little Eskimo maiden; and she in this respect is only a type of her people.

The clothing of the Eskimo is made entirely of the skins of animals, chiefly of the seal and of the reindeer, seal

skin being used for summer, and reindeer skin for the winter. The skins are nicely softened and dressed with the hair on, and are neatly made up by the women, whose chief duty it is to provide clothing for their husbands and children The cut of the Eskimo garb both of the men and of the women, is somewhat peculiar.

A man's suit may briefly be described as follows:—Commencing at the foundation, it consists of a pair of fur stockings or duffles, covered by long waterproof moccasins which reach to the knees, and are just met by short seal or deer skin trousers. The suit is completed by a jacket or jumper made of the same material as the trousers, which is pulled on over the head, there being no opening in front to admit of it being put on like a coat. This jacket is provided with a hood, which takes the place of a cap, and may either be worn over the head, or pushed back when not required.

In the summer season, a single suit of sealskin, made as above, constitutes a man's entire clothing, but in the winter time he wears two of such suits of deerskin, the inner one having the hair on the inside, and the outer one having the hair on the outside. The female costume is rather more curious in appearance than the above. The foot wear is the same with both sexes, but in place of the trousers worn by the men, the women wear leggings and trunks, and in place of the jacket, a peculiarly constructed overskirt, having a short flap in front, and a long train, in shape something like a beaver's tail, just reaching to the ground, behind.

The back of the overskirt is made very full, so as to form a sort of bag in which the mothers carry their children; and like a man's jacket it is provided with a hood, but of very much larger size, so as to afford shelter for both mother and child. The women are very fond of decorating their dresses with beads or other ornaments, and all the garments are made with great neatness.

Like many other primitive peoples, the Eskimos, and especially the women, tattoo extensively. They do not all thus adorn themselves, but many of them have their faces, necks, arms and hands all figured over in such a way as to give them a very wild and savage appearance.

Many of the ladies, when in full dress, wear head bands, usually made of polished brass or iron, over their foreheads. These are held in position by being tied with a cord behind the head.



MRS. J. W. TYRRELL.

A stranger custom still, is that of wearing stones in the cheeks, upon either side of the mouth. This custom is not universal with the Eskimos, but, as far as the writer's knowledge extends, it is limited to those inhabiting the Mackenzie River district. The Eskimos of this district have the reputation of being a bad lot, and it is said that when they are heard to rattle their cheek stones against their teeth, it is time to be on the defensive. The stones are cut in the shape of large shirt studs, and are let through the cheeks by cutting holes for them

As to the origin of the Eskimo people, very little is known, but the most probable theory accounting for their existence on this continent, is that they were originally Mongolians, and at some very early date, crossed over the Behring Straits and landed in Alaska. This theory is based upon the fact that a similarity is traced between the Eskimo language and the dialect of some of the Mongolian tribes of Northern Asia. One of the Eskimo traditions would rather tend to bear out this theory. It is something like this:—

A very long time ago, there were two brothers who were made by the beaver, and placed on an island in the Western Sea. There they lived and fed upon birds, which they caught with their hands, but at length food became scarce, and the brothers, being hungry, fought for the birds they had taken. This quarrel led to a separation, and one brother went to live in the western portion of our "Great North Land," and became the father of the Eskimos in that region, whilst the other brother went farther east and became the father of the natives north of Hudson Bay and Straits.

The range of the Eskimos is very large, extending completely across the northern part of North America, and toward the south to about the 60th parallel of latitude west of Hudson Bay, but east of the Bay, to about the 55th parallel; whilst toward the north, their range is practically unlimited.

They are a very thinly scattered race, roving in small bands over the great, limitless, treeless wilderness.

The writer's first impression upon meeting Eskimos was, that they were a wild-looking set. There were thirty-six of them, all women and children, piled into one of their "oomiacks," or skin boats, and all were whooping and yelling at the top of their voices, whilst all that were not paddling, were swinging their arms and legs in the wildest manner.

They were natives of Prince of Wales Sound, Hudson Straits, and were coming out from shore to meet the S. S. Alert, which to them was a fiery monster of wonder. They were accompanied by a party of men in their kyacks, and all were preparing to board the ship without invitation; but the first officer, by brandishing a cordwood stick, and threatening to hurl it at them if they came too near, and by the liberal use of some very strong English, which they did not understand, induced them to await his convenience to receive them.

When the Alert was past some shoals near which the ship was steaming, and safely into harbor, the natives were allowed to go on board. They were a strange-looking lot, and some of them were strangely dressed. One old grey-haired chief had apparently reached a stage of civilization in his attire not common amongst the Eskimos, for outside of his seal-skin clothing he wore a long, white cotton night-shirt, of which he was very proud.

The Eskimos are always pleased with the acquisition of white men's clothing, but their ideas as to how and when they should be worn do not always agree with ours.

Early navigators have described the Eskimos of Hudson Straits and Bay, as being savage tribes, greatly to be feared; and it is true that unfortunate crews have fallen into their hands and been murdered by them: but often such tales only come to us half told, the other half dying with the poor savage.

They possess very simple, childish natures, but coupled with this simplicity much quiet determination and deep jealousy, which when roused is likely to lead to acts of violence.

From the writer's experience, he does not think that the Eskimos would, without considerable provocation or great temptation, harm any one falling into their hands.

Though not usually quarrelsome or vicious, they do fight with each other, but only at appointed times, when all

o'd grudges and differences of opinion are cleared up at once. On the appointed day, all the disagreeing parties of the camp pair off, and standing at arm's length from each other, strike turn about, and in this deliberate, systematic way take satisfaction out of each other until one of the combatants cries "*ta-bah*" (enough).

The food of the Eskimo, as his name implies, is chiefly raw flesh; and so the preparation of his meals is an extremely simple operation, and the culinary department of civilization has no part in his life. Reindeer, seals, white whales, and walruses are to the Eskimo the staple articles of food, but polar bears, arctic hares and other animals, besides most of the arctic birds, are considered equally good.



ESKIMO WOMEN AT ASHE INLET.

It is rather a novel, if not a somewhat repulsive, sight to witness an Eskimo feast. The occasion of a feast is the capture of a seal or perhaps a reindeer, which, according to custom, during the winter season becomes common property, and all are invited to the lodge of the fortunate hunter to share in the feast.

The carcase of the animal is trailed into the middle of his lodge, and when all the guests are assembled, they seat themselves on the floor about it. The carcase is then skinned by the host, and the pelt laid down to form a dish or receptacle for the blood.

All things are now ready, and the guests being armed with knives, are invited to help themselves, and this they do with great dexterity, and continue to do so, not until they have had sufficient, but until the supply is exhausted and absolutely nothing remains but the skin and skeleton.

The blood, being considered very fine, is dipped up with skin cups or horn spoons, and consumed with the flesh.

The blubber or outer layer of fat which is found on most arctic animals is separated from the skin and cut into long strips about an inch square. Thus prepared it is swallowed though not eaten. It is simply lowered down

the throat as one might lower a rope into a well.

During the summer season the blubber is not used as food but is saved for reducing to oil to be used in the lamps during the long, dark nights of the succeeding winter.

An Eskimo appears to have no idea of a limited capacity for food, but usually eats on until the supply fails.

The writer knew of one exception, however, where an old woman, after doing heroically, was forced to yield. A party of Eskimos were having a big feast upon the carcase of a whale, which they considered very good food, when she, in her ambition, over-estimated her capability and ate until she became quite torpid. Her friends, out of respect for the old lady, supposing her to be dead, trailed her out and buried her in the snow; but a day or two afterwards she kicked off the snow that covered her and rejoined her companions.

Next to stowing capacity, an Eskimo's stomach is noted for its powers of digestion. For instance, both the flesh and hide of the walrus are common articles of food with them, and these are so hard and gritty that when skinning or cutting up the animal one has to be continually whetting and sharpening his knife.

The skin of a walrus is a good deal like that of an elephant, and is from half-an-inch to an inch and a-half in thickness; but notwithstanding this, and the hardness of its structure, the little Eskimo children may often be seen running about gnawing pieces of walrus' hide, as if they were apples. Sometimes, however, they have no walrus' hide, or meat of any kind, to gnaw, for occasionally in the spring season the condition of the snow and ice is su h as to render hunting impossible, and though they store up meat in the fall for winter use it is often used up before spring.

When this state of things occurs, the condition of the poor Eskimos is very deplorable. They are forced to kill and eat their wretched dogs, which are even more nearly starved than themselves, and next they resort to their skin clothing and moccasins, which they soak in water until they become soft.

Next to starvation, perhaps the most severe affliction that the poor Eskimo has to endure is that of snow blindness. This trouble is very prevalent in the spring season and is caused by exposure to the strong glare of the sun upon the glistening fields of snow and ice.

Snow blindness is thus, in reality, an acute inflammation of the eyes, and the pain caused by it is excruciating, being like what one would expect to suffer if his eyes were filled with hot salt. The writer speaks from experience.

In order to guard against the occurrence of snow blindness, the Eskimos wear a very ingenious contrivance, in the form of wooden goggles. These are neatly carved so as to fit over the nose and close into the sockets of the eyes; and instead of being provided with colored glasses, which the Eskimos have no means of getting, they are made with narrow, horizontal slits just wide enough to allow the wearer to see through. Thus an excess of light is excluded, but the sight is not entirely obstructed.

Like many a man in Southern Canada, the native of the frozen zone possesses a summer and a winter residence, and occupies each in turn as regularly as the seasons change.

His winter dwelling is built of snow, while his summer lodge is made of oil-tanned seal or deer skins, neatly sewn together, and supported by poles —if such can be procured—or pieces of drift-wood spliced together. A flap is left for the door, but there is no opening at the top, as in the Indian wigwam, or tepee, for, having no fire, they have no need of a chimney.

The atmosphere of those tents or "topicks" as they are called, is usually very sickening to one not accus-



ESKIMO TOPICKS, PRINCE OF WALES SOUND.

tomed to them, for the skins of which they are made are dressed in their natural oil, in order to make them waterproof. This has also the effect of making them very rank and odorous.

Topicks vary in size according to the wealth or requirements of the occupants. Sometimes they are scarcely large enough to allow two or three little people to huddle into them, whilst others are quite commodious, being capable of seating twenty people. The commonest form of topick is that of a cone, very similar to an Indian tepee, but it is sometimes rectangular and sometimes built with vertical walls about four feet high.

The furniture of these dwellings is very simple, consisting usually of a few skins, lying about the rocky floor, to serve as seats in the day time and bedding at night, two or three sealskin sacks of oil, two shallow stone vessels used as lamps, a few hunting implements, several little deerskin bags used as ladies' work-baskets, several coils of sealskin line, a few pairs of moccasins scattered about, and, at one side of the door, the somewhat repulsive looking remains of a carcase consumed at the last meal. Such is the Eskimo summer house.

His winter dwelling in the snow is rather more interesting and curious.

It is called an "Igloo," and is built in the form of a dome, with large blocks of snow. A common size of the dwelling apartment of an igloo is 12 feet in diameter, and 8 feet in height.

This is approached by a succession of three or four smaller domes connected by low archways, through which one has to crouch to pass.

The innermost archway, opening into the dwelling apartment, is about three feet high, and as one enters he steps down a foot or more to the level of the floor of the front portion of the dwelling. The back part—about two-thirds of the apartment—is three feet higher than where one enters.

The front or lower section of the igloo corresponds to a front hall, and it is in it that the occupants, as they enter, beat the snow off their clothing, or remove their outer garments when they wish to step up into the higher living space.

The floor of the entire igloo consists simply of snow, but in this upper apartment it is well covered with

deerskin robes, so that it is not melted by the warmth of those who sit or lie upon it.

Above the doorway of the igloo is placed a window to admit light into the dwelling. This is formed of a large, square slab of ice neatly inserted into the wall of the dome, and it serves the purpose for which it is intended exceedingly well, admitting a pleasant, soft light.

Above the window a much needed ventilating hole is usually made. This, because of the passing current of warm air, becomes rapidly enlarged, and requires to be frequently plastered up with snow.

Sometimes one of the long approaches or corridors is made to serve for two or three dwellings, each of which is connected by low archways with the innermost of the smaller domes. Usually opening out of the inner dome each family has one or two small pantries, where is kept a supply of meat sufficient for a week or two.

The furniture of the snow house is much the same as that of the skin topick already described: but the stone lamps come more into prominence, contributing light to the dwelling during the long, dark winter nights. These lamps are simply shallow stone vessels, usually half-moon shaped, and formed neatly of some description of soft rock. The rounding side of the vessel is made much deeper than the other, which shoals up gradually to meet the edge. The wick of the lamp consists of dried, decomposed moss, pressed and formed by the fingers into a narrow ridge across the shallow or straight edge of the lamp. In this position it absorbs the seal oil which is placed in the vessel, and when lit, burns with a clear, bright flame, free from smoke. The lamp is then made self-feeding by suspending a lump of seal blubber above it, at a height varying according to the amount of light and consequent supply of oil required. This lump melts with the heat of the flame, and drips into the vessel of the lamp, and one lump keeps up the supply for a considerable length of time. The supply of oil, which means the intensity of light, is increased or diminished at will, by lowering or raising the lump of blubber suspended above the flame.

One lamp is usually placed at either side of the entrance in the upper apartment. Both are kept burning brightly the greater part of the long, cold dark days of winter, but during the hours of sleep they are "turned down," that is, the lumps of blubber are hoisted; or sometimes one lamp is extinguished and the other made to burn dimly. These lamps, though chiefly designed to furnish light, also contribute a considerable amount of heat to the gloos. It is often necessary to turn them down to prevent the snow walls from being melted by the heat, though the temperature outside may be 40 or 50 degrees below zero.

Towards spring the snow houses become very damp, and, to prevent the roofs from being melted away, fresh snow has to be added to the outside. Before they are abandoned for the skin tents, they sometimes become so soft that they cave in upon the occupants, and they often cause much sickness in the forms of colds and pneumonia.

The building of an Eskimo igloo is by no means as simple a task as one might suppose. In the writer's first attempt to build even a little one, he grievously failed, and upon the next opportunity, found it interesting to learn the art from the native workmen.

The snow upon the bleak, barren lands is driven and packed hard by the ceaseless winds and gales, which hold high carnival in these regions, and so it is admirably suited for building purposes.

The first thing to be done towards the building of an igloo is the selection of a sheltered site, not in some thick woods, as there are no trees in the Eskimo country, but on the lee

side of some convenient hill—if possible, beside a lake or pond of deep water, which will not freeze to the bottom during the cold winter.

The spot having been chosen, the snow is quarried from it in the form of large blocks, from two to four feet square, and eight or ten inches thick. The snow is thus excavated to within about one foot from the ground; and with this preparation the building is commenced by placing the blocks upon edge in the form of a circle, and closely fitting them together.

As the igloo is to be built in the form of a dome, the walls must all lean inwards toward the centre. It is this peculiarity that bothers the unskilful workmen. The Eskimo overcomes the seeming difficulty, however, in a very simple way, by carrying the walls up in the form of a spiral, so that each succeeding block is supported and held in position by the block previously laid. That is, each block is supported on two edges, or rests in a notch, instead of on a level wall. By this method of construction the walls are rapidly and readily raised, until they are completed by one large crowning block.

The doorway is cut in the wall after the wall is mostly built, but before the roof has been closed in, and then the interior is shaped by excavating, or packing in snow solidly where required. The outer passage way is then built, in such a position as to best resist the influence of the weather.

The cutting of the snow is done with long, thin, ivory blades, neatly made for the purpose, or, sometimes, with long, steel knives or saws, when such can be obtained.

In their workmanship, the Eskimos are very neat. Wood is used for manufacturing purposes when it is available, but all they are able to procure are fragmentary pieces, which have drifted from some far distant shore or from the wreck of some unfortunate whaling vessel. It is from this rough material, and very scanty supply, that they make their sleds, frame their kyacks, make their tent poles, make handles for their spears and harpoons, and make their bows and a hundred other things: and, through



A COAST SCENE.

their untiring perseverance and skill, they manage to produce marvellous results. For example, a paddle is often made of two or three pieces of wood, but these are so neatly joined together, that if it were not for the seal thong lashings, the joints would not be noticeable. The lashings are put on green, or after having been softened in water, and are drawn tightly, so that when they become dry and shrink, they produce strong and very rigid joints.



ESKIMO HUNTERS, CHESTERFIELD INLET.

The processes by which these lashing thongs, and heavy lines for hunting purposes, as well as the small thread for sewing, are manufactured, are very interesting. A heavy harpoon line used in the hunt for securing walrus is made from the skin of the square flipper seal, a large species, about 8 feet long. For such use the skin is not removed from the carcase in the usual way, by cutting it up the belly, but is pulled off without cutting it, as one might pull off a wet stocking. The whole hide is thus preserved in the form of a sack. It is then placed in water, and allowed to remain there for several days, until the thin, outer black skin becomes quite decomposed. This, then, together with the hair, is readily cleaned off, and a clean, white pelt remains. Two men then take it in hand, and with a sharp knife soon convert the sack into one long, even, white line, by commencing at one end, and cutting around and around until at length the other end is reached. One skin in this way will make 300 feet of line. In this condition it is allowed to partially dry, after which it is tightly stretched, and thoroughly dried in the sun. The result obtained is a hard, even, white line, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, but equal in strength to a three-inch Manilla rope.

The writer has seen such a line, when imbedded in the flesh of a walrus at one end, and spiked to the hard ice at the other by a stout iron pin, as well as being tugged at by six men, plough a furrow six inches deep through the ice, bend the spike, and

drag the six men to the edge of the ice, where the tug of war ended, the walrus being victorious and taking the unbreakable line with him into the deep.

Smaller seal thongs, such as are very extensively used as lashings for komiticks, kyacks, handles, etc., are made in much the way described, except that they are made from the hide of smaller seals, and often the process of removing the outer black skin is omitted, and the hair is simply scraped off with a sharp knife or scraper.

Finer lines, such as those used for fishing or for winding whip-stock, and thread for sewing purposes, are made from reindeer sinew; the best is that obtained from along the spine. The sinew from this part of the deer is always saved. It is prepared for use by first drying it, and then rubbing until it becomes quite soft, when it is readily frayed out into fibres, in which condition it is used for fine needle work; but when coarser thread or stout cord is required, these individual fibres are platted together, and with wonderful neatness and rapidity. One woman in a day can make fifty or sixty yards of this cord or thread.

Just here it would be well to note that with the Eskimos, all joints, of whatever kind, are secured by these thongs, they having no nails or screws to supply their place.

In making a sled or Komitick, the cross slats are all secured to the runners by seal thongs. In framing a kyack, the numerous pieces are all lashed together, usually with seal or deer skin, though sometimes, and preferably, with whalebone.

The Eskimo "kyack" or canoe is a peculiar craft. It consists of a light frame, neatly made from all sorts of scraps of wood, and strongly jointed together in the way just referred to. The frame having been completed, it is then covered with green skins, either of seal or deer, dressed as above described, with the hair removed. The skins are joined to each other as they are put on, by double water-tight seams, and are drawn tightly over the frame, so that when they dry they become very hard and as tight as a drum-head.

A full-sized kyack, thus made, is about twenty-two feet long and a foot and a half wide, and a foot deep. As appears, they are completely covered over on the top, excepting the small hole where the paddler sits, so that, though they are extremely cranky crafts in the hands of a novice, they are commonly used, even in very rough water, by an expert. Indeed the Eskimos have an arrangement by which they can travel whilst almost submerged in the water. They have a thin water-proof parchment coat, which they pull on over their heads in rough water. This they place on the outside of the rim at the opening of the kyack and tie securely, so that if the boat were to turn upside down, the water could not rush in.



A LAKE SHORE IN AUGUST.

An Eskimo in his kyack, can travel much faster than two men can paddle an ordinary canoe. The writer has known them to make six miles an hour

in dead water, whereas four miles would be good going for a canoe.

The Koomiack, or Eskimo women's boat, is a flat-bottomed affair of large carrying capacity. Like the kyack, it is a skin-covered frame, the many pieces of which are lashed together with thongs of skin or whale-bone; but instead of being covered on top it is all open, and is of a much broader model, and not so sharp at the ends. It is chiefly used by the women for moving camp from place to place, but is never used in the hunt. It is essentially a freighting craft, whereas the kyack is used only for hunting or quick travel. Koomiacks are often made large enough to carry thirty or forty people. They are propelled by ordinary paddles, not by the long double-bladed ones used with the kyack.



IN THE ESKIMO COUNTRY—A RAPID IN FELZOO RIVER.

The Komitick is a sled of rather peculiar design. It consists simply of two parallel runners, twelve or fourteen feet long, built of wood, and placed about eighteen inches apart, upon the top of which are lashed a number of cross-bars or slats. The runners are shod either with ivory or with mud, the latter answering the purpose exceedingly well. The mud covering is of course put on in a soft state, when it can be easily worked and formed into proper shape. When the mud is on and the surface nicely smoothed off, it is allowed to freeze, and speedily becomes as hard as stone. In order to complete the komitick and put it in good running order, there is one thing yet to be done. The shoeing, whether of mud or of ivory, has to be covered with a thin coating of ice.

In order to do this, the Eskimo overturns his komitick, fills his spacious mouth with water from some convenient source, and then from his lips deposits a fine stream along the runner, where it quickly freezes and forms a smooth, glassy surface.

During the winter season the komitick forms an important factor in the Eskimo life. It is drawn by a team—not of horses, nor even reindeer—but of dogs. The number of animals forming a team varies greatly, sometimes consisting of not more than three good dogs, but at other times, fifteen or more are attached to a single sled.

Each dog is attached to the komitick by a single line, the length of which varies directly as the merits of its owner. Thus the best dog in the team acts as leader, and he has a line twenty or twenty-five feet in length.

In order to control the team, the driver carries a whip of rather extraordinary dimensions. This instrument of torture has a short wooden handle only

about eighteen inches long, but what is lacking in stock is more than made up in lash, for this latter, made of the hide of the square flipper seal, is about thirty feet in length. An Eskimo can handle his whip with great dexterity, being not only able to strike any particular dog in the pack, but any part of its body, and with as much force as the occasion may require.

The writer's first attempt at dog-driving was anything but successful. The experience was gained in January, 1885, on Big Island, Hudson Straits, when one day, having been confined to the house for some time on account of bad weather, which still continued, he determined to take recreation by going out for a drive with his dogs. Accordingly after breakfast, an Eskimo servant was instructed to harness the team, whilst he proceeded to dress himself warmly in deer skins. A few minutes later, both dogs and master were travelling at a break-neck speed down the slope of the land to the harbor ice, but when the ice-foot was reached—being the time of low tide, a perpendicular drop of about thirty feet was met with, and very naturally the dogs declined to go down.

A broken place in the icy wall was, however, found, and after a great deal of exertion on the part of the writer, and a vigorous application of the whip, which more than once lashed his own face, the dogs were all safely landed on the level harbor ice. But here they were exposed to the sweep of a cold north wind, which drove the snow into their faces, and so they positively refused to go. The writer, however, having set his mind on crossing the island toward the north, endeavored in every conceivable way to urge on his balky steeds, but unfortunately, being a novice at dog-driving and in the use of the Eskimo whip, he was forced, after two hours of desperate exertion, to acknowledge defeat, for then the stubborn animals breaking away, made a successful run, until they were again stopped by the perpendicular wall of the ice-foot.

When the writer came up to his runaways, he did not attempt to again shape courses, but assisted them up to the icy precipice, and let them go, having obtained quite as much recreation from the drive as he had hoped for.

In later attempts at the Eskimo mode of winter travel, he has been more successful, and has enjoyed many a komitick drive over a snowy wilderness. Some months later, in company with a party of Eskimos, he undertook to make a sled journey to a native village about twenty-five miles to the northward of Big Island.

The days were still short, so that an early start was not convenient, but about 10 o'clock in the morning the fifteen dogs constituting the team were harnessed, and the party was ready to start. The day was fine and the snow hard and in good condition for travelling, so that at the first crack of the driver's whip the dogs bounded forward, and sped away down the slope of the land, to the icy plain of the harbor.

The writer did not act as driver on this occasion, but preferred to roll up in deer skins, and allow an Eskimo expert to wield the whip and guide the team. For several hours the road chosen led across frozen lakes and icy plains, and all went merrily on. About one o'clock, a halt for lunch was made upon a small lake.



A SLEEPING BAG.

By means of an Eskimo ice chisel, a hole was soon made through the heavy ice of the lake, and water obtained. The kettle was not filled, however, and put on to boil, for the

very good reasons that they neither had the kettle nor the wherewith to boil it; but, both Eskimos and dogs quenched their thirst together at the waterhole, and then the former sat about upon the snow, and enjoyed a hearty lunch of raw venison. The writer did not join in the common mess, but preferred to stick to the old custom of lunching on cooked meat sandwiches,



MR. TYRRELL RUNNING A RAPID IN FELZOO RIVER.

though they were frozen so hard as to crack like glass. Whilst lunch was being disposed of, the komitick was overturned, and the shoeing examined. It was found to be worn and broken. By means of a knife carried for the purpose, the damaged glazing was quickly scraped off. Two men then went to the water-hole, filled their mouths to their utmost capacity with the icy fluid, returned to the sled, and deposited the water along the ivory shoeing, where it quickly froze, and formed a new glassy surface on the runners.

This done, the sled was righted, the dogs' tow-lines or traces were untangled, and a fresh start was made. In order to speed the team, one man frequently ran ahead and acted as guide. The driver, who usually trots along beside or behind the dogs, was at his post administering gentle (?) reminders to any tardy animals. The writer, as before, was comfortably rolled up in deer skins, and seated on the sled, whilst the remainder of the party trotted along behind. All went pleasantly for about fifteen miles of the journey; but beyond that the road lay across a frozen strait, where much of the heavy ice was broken, and rafted into piles by the force of the great tidal currents. Travelling now became very slow and tedious, and to make matters worse, it was already becoming dark. As the party pushed on, the road became rougher, and soon the darkness became so intense that neither dogs nor drivers could see the way. The night was cold—the mercury standing at thirty-eight below zero—but fortunately there was little wind, and the sky was clear and starry. This latter fact enabled the travellers to struggle on in a general course toward their destination, but the chaotic character of the ice was such that most of the time the team had more than they could manage to drag the empty sled, and the men, between trying to help the poor animals through, and in getting along themselves, would, every few steps, either stumble up against a great pile of ice, or nearly break their necks by falling over a little precipice. The idea of getting out into level country before daylight seemed hopeless, and the writer advised remaining on the ice until morning, for, after several hours of thus struggling along in the darkness, he was pretty well used up. The natives, however, better realizing the danger of such a move, determined to push on as long as it was possible to do so; and the wisdom of their judgment was, moreover, soon made manifest when, to the great delight of all, some distance ahead, a faint light was observed. This, it was known, came from an ice window of the Eskimo village. The light was a very dim one when first seen, but it carried bright cheer to the wearied spirits of those who gazed upon it, for by this time the whole party had become almost exhausted. Their guiding star soon became brighter, and

ere long the writer and his companions were seated beside it with kind friends, who were delighted to receive them, and invited them to join in disposing of a haunch of venison (raw, of course).

The lodge into which we were received was the snow igloo of an Eskimo named Cow-hood-loo. It was a type of all other similar dwellings, and built and furnished as already described.

Three dwellings—those of Cow-hood-loo, Ug-due-ag-due, and She-o-ta-pee, made use of the same approach, and were thus connected through the innermost small dome.

The writer, however, took little notice of his environments during this first night passed in an igloo, but was satisfied to roll up in his deer skin robes and await the morrow.

Before going to sleep, however, an interesting little incident, which was afterwards observed to be an Eskimo custom, was noted.

Before lying down to sleep, the head of the family, in a kneeling position, muttered a prayer. This was also repeated in the morning the first thing upon waking, and to the writer it was a very impressive sight to see these poor pagans thus, in their darkness, feeling after the light of truth.

A curious Eskimo practice was observed at this time: it was that followed by the women, of daily chewing the boots of the household.

As already intimated, the Eskimo boots or moccasins are made of oil-tanned seal or deer skins The hair is always removed from the skin, of which the foot of the moccasins is made, but not always from that forming the leg. However, the point is this, that these moccasins, after having been wet and dried again, become very hard, and the most convenient or most effective, or possibly the most agreeable, way of softening them, seems to be by chewing. Whatever may be the reason for adopting the method, the fact is, that nearly every morning the native women soften most beautifully the shoes of the family by chewing them. What to us would seem the disagreeable part of this operation cannot be thoroughly understood by one who has not some idea of the flavor of a genuine old Eskimo shoe.

After remaining at the Eskimo village for a day or two, the return trip was made. The only point, however, worth noting in this connection is that nearly the whole village turned out as an escort; the event of the visit of a white man being so wonderful.

The escort was not only composed of men and women, old and young, but also of little children, several of whom could not have been more than five or six years old; and it was marvellous to see the powers of endurance of these little creatures, for they travelled, along with the rest of the party, the whole distance of twenty-five miles, having no other object in view than of seeing the white stranger.

The Shin-ig-bee, or Eskimo sleeping bag, is an article essential to the comfort of the traveller when making long overland journeys during the cold winter season.

It consists of a long oval waterproof skin bag, lined with another of similar shape, made of soft, but heavy winter deer skins. The opening is



OOMIACK.

not at the top, but is near it, across one side; this is made with a flap and buttons, so that it can be closed up as closely as desired.

When the traveller is provided with this kind of a bed, he does not trouble himself to make a snow lodge for the night, as without it he would have to do, but he simply crawls into his "shin-ig-bee," buttons up the door-

way on the windward side, and goes to sleep, no matter what the weather or temperature may be. With the mercury standing at 40° below zero, a man may in this way sleep, warm and comfortable, without any fire, out upon the bleak, frozen plains.

Deer hunting with the Eskimos, is perhaps their most desirable and fruitful occupation. In some districts, seal and other animals are extensively hunted, but the Rein-deer is the universal stand-by. It is hunted with the bow and arrow, and also with the spear, as well as with guns when such arms can be obtained.



ESKIMOS AT HEAD OF CHESTERFIELD INLET.

Having already stated that the only wood obtainable by the Eskimos is broken fragments of driftwood—the question naturally presents itself: "Where do they get suitable material from which to make bows?" Well; the answer is, that they do not get suitable material for making such bows as are ordinarily used, but their ingenuity comes to the rescue, and designs a composite bow, which answers the purpose equally well. This implement of the chase is, in the first place, constructed either of pieces of wood or of horn neatly joined together; but of themselves these materials would form a weapon of very little value. In order to give it strength and elasticity, a stout platted sinew cord is stretched from end to end around the convexity of the bow, and this is twisted until it is brought to the required tension. By this mode of construction, when the bow is drawn, the wood or horn is only subjected to a compressive strain, whilst the sinew thong takes up the tension.

Thus very powerful bows are made, though of rough materials; but in order to use them with effect in killing deer the sagacity of the hunter is often severely tested, for it is not as in a wooded country, where there is cover behind which to hide or creep up upon the prey. Of course the hunter's first precaution is to keep the deer to windward of him, for the moment they catch the scent of an enemy they are off; but to get within range of the wary animals, upon the open plains, or rocky barrens, is often a difficult matter. A common way of working, when several hunters are together, is for some to take up positions in concealment, whilst the others drive the deer their way, causing them to pass within range of the deadly shafts. At a moderate distance, an Eskimo, with his ingeniously constructed bow, can drive an arrow its full length into a deer.

In a hilly, rocky district, it is quite possible to creep upon a band, but upon the open plains it is very difficult to do so.

Occasionally, vast herds of deer, numbering many, many thousands, are met with, and at such times their great numbers appear to give them confidence; then the hunter has no trouble in approaching them, but may go up and kill as many as he desires, either with bow and arrow, or with a spear.

The spear, however, is chiefly used for killing deer in the water. At certain seasons of the year, when travelling north or south, the deer cross streams, rivers, or lakes in great numbers, and these crossings are always effected year after year in the same place. The hunter, knowing their habits, lies in waiting at the crossings, and often from his kyack spears great numbers, as they are swimming past.

When more deer are killed than are required for immediate use, the carcases are "cached," that is, they are covered over by piles of stones to preserve them from wolves and foxes, and the place of their burial is marked so that during the next winter and spring, if food becomes scarce, these meat stores may be resorted to. When required, the meat thus stored is often quite blue or decomposed, but it has to be pretty bad when a hungry Eskimo will not eat it.

(To be continued.)



SUN WORSHIP.

Steadfast the Sun steers through the awful void;
Steadfast the Earth wheels in her mighty place;
Only we mortals lag and are annoyed
That the Gods march not with our stumbling pace.

What are our follies, what are all our fears,
Our deep despair, or that bright hope that buoys;
What all the raptures, all the bitter tears—
What but the child's adventures with his toys?

Comrades that waver, lo! the All-Shining One
Loves the least lucent of His starry line;
He knows His course, and ours is but to run
Sure in the circle His just laws assign.

The love of law is our true law of love:
In this rich concord Life Divine is won;
Our fainter octave thrills to that above,
And wakes the silent Wisdom of the Sun.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

LITTLE MAID MARIAN.

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

WILL they ever forget that night? It was in March, 1867, and landsmen as well as the "toilers of the deep," who were so unfortunate as to have to brave the elements, will probably carry the recollection to their dying day.

Old Michael Bett, the light-keeper at the Cove, as he went up to trim the lamps, was more than once startled by several huge gulls being driven with terrific force against the thick plate glass sides of the lantern; and on one occasion a pane was shivered to atoms and all the lights blown out.

Here was a calamity, terrible and unforeseen, that only occurred once before, and that a long time ago. While the break remained it was simply impossible to relight the lamp, and to repair it required time. Two hours or more were the men engaged with feverish haste in replacing the broken plate. They knew full well that it meant life or death to hundreds of human beings, whose only safety lay in the sight of that bright beacon aloft, and without which, the skilful mariner, with all his knowledge of navigation, would inevitably find himself at fault.

The rock on which the Cove light stood was one of a series dreaded by every sailor who neared its vicinity. It was difficult enough to make an offing with that guiding star before them: but its absence was an unlooked-for contingency, well fitted to cause consternation among the crew of any vessel, for even a British sailor, with his vivid imagination and host of superstitious fancies, can become "rattled," as the saying goes, at times, and lose his head.

That the crew of the S.S. *Levantic*, became thus hopelessly demoralized on seeing the Cove light suddenly disappear, will never be *admitted;* but certain it is, that in less than half an hour after the light went out, the noble ship—an East Indiaman—within but a few hours of her destination, struck the much dreaded reef, and became a total wreck.

Out of the twelve hundred odd passengers, fifty-two found a watery grave, despite the prompt assistance rendered by the boats.

Twenty-five years before, just such another catastrophe had occurred at the Cove light: with perhaps a lesser loss. Human invention and human skill, however, had not made much headway in the intervening years, and the system of illumination was much the same up to the time of this fearful night.

Although all those saved from the wreck received the utmost care and attention from the simple fisher-folk of the little sea-coast village, interest became centred in one of the unfortunates—a little baby girl—a beautiful little creature, with golden hair and blue eyes, who, as she lay peacefully in the arms of the homely but tender-hearted fisher-woman, whose tears flowed fast as she almost smothered the little stranger with kisses, looked up in her face with the utmost confidence, and crowed gleefully.

"Poor little darlin'; an' to think her mother, an' all her folks is drowned, an' her left all alone on this wicked earth:" and again the poor woman, who had lost her own darling a few weeks before, kissed the dimpled cheek, and then dismissing everyone else from the humble apartment, proceeded to rock the tiny castaway to sleep.

She had been brought ashore by one of the gentlemen passengers, into

whose hands she had been placed by the mother. Being one of the few who retained any coherent recollection of the terrible time, this gentleman remembered that the child's mother was one of those who were placed in the fatal boat, which swamped almost when or even before it touched the water. It was the same old story. The running gear of the davits was out of order and refused to work, the consequence being that one end of the boat dropped into the water, while the other remained suspended in mid-air. It is unnecessary to depict the result; suffice it to say that Hal Merrivane had been about to hand down the baby when the catastrophe occurred. Fortunately or unfortunately, as opinion may dictate, the little one was spared from sharing the cruel fate of her mother. A woman's scream was heard, then the merciless waters closed over the heads of the doomed ones and their voices were hushed forever.

A knock came to the fisherman's door.

"May I come in? How is the little one progressing?"

It was Mr. Merrivane who spoke.

"Yes, sir," answered the neat little daughter of the house. "Mother has gotten her to sleep, an' she do look so sweet an' pretty, sir."

Bending his tall frame to suit the requirements of the somewhat undersized door, Hal Merrivane entered the humble abode, and was shown into the back parlor, where, in the same cradle which, a short time before, had been sprinkled with a mother's tears, lay the little waif sleeping peacefully, and with a smile on the cherry lips, as she communed with the angels—mayhap with the mother, who, lost to her on earth, smiled benignly down upon her from the glorious realms above.

As the young man stood and looked at the little one resting there in all the trusting faith and purity of sweet and innocent babyhood, all oblivious of the terrible loss she had sustained, the tears, unbidden and unheeded, slowly coursed down his handsome cheeks, and then and there Hal Merrivane—the man about town—the pet of metropolitan society, and habitué of fashionable London clubs—made a solemn vow before Heaven that this child should never want for anything as long as he possessed the power to shelter and protect her.

Few men would have accepted such a responsibility unasked, and fewer still had they possessed the enviable position and prospects of Mr. Haldane Merrivane, for 'tis the poor, as a rule, who possess the essence of true charity and nobility, and give evidence, under a species of moral dissection, that they do not lack both heart and soul, as, alas! too many of their plutocratic brethren do. Mr. Hal Merrivane, however, was one of those who generally turn up among the hearty and soulful minority, and gloried in being original, and not altogether like every other man you meet.

He had long since realized that this world is not overburdened with thoughtful people, and charity generally displays itself in sundry philanthropic movements for the benefit of unknown heathen in unknown lands, with unpronounceable names, rather than in alleviating the sorrow and wretchedness of our next door neighbor.

However, before leaving the house to go to his hotel, Hal Merrivane intimated to the simple fisher-folk that he had decided to adopt the little waif until such time as she was claimed by her relatives, if relatives she possessed, and he made a further proposition that the neat little daughter of the house should accompany him up to London, and take charge of the baby girl until he could provide a proper nurse for her. To both proposals the fisherman and his wife gave a willing and ready assent, though it was hard to part with one who would, in time, have taken the place of their own lost darling.

Common sense gained the mastery, however, for they could not help but see that this fine gentleman, who lived up in "Lunnon," could do more for the motherless babe than their cramped resources would ever permit of. So they bowed their heads to the inevitable, and strove to look upon the cheery side of the matter. Thus it was settled.

As Merrivane left the cottage, almost the first object that caught his eye was the lighthouse, the lantern of which was in a glory of luminous brilliancy, casting afar over the darkening waters a rippling silvery path —star of hope to ocean toilers.

"Ah, false light! Had thou done thy duty yesternight, eternity would not now have claimed the soul of that loved one! And you, mischievous winds and cruel, cruel waves! What grief and keenest anguish have you caused since first the world began—but such is life!"

Musing thus, Hal Merrivane tumbled into bed, and slept the sleep of a man with a conscience, and in the morning whistled cheerily as he dressed. What cared he for the bandinage and chaff of club acquaintances! The thought never occurred to him for a moment; or, if it did, never troubled him in the least.

Merrivane was too popular a man to be subjected to such, if it was seen that he resented it; and resent it he most assuredly would, and in a manner that would place a wholesome check on further liberties of the kind.

Arriving at the station, he found Hester and her charge, accompanied by the old people, already awaiting him. Leave-takings were said; the wee protégé was almost smothered to death with kisses, and then "Mr. Merrivane, child, and nurse,"—Hal fancied with a smile he heard Jack Corrigan speak thus of him to an amused coterie of kindred spirits—found themselves flying through the country, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, with the great metropolis as their goal.

Arriving in London, Merrivane at once placed his charge in a quiet home, where she would be well looked after until he had completed his arrangements, and then, giving Hester, for her trouble, more money than the poor girl had ever set eyes on before, or ever hoped to again, he actually kissed her good-bye, and sent her back to the Cove.

Then, by way of making a beginning, Hal Merrivane dropped into the Metropolitan Club, and not only surprised his friends at his return from India, but dropped a thunderbolt into the midst of the Club's most astonished members by informing them that he was going to give up lodgings, and take a house, a housekeeper, a nurse, and an adopted baby.

This announcement was received with shouts of incredulous laughter, in which Hal himself joined heartily; but, quieting down he told them of the accident at the lighthouse, causing the total loss of the *Levantic*: of the scenes of horror which he, as a passenger, had witnessed; of the sweet little baby-girl, whose mother lay beneath the cruel blue waves, who was alone and friendless, and would probably drift to "the Lord knows where," if he had not come to her rescue, and made a vow to protect and cherish her.

"I became acquainted with the little one's mother on shipboard," he explained, "and had opportunities of forming a very high opinion of her character—in fact she was a dear little woman, young and extremely beautiful, and so fond of that blessed baby.

"Knowing her as I did, and also that her husband had lately been carried off by jungle fever, how could I desert her child—leave it to the tender mercies of an uncertain existence—it would have been simply brutal.

"Her name was Mrs. Rennie, and she called the baby Marian—for the knowledge of which last I am ex-

tremely thankful, as it will save me the horrible task of hunting through a florist's guide for a name—but who or what her husband was, or why she was on her way home to England, she did not tell me, and as mention of her private affairs seemed painful to her, I did not press her to enlighten me.

"I can discover no trace of relatives in this country, and can now only await a reply from my brother, at whose place in the Dar-Jeeling tea district I have been visiting."

As Merrivane spoke of the dead girl, and her little baby, whom he had made a vow to protect and watch over, his voice became lowered and softened, while a deep hush fell upon his auditors.

When he had finished, Jack Corrigan, at first the most highly amused of the lot, turned away his head, and then stepping quickly forward grasped the young man's hand in a warm clasp.

"Merrivane, old man! you're a brick. There's not one fellow in a hundred would have acted as you have done in this matter, and I venture to assume every man in this room honors you for the sacrifice."

"There's no sacrifice about it, Corrigan, I assure you, for I've already taken quite a fancy to the little kid;" and followed by a shout of hearty laughter, Hal made his escape to attend to much neglected private business of his own.

Next day the house was secured, and two weeks later, after many alterations and improvements had taken place, it was declared ready for occupancy; but in the meantime Hal Merrivane received a telegram from the Cove which read :—

Some bodies have been washed ashore. Come at once.

Michael Belt.

Hurrying down to the little fishing village, Hal had little difficulty in identifying the body of the dead woman he sought for. He fancied she looked far more peaceful in death than she had ever done as he had seen her in life, and doubted not that she was happy and at rest for all time.

Sadly he covered the dead face, and ordered the body to be prepared for burial and sent to the station in time to catch the 5 p.m. train.

The only memento or clue to the discovery of possible relatives found was a plain gold locket in which were miniatures of Mrs. Rennie and, presumably, her husband, and on the back of it were the initials L. H., while something about the right-hand miniature drew Hal's attention.

It was the fact that the gentleman it represented wore the uniform of an officer of Her Majesty's army. This was a discovery which might lead to something, and he would follow it up when he went back to London.

Then Hal placed the souvenirs in his pocket-book, and slowly retraced his steps to the station.

He did not at once go back to London; but took a ticket for a pretty little Kentish village, in the quiet church-yard of which the dead girl was gently laid to rest under the same greensward that covered his own father and mother. Then, leaving instructions that the graves should have better attention, he hurried back to London, and the new house, where the nurse and the housekeeper had every thing spick and span, and a tempting supper laid out for him in the library, in expectation of his return.

Marian, as he had heard Mrs. Rennie call the child, or Little Maid Marian, as he always called her afterwards himself, was brought in for inspection, and crowed gleefully as she stretched out her tiny arms towards him.

How the young man's face lighted up as he beheld her, and how he hugged the little one and kissed her when no one was looking, for, to tell the honest truth, Mr. Haldane Merrivane had, up to this time, been rather afraid of babies, and fought shy of

them on all occasions. Once he had described to a laughing circle of friends how Harley Merry's wife had entrapped him into going to see their new baby; how "her flabby majesty" was poked into his face for admiration, and put through a regular drill for his edification. "Clap oo hands"—"slap the baby"—say "ta-ta"—"say 'Good day, Uncle Hal.'"—"why, Hal, I believe the little darling really did say it," declared the proud and happy mother. "No, not quite," ventured her husband, "she was only choking over that piece of meat I gave her."

"Meat! MEAT! Mercy! gracious! Do you mean to tell me, Harley Merry, that you gave meat to that baby—Meat! to a baby only five months old. Mr. Merry!—Mister Merry! I actually believe you have lost what little common sense you ever possessed."

"Then," continued Hal, "there followed a lengthy period of back-slapping to bring up that meat, accompanied by unearthly howls like unto the voices of a thousand Thomas-cats on the back fence, while Harley and I beat a hasty and discomfited retreat to the smoking room—Harley, to escape further abuse, and I, because I had taken a sudden dislike to the little imp."

As Hal sat there now in the library tossing Little Maid Marian into the air and catching her in his big, strong arms, while she chuckled and crowed shrilly with delight, he thought of that other time, and smiled to himself. Then he held her still in his arms and talked to her in this wise, the big blue eyes regarding him gravely the while:—

"Little Maid Marian isn't flabby, is she? And me won't let Flora give her any meat until she is a great big girl. Oh, you little witch! how I wish you were my very-very own, then I would never lose you; but now, some fine day my Little Maid Marian will be claimed and will go away and leave me, and forget me altogether," and as he said it, Hal really looked alarmed, and hugged the little one closer. Poor old Hal, as yet, his heart was fancy free. He had never, up to the present time, possessed more than a passing fancy for any woman, and had often declared that they were all fickle and knew not the meaning of love.

And now, somehow, this little creature, neither kith nor kin to him, was entwining herself about his heart, and making him forget self and every other consideration but his desire to minister to the happiness of his little protégé

Her beauty seemed to increase as she grew older, and those blue eyes, so often full of mischief, anon grave and wistful, were indeed the "windows of her soul," and told more than many words.

Next day, Hal, through the good offices of an influential friend, paid a visit to the Horse Guards, and also consulted the Army List, and from both sources he learned that there had been a Captain Rennie in a line regiment stationed at Bombay; but the satisfaction this information occasioned was somewhat modified when he was further informed that the said Captain still lived—was very much alive in fact, having lately distinguished himself with honor in several raids against Dacoits.

Here was an unlooked-for contingency. The man whom Mrs. Rennie had informed him had died of jungle fever a short time before she left India, was still alive. Could he credit such information? Could he believe that that sweet woman, whom he had made up his mind was the very essence of truth itself, lied to him? No! No! he could not believe it—he would not believe it—he would write again to his brother and find out that there was some horrible mistake. The thought that the Mrs. Rennie whom he met on shipboard could be capable of such deception seemed sacrilege, and he immediately banished it from his mind as unworthy of him.

The second letter to India was written, and in due time came the reply, which, although calculated to mystify him still further, relieved Hal's mind somewhat. The Captain Rennie formerly stationed at Bombay—now at Lucknow—had a wife living, whom he married twenty years before. This settled the matter. He was not the man wanted, evidently.

Another visit to the Horse Guards, and another dip into the Army List. No, there was no other officer of that name in India, either at the present time or previous to the foundering of the *Levantic*. Further research only resulted in failure, and Hal Merrivane at last came to the conclusion that a romance of some sort was connected with Mrs. Rennie's life; but that it was perfectly honorable, he never doubted for an instant, and as to the solution of the mystery, he felt that he had done all that mortal man could do. Time alone could solve what now seemed inexplicable.

Five years quickly passed away—five happy years for Hal Merrivane and his little charge. And Little Maid Marian grew and blossomed, and became a thing of beauty, with every indication of being a joy forever.

Nurse Nora had gone away and got married, and her place was now filled by Miss Horncastle, the governess, and Miss Horncastle said she had never had a more apt pupil than Little Maid Marian—nor a more beautiful one. Marian was but a baby still; but she was quick as a steel trap. Learning the alphabet was simply play to her, and the quick gradations from C-A-T, and the First Book, to "Alice in Wonderland," were a source of wonder to her teacher and her guardian, and of triumph to herself.

From the time when she first began to lisp, her guardian never permitted Marian to call him anything but "Hal," which, later on, she herself altered to "Guardy." When Mrs. Mivens, the housekeeper, and Nurse Nora were once caught industriously trying to teach her to say "Papa," Hal frowned upon the innocent domestics and said:

"I am not her father, and do not wish her to know me as such. To Marian, I am simply 'Hal' or if she prefers it, 'Guardy.' Please remember this in future," and they did remember it and ofttimes marvelled thereat.

"Hal, dear!"—How funny it sounded coming from the little tot to the strong man, as she sprang into his outstretched arms one day when he arrived home earlier than usual from the city!

"Hal, dear, Miss Horncastle says you are going to send me away into the country. Are you? because if you are, I don't want to go—unless—unless you go too, Guardy."

"Yes, darling, I must do something to bring back the roses to your pretty cheeks. I am going to send you to a pretty place in the country, among the green fields and the buttercups and daisies, where you will have a cow, and chickens, and—a pony, and fresh milk, fresh eggs, fresh air, and fresh rosy cheeks all the time. Won't that be lovely?"

Little Maid Marian's eyes fairly danced with glee at this picture of Arcadian bliss. She had never, dear little soul, been out of the great city before, and Hal had often reproached himself for his neglect, until now a favorable opportunity presenting itself for the purchase of a small but exceedingly lovely little place very near his own native village down in Kent, he gladly secured it—for Little Maid Marian's sake.

In answer to his question, Marian appeared glad at first; but the expression gradually changed, and as she looked gravely up in his face the tears came into her blue eyes.

"It would be lovely, Guardy, if you were there, too; but without you, I would cry all the time, and then I—would die," and the eyes grew big and round with conviction. "Ha! ha! ha! So you would die if I stayed here in London, and worked hard to

pay for the cow, the chickens and the pony, would you, Little Maid?"

"I don't want the cow, and I won't have the chickens, and I don't like you—you're a nasty man—to send me away—all—by—myself," and jumping down from his knee, she ran out of the room, sobbing as if her little heart would break, and poured her woes into the willing ears of Mrs. Mivens in the kitchen.

Hal laughed softly to himself. He had become accustomed somewhat to similar little ebullitions of feeling, and made no attempt to bring her back. "She will soon return to make friends again," he thought; nor was he mistaken, for in less than fifteen minutes there was a pattering along the hall, followed by a timid knock at the library door, while a small voice said very softly and contritely:—

"Guardy, dear, may I come in?"

"Yes!"

His voice was gruff and unforgiving, and he held a big newspaper before his face.

The door slowly opened and a little form entered hesitatingly, and a chubby little hand was placed timidly on his knee.

"Guardy, I'm sorry."

No answer.

"Guardy, I AM sorry."

Still no response.

"Hal, dear, don't be angry with me, for I love you—I always love you, and was only pretending that I didn't, just now—Guardy!"

There were tears in the voice again. No man could withstand that, so the paper was thrown aside, and the big, strong arms were about her again, and they were friends once more.

"I'll go to the country, Guardy, and I'll milk the cow, and feed the chickens, and ride the pony, and drink milk, and pick flowers, and try to forget you, Guardy, and be—mis—er—able all—the—time, if you want—me—to."

"Forget me, my darling—I hope not. Why, I am going to visit you every day, and spend one whole day every week with you, I promise."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright! I swear it."

"No, don't swear, Miss Horncastle says it isn't nice. Oh! won't that be lovely—splendid—grand! And I've been so naughty, Guardy, to go and think you would leave me down there all alone."

"It will be splendid, and to-morrow we will all go down to Rosedale, and take possession."

And so they did.

Amid the beauties of her new country home, Maid Marian thrived and blossomed, and regained the lost roses in her pretty cheeks. Like her namesake of old, she would wander for hours amid the sylvan beauties of the neighboring Grange Woods, and picture to herself the snow-white wings, the shining diadems, and silvery wands of the fairies round their fairy ring beneath some stately oak, and sometimes she would go and weave garlands beside her mother's grave, or take long rides all over the country on her pony.

The cow, the chickens, and the flower beds, also claimed a share of her attention, and thus happy and contented, nearly ten years glided by over the head of Little Maid Marian, and her guardian had long since given up his business in the city, or left it to the hands of trusted agents, and settled down at Rosedale with her.

Hal called her Marian now, for was she not seventeen, anything but "little!" Her exquisite figure, and shapely, gold-crowned head, her beautiful face in all its radiant beauty of budding womanhood, her sweet, high-spirited nature—all were attributes well calculated to turn any man's head. Is it wonder, therefore, that Hal—Mr. Haldane Merrivane, bachelor, though nearing middle-age, should begin to feel troubled in his mind as he contemplated his girlish protégé, and felt forced to admit to himself that

she was the fairest object he had ever gazed upon.

In spite of himself, Hal was awakening to a new love, and it was this discovery which troubled him greatly. He knew Marian loved him; but he also knew that it was but the love of a grateful and dutiful child toward a kind and fostering parent. She would laugh at him if she knew, or at least would only pity him, and perhaps throw herself away upon him. No! No! No! Not if he knew it. He could never be so base as to allow such a sacrifice.

Then there was young Courtly, who was staying with Sir George Hemmingford at the Grange, near by. Marian and he were great friends, and a warmer attachment might be the result. Charlie Courtly was only a distant relative of Sir George, but Dame Rumor had it that he was to be the baronet's heir, and was, moreover, a gentleman. What better match could be found for Marian? "Oh, Marian! Marian! After all these years, now, when I most need thee, must I part with thee forever?"

More than fifteen years had passed since that awful night when the *Levantic* foundered on the Cove Reef, and Hal Merrivane had reached the shore safely with a baby-girl clasped tightly in his arms; and in all that time, despite his efforts to learn something, not the slightest clue had turned up to the finding of either relatives or friends of the dead woman who slept peacefully in the little Kentish churchyard.

And now Captain Englewood, a friend of Jack Merrivane, Hal's brother in India, was about to pay the latter a visit at Rosedale, and expectation was at its height —at least as far as Marian was concerned, for was he not an officer in an Indian regiment, as her own father had been, and might, perhaps, be able to tell her something of a parent whom she had never known?

But when Captain Englewood came, and heard Hal.'s story, he at first only shook his head, for he had been in India only six years; but, on second thoughts, he recalled an officer who had been in Bombay in '67, and was a pensioner, living in London at the present time. He would interview him on the subject.

Then Hal showed the Captain a miniature of Marian's father and mother in the little gold locket. He did not recognize the face of either; but he recognized something else—something which not only interested him greatly, but caused him no little excitement.

"Why, by Jove! This man wears the uniform of my own regiment. I must see Orton about this at once. He will be sure to be able to throw some light upon the subject;" and that very day Captain Englewood went up to London.

In the meantime, invitations had been issued for a ball at Sir George Hemmingford's, in honor of the coming of age of his kinsman, Mr. Charles Courtly; and two of the dainty missives reached Rosedale. One was for Mr. Haldane Merrivane and Miss Rennie—the other for Captain Elford Englewood. It is, perhaps, needless to say both were accepted, and it may be stated further that this was to be Marian's "coming out."

It is, perhaps, strange that Sir George Hemmingford had never seen Marian to know her, although they had been close neighbors for so long; but then the baronet had for years been a solitary man—self-contained, and absent-minded—his pre-occupation probably preventing him from ever noticing her, whilst she, having often passed him in her solitary rides, knew every lineament of the old man's face.

Hal's frequent absence in the city had also prevented a closer intimacy with the neighboring families, and up to the present, Marian, at least, had never been inside the Grange Mansion, although she had often wandered

through the outlying woods belonging to the estate. And so it was.

The ball at the Grange was on the same night that Captain Englewood had wired Hal he would return from London. Marian knew not on what mission he had gone; but Hal did, and was anxious in consequence.

However, the Captain not turning up at ten o'clock, Hal decided to wait no longer, so he and his fair protégé were driven over alone.

I will not endeavor to describe the blaze of light; the array of youth and beauty congregated within the grand old walls; the voluptuous music, as the strains from the band rose and fell like the waves upon a moon-lit shore —now a perfect swell of mighty harmony—anon dying away in a faint rythmic murmur. Oh, Music! Music!

Thou carriest me into another and mysterious clime—
The realms of the beautiful—the art divine,
Where melody and harmony entwine
In grand ensemble and delicate refrain.
With eager ears I seek to catch the strain.

Such were Marian's thoughts, as she sat for a few moments by herself in the conservatory, listening dreamily to the band's rendering of a new and exquisite waltz. Charlie Courtly had gone to bring her an ice, and she expected him back every moment.

On with the dance!
Let joy be unconfined."

"Ah, Merrivane! Is that you? I have been hunting high and low for you. I want you to introduce me to that interesting protégé of yours, whom Charlie simply raves about. As yet, I have never seen her, strange to say."

"It was for that very purpose I was looking for you, Sir George," replied Hal. "Marian has seen you many times in her wild harum-scarum rides through the country, and has chided me for my oversight. I think I saw her in the conservatory just now with young Courtly."

"Ah! with Charles, eh! I'll be bound the young rascal has long ago found the prettiest girl in the house, and is monopolizing her as usual."

Marian had left her seat, and was standing under the full light of the gasoliers in all the glory of her radiant beauty, whilst a quartette of young cadets hovered round in homage to the acknowledged belle of the evening, whose history and antecedents jealous mammas with certain and sundry marriageable daughters, were cosily engaged in raking to the surface.

"A mere nobody, dear Lady Betty" —does not even know who her parents were, my dear,"—"How shocking!" "I shall forbid the Lady Angela and the Lady Sophia calling upon the creature," etc., etc.

Such is the way charitably disposed mammas, who are overburdened with marriageable daughters — daughters, which some very, very mean persons might say were *in extremis*, quite regular enough, and gotten up with an all sufficiency of ill-taste, coupled with ill-breeding, to render them fit devotees to the shrine of the goddess of old maids.

"Pardon me, Marian; but you have not yet met Sir George Hemmingford. —Sir George,—Miss Marian Rennie —Pardon me, Sir, are you ill?"

"Who is this? My God! It cannot be! Louise! Louise! Is it thee come back to me from the dead to reproach me—me your father, who has never forgiven or done reproaching himself? No! no! It cannot be, and yet, how like her who is dead and gone!"

The old man's face was livid as he looked with wildly staring eyes at the girl before him.

Merrivane's heart beat fast as he heard these wild words. Was the secret of Mrs. Rennie's identity to be revealed at last.

The dancing in the vicinity of the group ceased, and there was a deep hush, when a gentleman, dressed in the uniform of Her Majesty's 48th, suddenly pushed his way through the

crowd which pressed around in idle curiosity, and whispered something in Sir George's ear, at the same time beckoning Merrivane and and his now thoroughly frightened protégé to follow him into an adjoining ante-room.

Passing his hands before his eyes as if to satisfy himself that he was wide awake, Sir George Hemmingford followed like one in a dream, and the door closed behind the four, or rather five, for young Courtly stayed closely at Marian's side, and looked in her face with tender questioning solicitude, as her guardian led her from the ball-room.

"Sir George," said Captain Englewood (for it was he), "my friend Merrivane only yesterday related to me the facts connected with Miss Marian's history (here he bowed low to the young girl); how he was a passenger on board the steamship *Levantic* the night she foundered, and saved the little baby-girl from sharing the same cruel fate as her mother.

"This lady called herself Mrs. Rennie, and on her person was found a little gold locket, in which were miniatures of herself and husband. These pictures, especially the right hand one, interested me greatly. It represents an officer in the uniform of the 48th Foot—my own regiment.

"As I had been in India only six years, I did not know the gentleman, who, I understand, died of jungle fever in 1867—also the year of the wreck.

"Knowing that a retired officer of our regiment who had been in India at that time, would be sure to throw some light on the mystery, I hurried to London yesterday, and hunted him up.

"Colonel Orton recognized the faces at once. The right hand one was that of Captain Marion Adair of the 48th, and the other—not Mrs. Rennie, but his wife, and your daughter—Louise Hemmingford!"

"Oh, Heaven! Can this be true?" moaned the old man, as he covered his face with his hands.

"There is no doubt of it, Sir George. Colonel Orton told me the whole facts, as far as he knew them. When your daughter secretly married Adair, who was a comparatively poor man, in your anger you—you cast her out from you—forever."

"I did! I did! May Heaven forgive me! And try as hard as I might to afterwards trace her whereabouts, my daughter's fate has been a sealed mystery to me till now."

"Colonel Orton," continued Englewood, "tells me that on the death of her husband, Mrs. Adair, with her baby, left India, it was presumed, for England, and he remembers perfectly that he wished to send some message with her to friends at home, and hastened to the docks for that purpose, only to find that the *Levantic* had sailed half-an-hour before.

"Casting his eye carelessly over the passenger list in the booking office, he was somewhat astonished at not seeing Mrs. Adair's name there, although he says he can swear that the *Levantic* was the boat she told him she would take He made enquiries of the clerk, who said that no one of that name had secured a berth; but that a lady, answering to the description he gave, and bearing a baby in her arms, had registered as Mrs. Rennie—yes, there it was in the register—'Mrs. Rennie and child.'

"Orton thought this strange at first, but afterwards came to the conclusion that Mrs. Adair probably had some very good reason for assuming a fictitious name.

"He did not hear of the wreck of the *Levantic* until years afterwards, for he was chasing Dacoits in the interior at the time, and when he had returned, it had ceased to be spoken of.

"Then his regiment was ordered to Canada, and he forgot the whole circumstance.

"Orton says it is all quite plain to him now. Upon her husband's death, the poor girl, left comparatively destitute and friendless, resolved to return

to England, and, throwing herself at the feet of her father, implore him to take her back to his heart again. She did not, doubtless, wish you to know she had returned, Sir George, until she had met you face to face, and she therefore assumed a name unknown to you."

"The locket! Have you the locket?" cried the old man, as he sank into a chair, almost stunned by these painful memories being brought home to him, and his hard-hearted cruelty, the result of inherent, Lucifer-like pride, being held up in all its glaring deformity.

"Here it is, Sir George."

Taking the locket in his trembling fingers, the old man had but to glance at the miniature to recognize his daughter.

"It is she! My own darling Louise! May God forgive me!"

Here Hal Merrivane spoke, and as his words came to complete the chain of evidence already formed, that proved beyond a doubt that Louise Hemmingford's child now stood before him, the old man looked at her with constantly increasing interest and love.

"Sixteen years ago, to-night," began Hal, "I was a passenger on the doomed steamship *Levantic*, East Indiaman, wrecked off the Devonshire Coast. Among those saved was a little baby-girl, whom I was in the act of handing down into her mother's arms, when the boat, into which the lady, whom I had known as Mrs. Rennie, had just stepped, overturned, the result of some defect in the tackle gear, and all on board were drowned.

"The babe, whom I carried safely to shore and afterwards brought up as my own child, (here Hal stroked the golden head beside him, while Marian clung to his arm and looked up lovingly in his face) turns out to be your grandchild, Sir George, the child of your own daughter Louise, who lies buried beside my parents in this very place.'

There was a moment's hush, which the baronet at length broke with quivering voice and eyes cast reverently aloft.

"My God! It is thus, that through thy gracious goodness, thou enablest me to atone for my grievous wrong and sinful pride. With reverence I thank thee for this wonderful opportunity of proving how deeply I repent of my deep sin, and pray now for thy forgiveness." Then turning to the fair girl before him, he said :—

"Marian, my child—my daughter—the image of your mother is so strong in you, that I can almost believe that 'tis she who now confronts me—not in reproach, but with deepest love. On bended knee an old man, whose earthly tenure is soon to reach an end, asks forgiveness of the child whose mother he caused so much sorrow and bitterness, and now seeks in her child to atone for.'

With quivering lips and tear-bedimmed eyes, Marian stooped over the aged form and kissed him on the cheek.

"And now," cried Sir George in a changed voice, as he arose, and took his grandchild in a warm embrace, "come! Let me introduce you, my new found daughter, to the assembled company, and you, my dear sir," turning to Hal, "let me thank you from the inmost depths of my heart for all you have done for my daughter, and for bringing to me most undeserved happiness—true happiness which I never expected to experience again."

It is needless to state that the assembled company, who were on pins and needles with a consuming curiosity, were a good deal more than surprised at the disclosure which followed, and the matchmaking Mammas were more envious than ever; though their envy now assumed another form—that of undue civility and extremest deference.

* * * * *

The ball at the Grange was over, and the afternoon of the next day had

come round. Mr. Charles Courtly had been making hay while the sun shone, and had told Marian of his love, and she, with many blushes had hidden her face on his shoulder and said nothing; but to Mr. Charles, her silence was golden. He immediately asked Sir George Hemmingford for his grand-daughter's hand, and Sir George had gravely referred him to Hal Merrivane.

"He, who has been a father to her all these years, shall be the one to decide who my grandchild's future husband shall be."

With a smile of forced gayety—oh! what it cost him—Hal placed Marian's willing hand in that of Charlie Courtly, and blessed them both, at the same time announcing his intention of going to Europe for some months on business, and requesting the happy couple to accept Rosedale as his wedding gift.

"Oh, you darling Guardy! But you won't go until after our wedding?" asked Marian, a shade of disappointment for a moment wrinkling up her pretty forehead.

"Yes, darl ng, I must go to-morrow, for business won't keep, you know. But, when you and Charlie are nicely settled down, I will drop in on you both one of these fine days, and then we'll have a time"

"Won't we, just?' cried Marian gleefully, as she rushed away to prepare for an early removal to her grandfather's residence.

Next day, Hal bade good bye to them all for a time. How hard the parting was, the world will never know. *She* had her young lover to comfort her for the loss of one who had been the best of protectors to her. *He* stilled the pain that lay deep down in that loyal, generous heart, and showed no repining that Marian, his little one, his little darling, his all, had been snatched from him, and had found in another, the one whom she loved most dearly in all the world, with a love such as only a true wife can bestow. Noble-hearted Hal.!

THE ST. LAWRENCE CANAL ROUTE.

BY ALLAN ROSS DAVIS, C.E.

APPARENTLY anticipating the necessities of the future, nature generously provided a navigable water-way for the transportation of the products of the Western and North-western States, and the Canadian North-west, to the Atlantic sea-board. The St. Lawrence gulf and river, in conjunction with the Great Lakes, extend inland a distance of 2,384 miles, affording open navigation for the largest ships afloat, for all but about seventy-five miles of the entire distance. Our forefathers very wisely decided that the intervening obstacles to navigation should be surmounted by the construction of a series of canals. They accordingly set to work earnestly, and, with commendable enterprise and perseverance, built a system of canals between Montreal and Kingston, and the Welland Canal. Unfortunately, their conceptions of the future development of the commerce of our country were too circumscribed. The canals were well constructed, and of a superior type, but designed to meet only the then present necessities, viz:—To furnish a military highway to the Upper Lakes, and afford provision for a very small volume of local trade. Lock dimensions of 200 × 45 feet with a depth of nine feet of water on the sill, were the maximum limits provided.

The enlargement of the Welland canal was decided upon by Government, owing to the rapid settlement and growth of the communities contiguous to the Great Lakes. The United States threatened the capture of all the Western traffic by means of the Erie canal, and several competing lines of railway from Buffalo to New York. Accordingly the Welland was enlarged and deepened its entire 26¾ miles, and the locks, 26 in number, were made 270 × 45 feet, and 14 feet deep.

It was re-opened for traffic in 1887. Government also decided that the St. Lawrence canals should be enlarged, to correspond with the Welland type, as fast as the finances of the country would warrant. The process of enlargement is being slowly carried on from year to year, and at the present rate, a quarter of a century, or more, will probably elapse before the 43⅝ miles of canals, requiring 26 locks, shall be finally completed.

The United States Government, in the meantime, finding the "Soo" canal between Lake Huron and Lake Superior (built with two locks, and opened for traffic in 1851), too small to meet the increasing demands of the Lake Superior traffic, decided to build the then largest lock in the world—515 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 17 feet of water on the meter sill. It was re-opened in the year 1881—six years prior to the re-opening of the Welland.

Scarcely had a decade passed, however, until the "young giant of the west." knocked at the doors of Congress and Parliament, and firmly demanded enlarged facilities for the passage of freight through the "Soo." Fleets of vessels, propellers and steamers, he argued, were constantly detained at either end of the present canal, awaiting a passage through, and the short season of open water demanded active movement on the part of vessels, in order to handle the vast amount of freight.

The Governments responded with alacrity, and immediately began the construction of two additional canals. The American canal, located on the south side of the St. Mary's River, parallel to the present "Soo, will have

one lock 800 feet long, and 100 feet wide, with 21 feet of water on the sill. The Canadian, located on the north side of the river, in Canadian territory, is two-thirds of a mile long, with one lock 600 feet long, 85 feet wide, with approximately 20 feet of water on the sill. These new canals will be completed and opened for traffic in a year or two, when doubtless ample provision will be afforded for the future carrying trade between Lake Superior and all lake ports as far east as Buffalo.

PRESENT REQUIREMENTS.

Having hastily glanced at the past history of this great international waterway, let us examine some of the questions arising to-day in reference to transportation demands from the constantly widening productive areas of the American and Canadian North-west. In the first place, it has been demonstrated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that farming operations in the North-west cannot be profitably carried on if railway transportation to the sea-board is the only or principal means afforded to enable the produce to reach the markets beyond the Atlantic. Future wheat prices, it is claimed by experts, must invariably rule low, except for conditions other than normal, such as a failure of crops on a large scale, or a continental war.

Other countries have been increasing their wheat areas, as well as the United States and Canada, with the result that the surplus has greatly increased. Prices are such to-day, that, after the transportation cost is deducted, little or nothing is left to compensate the producer for his labor. Our western wheat must come into competition in the markets of Europe with that of Australia, India and Russia, where rail transportation does not enter so seriously into the problem. Mr. Thompson, of the Duluth Board of Trade, says, in reference to this matter: "The farmers of the West, Canadians and Americans alike, realize that economy in transportation lies at the basis of their prosperity. They see that the average cost of transportation by rail is from eight to ten times the average cost of transportation on the Great Lakes, and they believe that, while it is physically impossible to transport their farms a thousand miles nearer the ocean, it is entirely practicable to bring ocean transportation a thousand miles nearer their farms."

The people of the West and North-west, regardless of an international boundary line, are making strenuous exertions to force this vital question forward in the clear view of Parliament and Congress, recognizing the fact, that, although much has been done towards the solution of the problem in the past, the present demands one grand final effort to complete some waterway frem the Upper Lakes to the Atlantic, and render it serviceable and adequate for present and future demands. Were all agreed upon the plan of completing a waterway to the sea-board, it doubtless would become a comparatively easy problem. Unfortunately, however, there are several methods proposed for establishing an outlet, and each one has its numerous ardent advocates.

One route that looked somewhat promising a few years ago for the Canadian North-west, was that by Hudson's Bay, where, having reached Port Churchill, on its western shore, 500 miles north-west of Winnipeg, a seaport would be obtained, which is nearer Liverpool than is the City of New York. Whatever the future may reveal respecting this extremely short route, it is quite certain that for the present the route is practically abandoned.

The large propellers loading with wheat at Duluth transfer their cargoes at Buffalo to the small mule-propelled barges plying upon the Erie canal for 300 miles to Albany, or to the small railway lines making New York their eastern terminus. In view of the constantly increasing traffic of

the entire west along this route to New York, and on account of the interior coal fields, which would afford return cargoes for the west and North-west, Mr. Johnson, in a very able article in the November *Review of Reviews*. points out the necessity of a large ship canal cennecting Lake Erie with Pittsburg, and one connecting the Great Lakes with New York. With reference to the latter, he says: "The second point, concerning which there should be no doubt, is that, as far as the interests of the United States are concerned, the waterway from the Great Lakes to the ocean should pass through our own territory, and should terminate in New York. The St. Lawrence route is of great importance to Canada; by it she hopes to join her eastern and western domains with the strong ties of commercial intercourse. It would be of great advantage to her, also, to divert the products of our North-west from the lines they now follow to the Atlantic States and Europe. Canada's interests, however, are not ours. Our chief concern is to connect the North-west with the great cities of the Eastern States; they are our chief markets. With us domestic commerce ranks first; foreign trade second; and our domestic commerce has little love for Canadian waters."

Mr. Johnson does not state whether he would have the ship canal's western terminus at Buffalo or Oswego. Should the shorter route by Oswego be adopted, the Americans would immediately become interested, equally with Canadians, in the enlargement of the Welland canal, and doubtless would willingly contribute to the expense of enlargement. This canal has cost the Canadian Government 23¾ millions of dollars since its inception. The enlargement thereof to the dimensions of the "Soo" would probably cost as much more. An expenditure of 12 millions by each Government for this purpose would be assuredly justifiable, in view of the advantages to be derived. Certain inviolable rights, as to control for all future time, would necessarily be guaranteed to each party, so as to obviate the possibility of closing the canal against each other in case of any strained relations in the future. The idea of a joint enlargement by the two Governments has been considered and favorably received by many members of Congress, not alone in reference to the Welland canal, but the St. Lawrence system of canals. If the disquieting thought of possible future entanglements could be obliterated from the minds of the people of the two countries, there would be no hesitation in taking such action. In view of the fact that such an important international question as the Behring Sea fisheries could be amicably adjusted by means of arbitration in a very short period of time, it seems to me that sensible people like the Canadians and Americans should be able now, at the close of the nineteenth century, to divest themselves of these ominous forebodings of future warfare, and enter into a friendly agreement to encourage international trade, with the understanding that in case of any dispute arising that could not be settled satisfactorily between themselves, the matter should be left to arbitration.

Such an arrangement would not necessitate annexation, nor American federation, nor Commercial Union, but simply a friendly understanding of one another's rights and privileges. Then, if an enterprise, similar to the one under discussion, were contemplated, the two nations could jointly carry it on with a perfect guarantee that future events could not seriously interfere with its permanence.

The enlargement of the Welland and St. Lawrence river canals, jointly by the two Governments, would necessarily require joint ownership and control. Canada has everything to gain, and nothing to lose, in securing the enormous Western and North-

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western lake traffic for the St. Lawrence route, which to-day is finding its way to the seaboard by means of American railways and the Erie canal.

Were Canada standing alone to-day, she might possibly have misgivings of the wisdom of yielding to a nation no larger in territory, but with twelve times the population, the right to navigate the St. Lawrence waters. With Great Britain at her back, however, Canada has nothing to fear. Were it possible for large ships to ascend the St. Lawrence—and it may be possible within the present decade—a British man-of-war could follow an American warship to the Upper Lakes in the same manner that the British fleet is patrolling the navigable waters of the world to-day; and Canada should have no reason for alarm at the sight of an American warship on Lake Ontario. The Americans are not disposed to join us in opening up this international route to the seaboard unless we become disposed to yield to them partial control of the waters entirely within our territory. Were we willing to grant this privilege, Mr. Johnson's argument, in the article alluded to above, against the St. Lawrence route, would have no weight. He says: "One feels like hesitating to disturb the sweet dreams of the advocates of American federation with any hue and cry of war; but the most ardent lover of peace will hardly deny that 'discretion is the better part of valor.' The existence of an open highway (the St. Lawrence) by which the warships of foreign powers can proceed to the very heart of our territory, and the absence of any waterway by which our men-of-war can pass from the ocean to the lakes, is not a situation which the patriotic American loves to contemplate."

THE NECESSITY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE.

Definite action has already taken place in Congress towards the solution of this problem, whose western representatives have endeavored to show that the rapid development of the resources of the North-west has rendered the products of that country the leading factor in their foreign trade, and that it becomes the duty of the American Government to take steps towards providing a deep-water outlet for the foreign trade of the country adjacent to the Great Lakes. They contend that the 14 feet basis, upon which the Canadian Government is working, is entirely inadequate: that to be serviceable, the outlet should correspond in depth to the "Soo" canal, in order that the ocean ships, ninety-five per cent. of which, engaged in the freight traffic, draw less than 20 feet of water, may enter the Great Lakes, and load their Liverpool cargoes at Duluth, Port Arthur, Milwaukee and Chicago.

Numerous conventions have been held in New York State, and elsewhere in the east, at which interesting discussions of various routes have been carried on and resolutions embodying the views of the delegates passed; but these conventions have been dealing more particularly with local requirements. The action of the convention meeting in Detroit, in 1891, resulted in Congress appropriating the necessary amount to deepen the channels of the upper lakes to a depth of twenty-one feet. Those held in Grand Forks, Dakota, in 1892, and in Washington and St. Paul last year, were international in character, and while several international questions relating to trade and commerce were discussed, "the deep-water outlet" was considered by far the most important of all. No definite canal route has been decided upon; but according to Mr. Thompson, "there is a deep-seated and abiding conviction in the minds of the men of the North-west that it would be to their mutual interest to trade more freely together. Future conventions will carry forward the work that has been already begun,

and in due time the matter will be pressed upon the attention of the respective Governments, until they take the matter up, and the wishes of the Canadian and American North-west will be granted in so far as the rights of all the people of both nations will permit."

A resolution submitted by the Interstate and Foreign Committee of Congress, dated February 8th, 1892, "to promote the improvement of the water-way from the head of Lake Superior, by way of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, and St. Lawrence River, to the sea," is the most sensible, as well as practicable effort, in my opinion, that has yet been made, by the people on either side of the Boundary line, towards the accomplishment of this indispensable enterprise. The resolution is as follows.

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be, and he is hereby requested to invite negotiations with the Government of the Dominion of Canada to secure the speedy improvement of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, and the St. Lawrence river, so as to make them conform in depth and navigability, so far as practicable, to the standard adopted by the Government of the United States for the improvements now in progress within the United States of the waters connecting the Great Lakes, and to that end the President is hereby authorized, if he deems expedient, to appoint three commissioners to negotiate on behalf of the United States, with the representatives of the Government of the Dominion of Canada, the terms and conditions of any agreement which may be entered into between the two Governments in pursuance of any proposition submitted in that behalf by the Government of the Dominion of Canada."

We have frequently been glad to send delegates to Washington in the past, with instructions to do all in their power to obtain some concession, which, when compared with the establishing of such a water-way as outlined in the above resolution, would be insignificant, in so far as lasting beneficial results to Canada are concerned.

In this resolution we have the anomalous example of the Americans proposing overtures to the Canadians in reference to a matter in which we should be as deeply interested as they, In fact we should be fully alive to the importance to Canada of the accomplishment of the proposal embodied in this resolution, and yet what have we done to encourage any action along this line? We have talked of ship railways and canals across the Ontario Peninsula from Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario. We have listened to proposals of back woods' routes through small rivers and lakes from Georgian Bay to the Ottawa river. We have made railway grants to enable us to reach Hudson's Bay, in order to start upon a voyage which might eventually land us in an iceberg. In fact, we have been considering almost everything proposed in reference to an outlet, except the most natural and by far the most feasible international route. I say *international* route. Our Government realizes fully the fact that the enlargement of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals to the fourteen feet standard as now being carried on, will not, even if ever completed, make of this channel an *international* water-way. We hear it is true, lengthy discussions and explanations in the House at every session in reference to the millions of money being expended upon this system of canals, yet every Canadian who has examined the subject at all, realizes that our Government is but building a door for a colt to pass through when in reality there is an elephant on the inside striving to get out. They build a 20 feet waterway at the "Soo," while at Soulanges they build 12 or 13 miles of canal at the same time, on the 14 feet basis, both being in the same water-way. The development of the wonderful resources of the North-west has been met by larger freight carriers on the upper lakes. While a 14 feet draught was quite adequate in former years, it will not answer at all to-day, and the Government should be forced to realize that the continuance of the enlargement of the canals of the St.

Lawrence to the 14 feet standard depth is an almost useless and extravagant expenditure of money. The Americans have determined upon a 21 feet standard depth for an outlet to the seaboard; and the St. Lawrence, or some alternative route—if there be one practicable—will soon be decided upon if I am able to read aright the signs of the times. Canada will not be true to her most important interests if she does not do all consistent with her dignity as a nation to secure the passage of millions of tons of freight yearly from her western domains, and the American-west and North-west, through her own parts to her commercial metropolis of Montreal.

Railway freight rates east of Chicago have become reduced to a minimum, it is probable, owing to the strong competition existing between rival roads. Still the rates are entirely too high, and New York city can scarcely hope to continue to become the seaport for the producers of the West and North-west, with prices for produce ruling lower and lower, unless she can provide water transportation from Buffalo or Oswego on a larger scale than the tow-path affords.

New York, would vigorously resist the adoption of the St. Lawrence route by the American Government, but then New York does not speak for the whole Republic, as was clearly demonstrated when it became necessary to decide the location of the World's Fair. The immense country tributary to Chicago and Duluth, I believe would strongly favor the Canadian route providing it could be shown that the cost of enlargement of the canals would not be excessive, and that American rights and privileges would be guaranteed in the use of this waterway for all future time.

Now, in advocating this proposal, I realize the danger of misinterpretation, for some will conclude that it means the yielding to the United States of privileges which our fathers fought to maintain and perpetuate. I am thoroughly Canadian, however, and would be the last to yield to the Americans any concessions for which we were not to receive full compensation in return. We have satisfied them, time and again, that we are able to take care of ourselves. If the joint use of the St. Lawrence route were likely to lead to any serious difficulty with the United States, or to the alienation of the affections of the Empire to which we belong, I would not favor the proposition for a moment. But this appears like a purely business matter between two neighbors who agree to make one good broad road answer for both parties, instead of each constructing and maintaining a narrow lane, which will never prove entirely satisfactory to either.

Mr. Campbell, of Montreal, points out, in a recent number of the *Globe*, that the natural outlet of the traffic of the upper lakes is represented by the right-angled triangle of Collingwood, Toronto, and Montreal. Of course, his argument is based upon present conditions. He admits the necessity of the deepening of the canals of the St. Lawrence, but does not take into consideration the enlargement of the Welland Canal, which would permit the passage of the large propellers of the upper lakes, and thus render transhipment at Collingwood, from boat to rail, unnecessary. Mr. Campbell deals principally with the customs duties which, he claims, restrict the Canadian imports, and cause higher freight rates upon our exports from Montreal, owing to the fact that vessels cannot obtain full freights each way, and are obliged to charge higher rates on the outward trip than they would obtain if we were under free trade. He argues well for the port of Montreal in securing the North-West trade, as against New York, but he must realize that in no other way can the entire western foreign trade be so effectually secured for Montreal as by enlarging the canals sufficiently, between Montreal and Lake

Erie, to admit of the whalebacks and propellers coming directly from Duluth, Port Arthur, Chicago, and other upper lake ports, to Montreal. With reference to the western trade, he says: "The aim of our people for the past twenty years has been the consolidation of our Dominion: to accomplish this we have added one hundred and forty millions to our debt. Between our old provinces and our new agricultural empire lie vast uninhabitable lands, but our means of exchange and communication with that agricultural empire are the cheapest available on this continent, and their outlet to the world is under our own control. If we allow our enterprising neighbors to step in and do our business for us, who is to benefit most by what we are taxing ourselves millions of dollars a year to maintain?"

He further points out that, from the words of Senator Davis of Minnesota, and the action of the committee which framed the Wilson Bill, the Americans are growing solicitous of our northern and more direct waterway to the foreign markets, and are making a bid to secure our western freight and send it down to their New York seaport through American territory. They fully realize that we have the most advantageous route, and, moreover, that we have the disposition to withhold from them any jurisdiction over that route within the limits of our own territory, and hence they are, quite naturally, endeavoring to turn our western trade into a channel through American territory, thus defeating us upon our own ground, in the face of our more direct and cheaper route. Are we not as wide awake as Americans? Can we not see the outcome of our present policy? While the traffic of the upper lakes is expanding rapidly from year to year, as exemplified by the 11,214,333 tons of freight handled at the "Soo," by 12,580 vessels in 1892, we are somewhat humiliated in finding, in the words of Mr. Johnson. that "the tonnage on the Welland Canal is practically the same as it was four years ago; the total traffic for the year ending June 30th, 1892, was 944,753 tons, or about one-third the volume of freight moved on the smaller barge-traffic of the Erie Canal."

How can we make our canals more effective? Simply by enlarging them. Can we afford to enlarge them to a 21 feet draught, seeing that we have already expended 42½ millions on the Welland and St. Lawrence canals? If we can, let us set about doing so at once, before we squander any more money on the St. Lawrence. If we can not, let us in a frank, straightforward manner ask the Americans to assist us; and let us tell them, plainly, what privileges we are willing to grant them in the navigation of this waterway for all future time. Were a commission appointed by Parliament, empowered to pursue a course somewhat similar to that proposed in the resolution of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of Congress, alluded to above, it would meet with the hearty approval of the people of Canada, I believe, irrespectiye of party. The negotiations with the representatives of the American Government, would enable them to arrive at some satisfactory basis, by which the ships of both countries could freely navigate our common inland waters between Duluth, Port Arthur and Chicago on the west, and the Atlantic ocean on the east. The possibility of accomplishing so desirable an end, is surely worth the effort at this exceedingly favorable period.



"THE ERIE FLYER" EMERGING FROM UNDER THE ST. CLAIR RIVER.

ON ST. CLAIR'S BROAD BOSOM.

BY C. M. SINCLAIR.

THE names of rivers are often closely interwoven with the history of great nations. The Seine in France, the Thames in England, and the Mississippi in the United States, are as much a part and parcel of those nations' histories as are their great men. The absence of rivers is a most serious drawback to national advancement. Australia, richly dowered in other ways by Dame Nature, is handicapped by the unserviceableness of its rivers. On the other hand, a foreigner visiting this North American continent for the first time is bewildered by the the number and volume of our rivers and lakes. He finds rolling rivers a mile wide, whose names he has scarcely ever heard before, and inland seas, through which his vessel steams for a long time outside of sight of land, and yet his home atlas only records them in a long list of lakes.

Among all these widely scattered patches of fresh water, the magnificent system of navigable water-ways, known as the Great Lakes, stands easily first, not only by reason of their great length and volume, but by their great diversity of scenery, and above all by the marvellously busy scenes of modern shipping they present. The Red River of the north creeps along through nine hundred miles of prairie before it debouches into Lake Winnipeg, but its dirty gray water, rarely churned up by passing side-wheelers, does not impress one like the forty miles of blue St. Clair, the purity of whose waters not even the busy fleets thereon disturb. The Mississippi, when it reaches the Gulf of Mexico, can boast the longest river course in the world, but nobody thinks of comparing its muddy waves with the crystal tide of the noble St. Lawrence, which, as D'Arcy McGee says, "gives its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave." We look in vain, not alone in North America, but in the whole world, for a peer to the Great Lakes and their connecting waters.

In many ways, the most interesting

link in that great chain is the St. Clair river. It has not, it is true, the long stretch of the St. Lawrence, nor the latter's "Thousand Isles," but it has charming islands of its own, whereon the dreamer may lie and watch the passing up and down of a commerce beside which the trade of the St. Lawrence is insignificant—a commerce, representing some millions more of tonnage, than that of Liverpool and London combined—a commerce the world never dreamed of a score of years ago—a commerce, computed to be five times greater than that passing through the Suez Canal, at one time considered the busiest water-highway on earth. He may sit amid the primeval forests of a virgin island, populated solely by nine hundred Chippewa and Pottawattamie Indians, and converse with those who believe in and practise the old pagan rites, and he yet beholds before him, on the broad river, an endless procession of vessels of the most modern type. He may thus from the midst of the dead past, look out on the surging, restless present.



STRIKING OUT ON LAKE HURON.

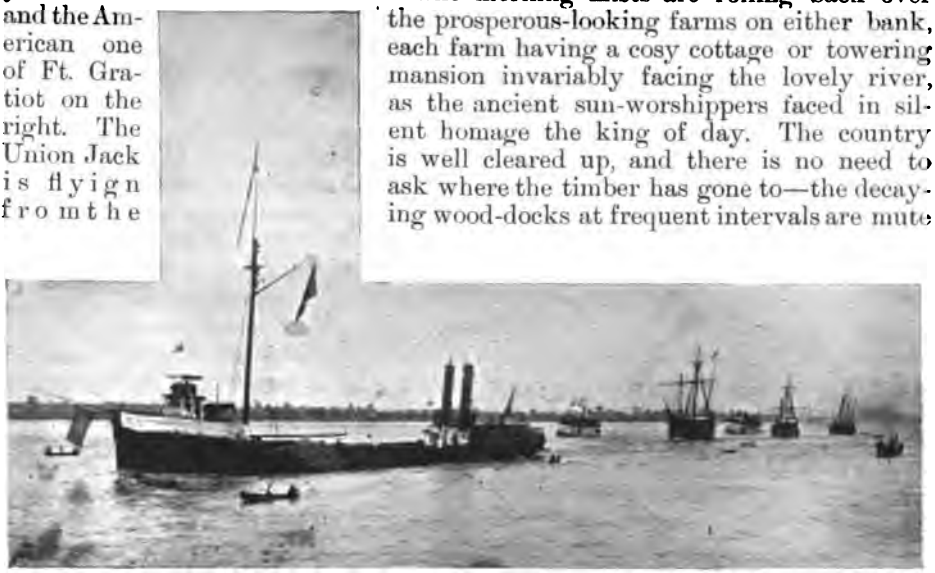
As I stood one bright Sunday afternoon last summer on Walpole Island, outside the rough fence which guards the pagan's last resting-place, and saw the little triangular boxes above the heaped graves—each box with two holes to allow the spirit of the dead man free ingress and egress—it seemed to me that the year was not 1893, but some date hundreds of years before, when along this noble stream, dusky tribes of Indians practised their own weird customs, unscared by noisy tug or splashing side-wheeler.* "Surely," I said to myself "those Pagan Indians must have had poetry in their souls to choose this delightful spot for a burial place." To the left, deep and blue, flowed a branch of the St. Clair, called by the Indians "The Lost Channel," because a few miles farther on, when it meets the turbid waters of the Sydenham river, it disdains to mingle with them, and plunges proudly beneath, not to reappear again. Drawn up along the shore of the main stream to the right were the Indians' canoes, of exactly the same pattern as when Columbus landed in this New World. The huge, old elms seemed to bend down lovingly to pay their tribute to the pagan dead; the river breeze just faintly stirred the tree-tops with a delicious murmur, soothing and restful. Involuntarily I said "'Tis 1493 not 1893." Just at that moment, with the ensigns of Spain and Aragon flying from their odd-looking rigging, the caravels of the Columbus fleet came around the head of the island on their way to the World's Fair at Chicago. They

* In fancy, Bryant's Indian chief was again standing by the graves of his forefathers as he mused:

"This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here."

seemed entirely in keeping—it seemed the middle ages back again—nothing was wanting to fill out the picture.

But come! Let us take a trip together on the river's broad bosom, starting from where it debouches from Lake Huron with an angry rush, locally known as "the Rapids," past the Canadian village of Pt. Edward on your left and the American one of Ft. Gratiot on the right. The Union Jack is flyign from the



THE COLUMBUS FLEET PASSING UP THE ST. CLAIR
Sunday, July 2nd, 1893.

flagstaffs of the one and the stars and stripes from the other; and instinctively you feel that this rolling river marks the boundaries of peoples logically and well; and consequently you have more respect for the delimitation than for a mere iron boundary post.

Now we are passing Sarnia on the left and Port Huron on the right, and could you but climb to the mast-head, a novel sight would be presented to your gaze. Back of Sarnia, you would see a long railway train plunge boldly into the earth at full speed, down a great incline. Now, you know it must be directly under the keel of your steamer, but some seventy feet down, and if it would but stop a moment, the passengers in the coaches could hear the revolving paddle-wheels overhead. But it does not pause on its way, and so, looking back, you could see it emerge into the light of day again back of Port Huron. It is the celebrated St. Clair tunnel which our steamer has glided over, and you have seen one of the greatest engineering triumphs in the world.

The morning mists are rolling back over the prosperous-looking farms on either bank, each farm having a cosy cottage or towering mansion invariably facing the lovely river, as the ancient sun-worshippers faced in silent homage the king of day. The country is well cleared up, and there is no need to ask where the timber has gone to—the decaying wood-docks at frequent intervals are mute witnesses of the old days when wood was the sole fuel of the river-boats. In those times the "Mineral Rock,"—still chartered—was considered a wonder, making about ten miles an hour and carrying twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat; but now, as we steam swiftly down the river, we meet scores of boats, such as the "Curry" of St. Clair, speeding at seventeen miles an hour, and having below deck one hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat, or one hundred and forty-seven thousand bushels of corn. A test was made last season (1893), between the "Pioneer"—a very swift boat—and a sister-ship, the "Cadillac," of moderate speed, as to their relative *earning* power. They had nearly the same



ALONG THE CANADIAN SHORE.

carrying capacity, but the test clearly proved, that despite its greater coal appetite, the swifter ship was the more profitable. During the present season it is intended to put on the river route passenger steamers making twenty-five miles an hour—a speed nearly equalling that of the torpedo destroyers.

But while we have been talking of boats, our own boat has passed the green woods of Stag Island, in the centre of the stream, its fine trees beautifully preserved from the vandals who slaughtered the adjacent forests. The white tents of the campers escaped from city cares gleam through the openings with an air of peaceful, restful content. The names also of the clustering homes or woody retreats all along this delightful river indicate idyllic repose—"Idlewild," "Willow Beach," "Shady Side," "St. Clair Springs," etc.,—whilst the swarms of children wading out in the clear, blue water, to meet the steamer's swell, the polished yachts moored to the docks or skimming over the waters, and the general air of happy merry-making, fill out a picture likely not to be forgotten. After passing Fawn Island, also heavily wooded, the features of the landscape gradually change—the banks become lower, the river is wider and the adjacent country flatter: the addition of a few windmills would give a typical scene in Holland. This is St. Clair Flats—the summer home of the sportsman; for this is one of the few remaining spots where the wild duck is found among his reedy fens, and here, during nearly all summer, the gamy bass may be caught. The name "Venice of America"—often applied to this region—is not inapt, for water is the sole highway, the majority of the houses being built up on piles driven into the bed of the swiftly running river, which here has expanded and made wide reaches of shallow-flowing water, on each side of the navigable channel. If you wish to go calling here, you do not take your footman and carriage, but your rower and the family boat.

During the summer months this country of high-growing reeds and intersecting maze of watery channels stretching away till they are lost in Lake St. Clair has a population of more than three thousand, principally composed of Detroit's wealthy classes. Nothing can be more soothing to the overwrought nerves and jaded body of the wearied city man than to sit on the broad piazza of his comfortable club house and listen to the moan of the dying evening wind among the long grasses, or to watch the twilight stealing in over Lake St. Clair's bosom. But in the winter, when the population is reduced to less than a hundred, a far different scene is presented. Ice—ice, everywhere. The great stream starts to jam here, and often jams clear back to Lake Huron, forty miles

distant; and sometimes this happens well on in the spring. The latest jam ever recorded, was on May 20th, 1877, when more than fifty vessels were caught in an ice-jam at Pt. Lambton, a few miles up the river. The strange sight was then witnessed of people walking on ice across a river a mile wide, when the adjacent woods were out in full foliage and dotted with wild flowers

This remarkable event—which in all probability will never occur again—was caused by a combination of nature's phenomena. The winter had been an unusually severe one, and ice several feet thick had formed around Lake Huron. The prevailing spring winds are usually from the west, and this piles the ice up on the shore of that great lake. But in the spring of 1877 there were very few strong winds, and no west ones of any force. Consequently, the heavy lake ice remained long after its usual season, unbroken, when on May 19th, the winds turned around and blew a gale from the north, sending the ice down the St. Clair river, and before noon next day, that powerful stream was choked with ice from St. Clair Flats many miles up. The rays of the sun soon broke it up, and on May the 22nd, the imprisoned fleet got under way again for Chicago.

Despite its unfriendly winter appearance, to linger along St. Clair's banks in summer is the experience of a life-time. If you have watched the blazing sun across its silvery waters, as he went to sleep behind the Michigan horizon; if you have seen the twilight drop softly down on its shimmering bosom, turning the sheen of each departing wave to bronze; if you have heard the hoarse calls of its fishermen drawing in their nets, or have been in camp on one of its peerless islands and dreamily watched the ships sailing by in the gleaming moonlight, or listened to the poetically-told river legends from Indian lips, by blazing fires on the beach,—then you have come under a magician's spell which nothing can ever entirely shake off. With a change of a word it might be said of the St. Clair, as Kipling says of India:

> "If you've 'eard the East a-calling,
> Why, you won't 'eed nothing else."

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

(The narrative of a 2,500 mile journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River Basin.)

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

III.

THE Rocky Mountains are visible from Fort Liard, and the foot hills are not far from the river, consequently the area of arable soil is very limited on the west side of the river. There is a good deal of fine, large spruce in the valley of the Liard, which would make better lumber than most of the spruce used in the settled part of the territories, but, as it is in the Arctic water system, it is practically out of reach. The balsam poplar, or, as it is called here, cotton wood, is very plentiful and very large, trees nearly four feet in diameter being often seen, though between two and three feet is the average diameter of the trees. These two trees constitute the great mass of the forest. A few small white birches are occasionally seen, and more frequently the aspen or poplar. There are also, sometimes, a few balsam pines on the tops of sandy knolls.

While at this post I got an account of a very large deposit of coal, situated in the mountains west of the fort. My informant, a son of the officer in charge, had seen this deposit, but gave me no idea of its extent, other than that it was very large. He was ignorant of its quality, also; but from his answers to my questions, I would judge it to be the ordinary lignite of the country. I could not gain any certain idea of its distance from the post.

This young man runs around the country adjacent to the post a good deal in the winter, collecting meat from the Indians, and they informed him of the locality of this curious stone, but he seems to have paid very little attention to the matter.

Black River joins the Liard a short distance above the fort. It is a shallow stream, about 200 yards wide at its mouth. The water is very dark; from this fact the stream takes its name. It retains its color several miles before it mingles with the bluish water of the Liard. About fifty miles up the Black there is said to be a bad rapid, but from the description given of it, I would judge it to be a short cañon with a sharp bend in it, which makes a troublesome whirlpool.

The Liard here is 600 yards wide, with a four and a-half to five miles an hour current. The water when clear is a beautiful blue, but generally it is turbid. In mid-stream, at low water, it is ten feet deep. The general width of the river from the Mackenzie up to the forks is about half a mile.

I paid off my man, Friday, and his son, as they could not go any further. They obtained a small canoe and returned to Fort Simpson. I was sorry for this, as they had both proved good, serviceable men, and attentive to their duty.

In their place I engaged the son of the Company's officer in charge, to go with me to Fort Nelson, on the East Branch, and after dinner, on the 7th of September, we resumed our way up stream.

The current from Fort Liard up to the forks (fifty-seven miles) is swift. In many places the river might almost be said to consist of rapids, but we saw no place we could not pole our canoe up. From this fact I am confident that either the steamer *Athabasca* or the *Grahame* could make good headway this far.

As we approach the forks, the river

trends towards the mountains until just below the East Branch some of the foot-hills are on the east side. Soon after passing the East Branch, we enter the Rocky Mountains. This stream, like its sister river, the Peace, rises in the centre of British Columbia and pierces the Rocky Mountains; the Peace by one long (16 miles) impassable cañon: the Liard by several cañons and rapids, passable and impassable, and rejoicing in such appellations as "Devil's Portage," "Hell Gate Cañon," &c. In each case, from the mouth to the mountains, there is only one serious obstacle to steamboat navigation,—on the Peace, the falls, which are impassable; on the Liard, the first rapids, of doubtful navigability. On the Peace, the distance to the mountains is upwards of 800 miles; on the Liard, less than 300.



FORT NELSON, EAST BRANCH LIARD RIVER.

In the first half of the present century, before steamboats were introduced on the Stikine, all the goods for the Company's posts on the upper Liard were taken up this river in York boats, and so arduous was the work, that guides or pilots would sometimes stipulate, when being engaged by the Company, that they should not be sent up the "river of the strong current," as it was often called. Now, all the goods for this district go up the west coast to Fort Wrangel, and thence in river steamboats up the Stikine river, from which they are carried to Deer Lake, and over it and down Deer River to the Liard.

The East Branch, or as it is locally known, the Nelson, is from 200 yards to 400 yards wide. Between the forks and Fort Nelson, which is situated on the East Branch (111 miles up), no stream worthy of the name of river enters. At the forks the current is very swift for a mile or so above the Liard; but the water is deep.

At the head of this swift current, I got a set of observations for latitude and longitude, from which I derive latitude 59° 31′ 18″ and longitude 124° 29′ 39″.

The following day we found the current moderate, and the water deep; this enabled us to make good progress. All forenoon we pushed through fine, level country, showing good clay soil along the banks, and the thick growth of fine timber bore testimony to its fertility, the timber here being much like that seen along the Liard, a large percentage of that in the river valley being well adapted for making first-class lumber.

Twelve miles above the forks, I saw the first rock in *situ*. It rises abruptly from the clay bank on the east side of the river. At this point, it is not more than twenty feet high; but it increases in height for seven or eight miles, when it attains at least 500 feet above

the river. It rises abruptly in terraces, and, looked at edgewise, presents curiously weathered forms, some of them reminding one forcibly of ruins, and it required very little effort of the imagination to fancy oneself on some historical river, lined with mediæval castles.

Just where the rock attains its greatest height, the river turns sharply to the east as we ascend, and leaves this formation. In the vicinity, there are several lofty, terraced ridges of the same sandstone, which appears to me to be a spur from the mountains. The rock is a very coarse-grained sandstone, in some places appearing more like conglomerate than sandstone. The bedding is very thick, and not at all uniform, and the different layers often differ much in color and texture. Often in the middle of a fine-grained, yellowish sandstone, we see a band of very coarse-grained, dark brown stuff, which looks as unlike the matrix as it can look. I made careful search for organic remains, often breaking up large pieces, but failed to find any.



SANDSTONE CLIFFS ON EAST BRANCH OF LIARD RIVER.
About 12 miles above the Forks.

Between the forks and Fort Nelson, there are three ripples which we might call rapids, but these, at the stage of water which I found in ascending, the *Grahame* or *Athabasca* would find no difficulty in stemming.

While eating dinner at the foot of one of them one day, a porcupine made its appearance, swimming the river. It was killed, much to the delight of the Indian, who after camping that evening, divested it of the offal, dug a hole in the ground, and in this hole a fire was built, and when the earth was sufficiently hot, the body, skin and all, was put in the hole and buried in the hot earth. The two men from Fort Liard then came out and ate a hearty supper with us, after which they had a smoke, and when the porcupine was cooked it was unearthed and eaten with as much avidity as though they had not tasted food for days. They invited us to partake, but we declined, I think much to their satisfaction. That two men could eat as hearty a supper as the rest of us did, and at that time our meals were no morsel, and in a few minutes devour at least ten pounds of meat, seems incredible, but it is true. They were up the next morning as anxious for breakfast as any of us, and showed no ill effects, though they must have swallowed over a pound of fat each.

Above the sandstone hills mentioned, the country is undulating; sometimes showing high ridges in the distance. The surface is all heavily wooded and there are many very large trees, both spruce and balsam poplar At Fort Nelson I selected an average

sized balsam poplar, cut it down and made the following measurements of it: diameter at stump, exclusive of bark, 29 inches; diameter at first limb, exclusive of bark, 17½ inches; from stump to first limb, 90 feet; number of growth rings, 145. The bark would add at least four inches to the diameters given. I have often thought that the bark of this tree would answer some of the purposes to which cork is applied. All the way up the East Branch River, moose and deer tracks were very numerous and fresh, but we never saw any of them, for the simple reason that we had no time to take the necessary precaution, long before we were in range of vision, to prevent them seeing us.

I arrived at Fort Nelson in the afternoon of September 15th, and much against my will had to remain until the morning of the 22nd. The 16th, 17th, and 18th were three days of continuous rain, which culminated on the 19th in a heavy downfall of sleet which clung to the trees and so loaded them that thousands of them bent and broke. No one at the post remembered any such catastrophe, as it may appropriately be termed, and certainly the forest furnished no evidence of such a meteorological phenomenon. The forest will bear witness of this one for generations, in the numerous broken trunks of trees of all sizes.

The evening of the 20th was clear and cold, and the clearness of the sky enabled me to fix the position of this point as latitude 58° 49′ 18″, longitude 122° 54′ 06″.

I found there were only three or four Indians here, and of these only one knew anything of the route by which I proposed to reach Peace River. His trip through to that river had been made when he was a child, consequently his recollections of the route and its direction and difficulties were not very trustworthy. Besides, as he was a cripple, his services as a man would have been *nil*, while as a guide they would have been very doubtful. The Indians attached to the post were expected in from their summer's hunt in a few days; in fact it was known that some of them were only a short distance up the river, waiting for the rest to join them before they came in.

There were two bands under two chiefs due. It appears to be a rule that both must come into the post accompanied by all the members of their bands together. A rendezvous and time are appointed at which they meet and enter the post together, and from this rule they will not depart unless under stress of want. At their entry the two chiefs, seated in their canoes (when entry is made in the summer), with a



EAST BRANCH LIARD RIVER,
About 15 miles above the Forks.

man or two to paddle them, come on in advance of the fleet of canoes. As soon as the post is sighted, the respective bands commence to fire their guns as rapidly as they can. The people at the post turn out with all the available guns and reply.



SANDSTONE CLIFFS, EAST BRANCH LIARD RIVER,
About 18 miles from Forks.

The entry I witnessed was on Sunday afternoon, and the noise of the fusilade reminded me of some other "loud Sabbaths." The chiefs were both old men, and, though the veriest tramp would hardly wear their clothing, the Usher of the Black Rod might take lessons in dignity from them. They stepped ashore from their frail craft with all the calm, dignified air of possessors of the earth in particular, and the universe generally. Their walk up the bank and into the house was a pageant, and the noise from their people's guns was continuous and deafening.

We watched the solemn procession in silent awe. The Professor would have liked to open a discourse with them on the "glacial period," but was too much awed by their dignified manner. However, he had his innings later, for within an hour they came to him as he was baking bread, and after making him a speech, expressing their gratification at meeting their white brother in their country, which rarely happened in that quarter, and declaring their great goodwill towards him, they began begging for bread, tea, tobacco, or anything of which they were sure their white brethren had an abundance.

The Professor asked me if he might give them something to eat, remarking, with emphasis, "Blast their picters; you'd think, to see them marching up the bank and into the house, a while ago, that the world was only a corner in their garden; and now they come around begging! Wall, I guess a bite of bread and cup of tea aint no great loss, but they needn't look so all-fired proud."

So shortly after, the two chiefs, and a motley assembly of their people, were cosily seated beside the Professor's fire, discussing the merits of his bread and tea and science with him, for he could not resist the temptation to unfold to them some of the wonders of the universe. How the post interpreter understood him, and put his remarks to the Indians, I don't know, but it afforded him much amusement, and the Indians received his remarks with many grunts of approval.

I immediately made inquiries to find how many of the thirty or forty men present could give me any definite information about the route I wished to go through to Peace River, but though I found that a great many professed to know it intimately, only one man

asserted positively that he had ever been through to the Peace, from which he came seventeen or eighteen years before, and had once since visited Fort St. John.

An appointment was made with him for that evening, in the interpreter's house, when I would take notes of the descriptions of it, in particular, and the country in general; also, under his directions, make a map of the principal topographical features in the intervening country. This I did, and also got much information from several others, all of which has been dotted in on my map. What I saw myself was shown by solid lines.

The Professor, learning something of what I had done from the interpreter, determined that he, too, would put up a stock of information for the journey ahead of us; and so he made inquiries concerning a source. It was not long until he found an old Indian who, under the influence of tea and tobacco, became very confidential, and, by mysterious hints and much pantomime, conveyed the impression that he was the only true oracle on the whole question. An appointment was made for a meeting that evening in the interpreter's house, when the Professor would meet him with paper, pencil, and pen and ink, which he borrowed from Mr. Christie, the Company's clerk, with strict injunctions that I was to know nothing about it. At the appointed time the Professor appeared, and after marking the cardinal points of the compass on a sheet of paper, and laying it down with reference thereto, he marked the position of Fort Nelson on it, and directed the Indian to trace out the course of the river we were to ascend, and the track overland we were to follow. Now, an Indian knows nothing about the cardinal points of the compass, and does not refer to them, but to some arbitrary, imaginary point, to which he refers the direction of any and every point around him; and from this fact we seldom find two Indians, when taken alone and independently, point in the same direction, from the same place, to designate the position of any sought locality, though they would all, without doubt, arrive at it, if sent to it. The Indian did not think the sheet of paper lay in a natural position, and turned it considerably from the Professor's position. This, the Professor would not tolerate, but angrily put it back, telling the Indian that was the way it should lie, and to fire ahead with his map. But the Indian could do nothing with the paper in (to him) such an unnatural position, and twisted it around again. After some squabbling the Indian gained his point, and began sketching the river.



LOWER END OF CANON ON SICANNIE CHIEF RIVER.

Now, I never have seen a native who has any idea of scale in delineating topographical features on a map. He may represent several days' journey by two or three inches, and follow it by filling in four or five with the details of a few miles. As an instance of this, I have a sketch of the East Branch river from Fort Nelson to its head, in which a distance which takes three days to come down in canoes is represented by 2¾ inches, and immediately above it, a part of the river is drawn on a scale five times as great; or, a distance which takes a day and a half to come down in a canoe was made six inches long: but there were many details in the latter distance, that required room for their clear representation.

The Professor did not understand this, nor did the Indian understand how to show the features of about 300 miles of country on a sheet of foolscap, even if he possessed an intimate knowledge of it, which in this case he did not, his only knowledge being hearsay. So it was not long until the limits of the paper were passed, and the surface of the table bore the impress of the cartographer's pencil. Soon the table's verge was passed, and the map was continued on the floor to the wall of the house, still unfinished, as was shown by the Indian tracing a sinuous line through the air to represent the meanderings of the streams on the other side of the wall, all the time his face glowing with enthusiasm. This was more than the Professor had bargained for, and to say that he was amazed is not using exaggerated terms; he was dumfounded.

As soon as he could do so, he asked the distance to the confluence with another stream, marked on the map as only a short distance from the fort, and when told it took three days to come down in canoes, "Three days!!" he exclaimed; "Great Scotland!! Why this must be down in the Gulf of Mexico!" Putting his hand on the wall of the house, when the Indian was compelled to stop, "And he carried it outside, too! Why, dog-gone his picter! He has us down in South America, and he ain't finished. Say, ask him if he knows about Peace river, about the two Saskatchewans, the Missouri, and other big rivers down south. He's across the Amazon sure!" Unable to find suitable terms of indignation, he strode out, leaving the Indian in surprise, and the interpreter in convulsions of laughter.

Mr. Christie, the clerk, told me the story, and it was arranged between us that he would approach me in the morning in the Professor's presence, and present an account from the Indian for ten dollars for making a map. I was to feign ignorance of the transaction, and express vexation at such an unfounded claim. All of this was duly acted. Christie insisted that the account be paid. I asked him to get the Indian to identify the man who got the map made. This was more than the Professor could stand, and he admitted responsibility for it, but declared in very forcible language that it was not worth ten cents, much less ten dollars; that he would never pay for it; and that the Indian was an old fraud, which he proceeded to demonstrate in such strong terms that Christie and I retired in uncontrollable laughter. Fortunately, the Indian did not come around camp that day.

I may say here that when a native is making a map for you, it is not wise to interrupt him, no matter how strange you may think his representations. When he is done, ask him any questions you may wish, and no matter how seemingly inconsistent his answers may be, do not even smile. If you contradict him, or laugh at him, you will probably get no more information from him.

To get an idea of the various distances you wish to know, ask him how many days he took to travel over them; if by water, whether it was with or against the current; whether the current was strong or not;

whether he journeyed continuously or hunted on the way, or anything else that might retard or accelerate his movements. If the journey was made in the winter, make similar inquiries. You will then have to assume a rate of travel per day for him, and from it deduce your distances. In this way you generally can get a fairly good idea of the principal features of the country, and their distances apart.

As I wished to secure the aid of three or four Indians to help me to Peace River, there being a long portage reported between the water systems of the Liard and Peace, I asked Mr. Christie to negotiate with them for me. To secure the services of any, I had first to win the good-will and approbation of the chiefs, of whom there were two. A long talk was indulged in, some tobacco and bread was distributed to them, and many irrelevant questions were discussed before they would listen to my proposal about hiring help from them. They seemed to assume that I was a travelling chief among white men, and insisted that I should raise the price of furs before they would make any arrangement; it took some time to disabuse their minds of this impression. They then wished to know why I was so desirous of passing through this country. To have explained to them my real object would have invited an endless discussion of questions which I would not care to answer even if I could, so I simply told them that it was my shortest and quickest way home, and as it was late I had no other choice. After some very sage reflections they seemed to think this satisfactory, and consented that three men should accompany me. After much discussion three were selected, and as they had to make preparations, the following day was allowed them for that; but at the last moment one of them refused to go, and with some difficulty another one was induced to take his place.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO BEAUTIFY A HOME.

BY MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

PRE-EMINENTLY this is an age when every woman is possessed of the decorative fad. And granted that out of broom-handles and bread-toasters she does create marvels, and that many an otherwise cheerless home has been brightened by the little patches of color with which she has dotted the walls and tied the furniture, yet is it not well to call a halt, while we consider the danger of over-doing, of our being surfeited with cheap splendor and the products of faulty taste and false luxury. From the time Eve commenced house-keeping, a beautiful house has been the most deeply grounded desire of every feminine soul (be it in its normal state), and is manifested as early as doll days, when we played "keep house."

Man builds the house, but it is woman who makes the house. That sounds more or less platitudinal, we know, but nevertheless it is full of the living truth. Next to the deep-seated love of home (which women still possess, the croaking of all pessimistic cranks to the contrary, notwithstanding), is the feminine characteristic—a desire to lavish time and money on its fitting adornment. Given a free hand to banish and replace, what can she not do to beautify and adorn the home—if only she knew how!

But there is the rub. How few seem to know how? There is a decorative sanity in choosing colors, styles and methods. To make a proper choice is not always intuitive, and in consequence mere display is too often substituted for beauty and good design, and we have a flimsy exhibit of interior ornament with which it is really degrading to live. Many women who have just "picked up" the decorative fad, think they have grasped the whole idea when they have put petticoats on their lamps, flounces on foot-stools, trousers on the piano's legs, neckties on vases, and aprons on the radiators, and have swathed flower-pots in silk scarfs, until they look as if the intention was to prevent sore throat, and what with draperies, tidies, pillow-shams and "things," have made the whole place about as much of a bore to the man of the house as it could possibly be, and in the minds of all people with the insanity of the fad not yet upon them, furnished him with good and sufficient grounds for serious dissatisfaction.

In general, a man hates these things, but will make no fuss about them unless they interfere with his personal comfort. Artistically, they do not offend, for it seldom happens that he knows right from wrong in regard to general effect. He only notices, with commendable pride, that his wife has surrounded herself with as much "trumpery" as has Jones' wife, and is well pleased, until he falls over the same hassock a dozen times, because it is the exact shade of the carpet, and always in the only bit of space in the over-crowded room where a man could reasonably expect to get a foothold; or until the silken fringe of a "throw" sticks to his unlucky coat-sleeve and he drags it off, smashing the most costly bit of bric-a-brac in the room; or until he goes down town with a tidy on his back, or gets roundly "blown up" for desecrating the lace pillow-shams with his stupid head, "into which no idea of genteel living can be drilled." At such moments he feels fully qualified to give "pointers" in household decorations, and his verdict is: "To perdition with all such

flummery," while he resolves all over again, and for the one thousandth time, to found an asylum for incurable faddists—with his wife a charter inmate.

Now, what is it that is wrong with his wife's ideas in regard to beautifying the home? Is it not simply the fault that many others have; the failure to understand that the floor is intended to be walked on, and is not to be considered only as so much space upon which to crowd spider-legged chairs, unsteady stands, and easels which topple over almost at a breath; that the ceiling is to reflect light, and is not merely a something from which to suspend an expensive chandelier, and that the wall is to serve as a background or setting for guests as well as pictures, and therefore should be subdued in color, so as not to obtrude itself upon one's notice, and should not be over-crowded with pictures, or brackets with draperies, or cabinets filled with bric-a-brac.

It is the excess of ornament, no less about a house than a person, that fatigues the eye and distracts the mind. About half of the useless lumber in the way of fragile brackets, cheap ornaments, conglomerate pictures, throws, tidies and flimsy scarfs, now disfiguring our houses should be relegated to the attic; the good etching or water-color or engraving is worth a van-load of common stuff, and would cost no more. A few exquisite forms and fewer colors, a restriction of cheap and lavish ornamentation, a chaste individuality in selecting every article of furniture and decoration for its fitness for its environments and its use, and we shall begin to understand the true art of decorating the home, than which, of all industries among women, none is of more importance.

As I have already stated, such knowledge is not intuitive, but is easy to be obtained by an actual study of the technicalities of the profession, or by a habit of observation that amounts to the same thing—in a woman at any rate, who acquires so much by absorption. The woman's building at the Columbian Exposition (the design of a woman and the best expression of elegance, harmony and beauty, with its exhibition limited to work done by women alone), was in itself, in the region of art, a great inspiration and incentive for women.

Since that Exhibition, women, generally, are giving more attention to decorative art, and the women of our country are taking it up as a profession, but unfortunately they so far have been obliged to go abroad for study. It has, for some years, been the custom with London firms to receive women to study the art of furnishing and decorating, the apprentice to remain from three to five years with the firm; and, in consideration of the time and trouble taken by employers in conscientiously educating their pupil in the mysteries and technicalities of the profession, one hundred pounds premium is required. This seems an unreasonable exaction on the part of such firms, for the experiment of teaching women has proven that they are more apt than men; that they have a keener moral sensitiveness to beauty, a quicker eye for color; that their sense of artistic proportions is equal to man's; and that they have, with these qualifications, an unbounded and unflagging enthusiasm, which, carried into the pursuit of any trade or profession, and coupled with the persistent effort said to be closely akin to genius, is almost certain to bring success.

Women studying decorating and art furnishing are required to learn all about the various materials used for all kinds of artistic work. They must know the newest designs for wall papers of both home and foreign productions; they have to familiarize themselves with furniture of all kinds and styles, including mantel-pieces, the fitting up of grates with tiles and brasses: they must know everything knowable about carpets and draperies, art em-

broideries, bric-a-brac and about pictures, and hanging them, how to place marbles, in short—how to artistically cover the lifeless skeleton of a house with beauty and interest. More than all else, since it is one of the most important questions of decoration, they must study harmony of colors, about which little enough is yet known; for, notwithstanding the immense progress that has been made in art in the last four hundred years, our knowledge of the properties of color is still in its infancy.

But it is not of decorating as a profession that I want to write, though I do think that it is an occupation for which woman is pre-eminently fitted by reason of her love of home, her delicate manipulation, and her great patience in detail. But it is for the home-maker—the woman who has for the object aimed at the beautifying of her own home—that this article is particularly intended. The world is full of people with whom a lavish use of money is impossible; and the question of the hour is how to obtain artistic results at a low cost; how to do something durable and decorative in the production, at a trifling outlay, of articles of convenience and beauty. This is not impossible, though many with limited means suppose that it is; their idea of correct furnishing being the relegating of the work to a professional, who, as often as otherwise, puts in a collection of enormities and makes the whole place look like his own show-rooms, and of course unsuited to the family which is to live amidst these environments.

Undoubtedly there should be a harmony between the house, the furnishings and the people in the house; and this is only obtainable when one knows what one wants; when, through observation and thought, one has cultivated the eye and exercised a little common sense. Wealth does not always bring good taste; but rich people who will not take the trouble to study pure style themselves, would run less risk in giving a decorator *carte blanche*, than in juggling with the art themselves, in the way in which many people of means in these "faddy" days do. We have all been in houses of the wealthy where the furnishings had been collected and placed simply because fancied, and without their proper harmony, in regard to style or fitness, being in the least understood. Violations of this kind are perpetrated every day, and it is to be hoped the time is coming when wealthy people who will not study pure style for themselves, will place the decoration and furnishing of their houses in the hands of competent decorators, who will at least do better for them than they can do for themselves.

Art shops and dealers in household decorations, lead the mind, and a score of ideas and adaptations to one's own particular needs, follow in train. But we must apply the test of fitness and use to the novelties that attract with their prettiness and brightness, and we must determine how much of time or money they are worth. A little sifting soon creates a capacity for clear analysis. A woman can learn to distinguish, at the glance of an eye, between truth and trash; and in a work in which she has so much at heart as the beautifying of her own home, she should ever be willing to pay a fair compensation in time, labor, and thought where there is to be such value received.

Trumpery "nothings," in their uselessness, are dear even as gifts. "Decorate the useful, but avoid mere useless decoration," is a good motto, particularly for the moderately rich and the comparatively poor. Pretty and tasteful things are within the reach of all. It is a great mistake to believe such things are for the rich only, and to be bought with a price. One clever woman of my acquaintance, whose home, though inexpensively furnished, is most artistic, has made one of the most exquisite set of portieres I have ever seen. For this pur-

pose, she utilized some old rose silk curtains, which had been purchased at an auction sale, and which were faded. These she ripped and turned, and they were found to be as fresh and rich in color as if new. Next, she looked up some cast-off lace curtains, laundried them herself, cut out the heavy figures and appliqued them on the silk, after gracefully arranging them on that fabric. The result was a pair of beautiful portieres that attract the attention and command the admiration of every one. Their manufacture took time, patience and thought, as we can well understand, but there was the value received for all this. This woman has furnished her entire house along the same lines, She is in the habit of saying that it was furnished out of the rag bag, but it certainly looks as if the fairies did the furnishing.

"Nor is her case a solitary one." We all know of other women who, by the exercise of good sense and such knowledge of art as they happen to have, cast a glamor over the most unpromising of rooms. They weave potent spells of witchery by making unusual arrangements of furniture, placing everything just where it belongs, where it is least likely to interfere with anyone's personal comfort, and where it shows to the best advantage. For instance, the black screen has a large pot of orange lilies, or golden foliage, to light its gloom; the tall mirror has a slight drapery of canary phoolkari; and a hanging, yellow-shaded lamp is fixed across a corner, so as to reflect a pretty window; a couch has fat yellow cushions; there are a few chairs not too elegant nor yet too cheap; fewer pictures, but these well hung, etc., etc.,—nothing valuable after all, but everything has that strange, undefinable charm of being just like the woman who owns it.

People cannot always create, outright, the place in which they are compelled to live, and they often find themselves in houses or rooms entirely opposed to their individual fancies. But that is their opportunity! As Lady Barker has said: "So long as a woman has a pair of hands, a workbasket, a hammer and brass tacks, she need not live in an actually ugly house." In this, I am sure Lady Barker is quite right. We cannot all have costly pleasures, such as really good pictures, statuary, bronzes, old silver, and old embroideries; but nothing save our want of knowledge, or want of taste, can withhold us from the daily, hourly delight of being surrounded by beautiful harmonious color. But a really good eye for color is not found as often as might be supposed. Indeed, there seems to be, generally, but little thought given to it; and yet the tonic effect of harmony in colors is, upon some natures, as strong as that of music.

Many of us have only a smattering of color-knowledge—just that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. For instance, we know that a crude purple, a magenta and a blood-curdling shade of green are "really quite too dreadful," as a combination; but we are slow to understand how a certain shade of yellow wall paper cries aloud for velvet curtains of a special tone of russety green; we would be more likely to insist upon having hangings of that most bourgeoise color, peacock blue, because "blue and yellow go together, you know.'

There are a few cardinal principles of truly artistic decoration which every woman can know without apprenticing herself to a furnisher or draper, and which it is gross laziness or carelessness not to know.

The prime object of house-furnishing is to, through the senses, rest both body and mind; and the realization of this idea is attained by supplying impressions that are totally alien to those generated in the struggle in the business world for the almighty dollar.

A room should declare its purpose or nature of occupancy, and should also declare its logical relation to the

rest of the house. It should harmonize with those rooms which adjoin it, thereby exerting a pleasant influence upon the person passing through them. It should be an expression of the individuality of its inmates. The condition of individuality makes the room express the nature of the decorator. If the owner leads an intellectual existence, and loves soft lights or warm glowing colors, then if she does her own thinking she will, of course, betray this existence in the things with which she has surrounded herself. The rare literary contents of the book cases, the statuary, if she can afford it, (but all weird and symbolical effects,) rather than the presence of things hard and practical, reveal a poetic personality. Such a scheme admits the widest possibilities of decorative art; is rich in a thousand practical suggestions. The individuality of the master and mistress of the house, whose tastes can be made identical, becomes the soul of the arrangement, transforming what might at first appear a heterogeneous gathering of disconnected parts into harmonious composition. The style is the decorator himself or herself, and not any conception of a dead past. The subject is worthy of the consideration of every house-maker. It is a fad quite worth pursuing, since, through the medium of the home, the coming generations will be taught to admire what is best in form and color.

It might be well to consider seriously what we are teaching in the way of "mother wit," as revealed in art. There has been much ridicule on our part thrown upon the "good old times," as being more uncomfortable and fanatical than the present. But it must be acknowledged that there is one thing in which our ancestors were superior to ourselves, and that is that decorative art, with them, did not mean an endless covering of the wall or ceiling spaces with a prodigality of patterns and colors which "swore at each other," as the French say. Neither did they try to hide their poverty with sashes and silken draperies, nor fling so-called Indian rugs here and there to hide grease spots. Homes made up of handkerchiefs and remnants were less common, and as emporiums of misfits were unknown. There was much less of that cheap splendor and mock luxury which abhors the use of furniture really well made, and chairs that are comfortable and solid, and bureau drawers that open and shut well. In fact there was a relish of those healthful ideas which, in decorating a home as in everything else, consist in appearing that which one is and not what one might wish to be thought. In this age when financial progress goes rapidly ahead of education in art, are we not in some danger of falling into degeneracy?

ALLEGHANY, Pa.

THE SAFEST SHIPS AFLOAT.

The safety and comfort of modern ocean travel as illustrated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Ocean Steamships.

BY HENRY FRY.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company's ocean steamships are a credit alike to the builders, the owners, and the Dominion. They are, in every respect, a great advance on the ordinary screw steamship; so great that the public do not fully realize it. All three are exactly alike both in hull and engines. They were built by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, of Barrow, under contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., and were guaranteed to make 18 knots an hour on the measured mile, and 16½ on a 400 mile sea trip.

They are "twin screws," 485 feet long on deck, 51 feet beam and 36 feet deep; of 5,905 tons gross, with two pair of triple expansion engines working up to 10,000 horse power. They have all exceeded the guaranteed speed. The *Empress of India* made 19¾ knots on the measured mile, the *Empress of Japan* 18·91, and 17·85 on the 400 mile sea trip, and the *Empress of China* 19 knots on the measured mile, and 16·6 in face of a heavy gale, making 89 revolutions a minute and burning only 1·59 lbs. of coal per indicated horse power per hour. This is fast enough for any reasonable man who desires safety.

They are also fitted to carry 14 guns each, under admiralty survey, and can be armed as cruisers or troop ships in 48 hours, so that with their great speed they can either fight or run away from an enemy. They are also lighted throughout by electricity. They have accommodation for 180 first, 32 intermediate and 600 steerage passengers, and space for over 3,000 tons of cargo.

They cost over one million dollars each, and are superbly fitted throughout, with a luxury never dreamt of by the builders of the early Atlantic steamships. But luxury, after all, is only a secondary consideration, and it may be interesting to point out in some detail the various improvements in these ships,—all tending to safety.

The dangers to which the ordinary screw steamship is exposed may be classed under five heads:—

1st. Fracture of main shaft, as in the case of the *City of Brussels, Circassian, Umbria, Sarnia,* and many other steamships.

2nd. Loss of screw or its fans, as in the cases of the *Peruvian* and *Sardinian.*

3rd. Loss of rudder or damage to it, as in the cases of the *Great Eastern* and *Alaska.*

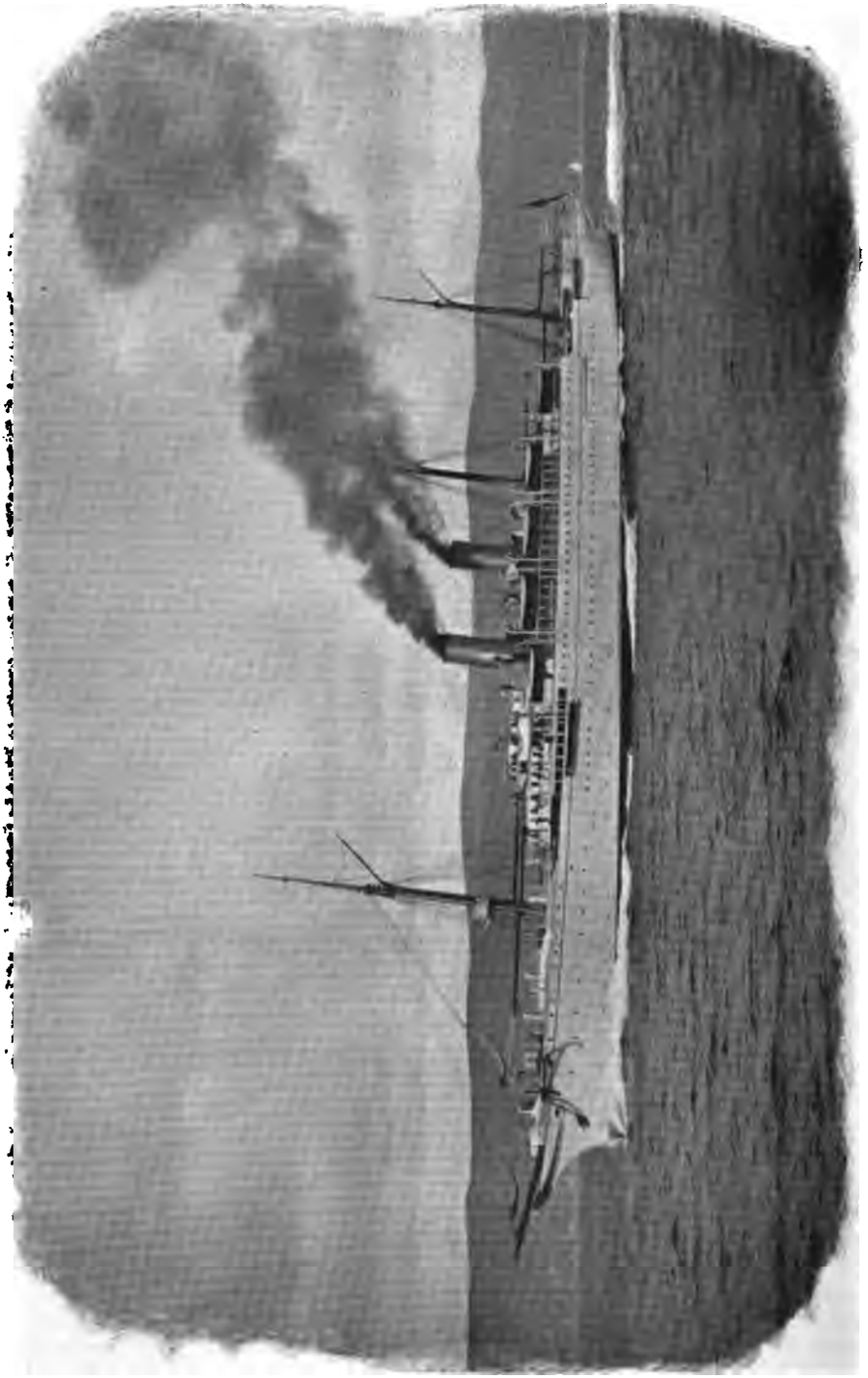
4th. Breaking down of the machinery, as in the case of the *Aurania.*

5th. Collision between two ships or with rocks, as in the cases of the *Oregon, Idaho, City of Chicago,* etc.

The first four render a single screw steamship helpless, and she can only reach port by being towed, or by the very tedious process of sailing under her own canvas.

The fifth is usually fatal, as the cross bulkheads are generally too weak to withstand the pressure of a large body of water.

Now, the Canadian Pacific Steamships have all twin screws with two independent sets of engines and boilers, and in this fact is found their immunity from most of the dangers inherent in all single screw steamships; indeed it may be said to exempt them



SS. Empress of Japan, C. P. R. Line.

from the first four causes of danger, and even in the fifth case it may prolong the ship's life, or lead to her rescue.

How? Let us see! It is impossible in most cases to repair a broken shaft at sea, but in a twin screw the only effect is to diminish her speed about one-third, say from 18 knots to 12 or 13, and thus slightly prolong her voyage. As a matter of fact, the *City of New York* (a twin screw vessel), once made 382 knots with one screw cause it. But from all these accidents a "twin screw" is virtually free; or rather, if they do occur, the second screw is always available.

The third is also a very common accident and renders a single screw vessel perfectly helpless. The *Great Eastern* became unmanageable and slowly returned to Queenstown. The *Sardinian* transferred her passengers in mid-ocean and was towed to Liverpool; and the *Alaska* was assisted into New York by the *Lake Winnipeg*.



THE SALOON, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

in 24 hours,—an average of nearly 16 knots per hour.

The second kind of accident is a very common one. The screw cannot be replaced at sea, but in a twin screw the effect is no worse than in the first case. Many things cause the loss of a screw. The *Scythia* lost hers by striking a whale; the *Peruvian* by striking field ice; the *Sardinian* by breaking the end of the main shaft. Floating timber, too, or a sunken wreck may

But in a "twin screw" it is possible to overcome even this disaster. By going ahead with one screw and astern with the other, from time to time as may be required, it is quite possible to make a fair course, sufficiently so to take the vessel near to her destination. She has also the great advantage of being able to turn a circle in about her own length—an immense advantage in a narrow channel, or when fighting an enemy, as every sailor knows.


EMPRESS OF JAPAN
EMPRESS OF INDIA
EMPRESS OF CHINA

The fourth is a kind of accident occurring through a variety of causes. Machinery can often be repaired at sea, as duplicates of many parts are carried; but in many cases it cannot. Cylinders crack; air pumps, piston rods, or condensers break, and the engine is rendered useless. The *Aurania*, of the Cunard Line, broke a connecting rod, which smashed the cylinder, and she drifted about until picked up by tugs. A paddle boat usually has two engines, and unless the main shaft breaks she can go ahead slowly with one engine, or even with one paddle; but in a single screw, if one cylinder is disabled the others are useless, because the steam passes from the high pressure cylinder through the intermediate into the lower and thence into the condenser. But in a twin screw the total breakdown of the engine only involves a diminution of speed; the chances of both breaking down at the same time are, of course, infinitesimal (It may be said that the accident to the *City of Paris*, a twin screw, is opposed to this theory, but that I will discuss later on.)

Collisions have recently become a source of terrible disasters to all iron ships, and here the utility of the twin screw, is seen. In a single screw, protection is sought by means of cross bulkheads and double bottoms. The former often fail for want of strength to resist the pressure of a large body of water, and they are pierced by doors which there is no time to close in a panic or in a great emergency.



FORWARD CORNER IN GRAND SALOON, EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Double bottoms are a great protection when a ship strikes on a sandy, or level bottom, but they are no protection against sharp rocks. In collisions between two iron ships, one usually escapes, if she has a strong collision bulkhead near her bows, but the other sinks in a few minutes, as has been illustrated in the case of H. M. ships *Victoria* and *Camperdown*. The *Polynesian* and *Cynthia*, met end on near Longue Point below Montreal. The collision bulkhead saved the

former, but not the latter, which sank in a few minutes. The Cunard steamship *Oregon*, of 7,000 tons, was sunk by a miserable little wooden schooner which struck her in a vital part near the engine-room. Her bulkhead might have saved her, but it was pierced by sliding doors; the grooves were filled with small coal and the doors could not be closed in time.



THE LIBRARY, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

The Canadian Pacific Railway ships have two independent sets of engines and boilers, and have *central longitudinal* bulkheads running from the keels on to the main deck. The effect of this is fourfold: 1st, it cuts the space into halves; 2nd, it strengthens the transverse bulkheads; 3rd, it effectually separates the two sets of engines and boilers; and 4th, it gives the ship greater longitudinal strength. In fact it is possible to divide the whole ship into sections and thus render her unsinkable, without seriously interfering with either the engines, boilers, passengers or cargo. The *Empresses* have eleven bulkheads; six have no doors; the other five have water-tight doors with patent releasing apparatus.

There remains to be considered one other danger, common to all ships, and perhaps the most terrible of all to landsmen—that of fire. The great advantage of an iron ship, and especially of a "twin screw," over a wooden ship, is that the fire can be confined to one section and drowned out with water, or steam from steam pumps or direct from the boilers, without the passengers even being terrified by smoke.

Here it may be well to describe the extraordinary accident which befel the *City of Paris*, which is a "twin screw." She was being driven very hard to make a record; but such an accident is without a parallel, and may not happen again for a century. The



ENTRANCE TO SPECIAL STATE ROOMS AND LIBRARY, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

immediate cause was the breaking of the starboard main shaft near the screw, when it was making 80 revolutions per minute. This, of course, caused the engine to race. A connecting rod, 11 inches in diameter broke, and, acting like a huge flail, smashed the two standards (weighing 14 tons each), and the low pressure cylinder (weighing 45 tons), broke off the condenser pipe, and made a hole in the after bulkhead, thus flooding the engine-room. All this would not have stopped her or imperilled her safety, had not flying pieces of metal made three ragged holes in the longitudinal bulk-head, thus causing both engine-rooms to be flooded and driving all the engineers on deck. The forward bulk-heads, protecting the boilers, remained intact and kept the ship afloat. She was towed to Queenstown; the condenser and injection pipes were plugged and the water pumped out; then she proceeded to Liverpool with her port engine, unassisted. On docking her, the *lignum vitæ* bushing of the after bearing was found to be worn away; the end of the shaft had dropped seven inches and been fractured.



ON THE PROMENADE DECK, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

There has always been difficulty in lubricating the after-bearing of the shafts of screw steamships. The late John Penn of Greenwich, found that strips of *lignum vitæ* inserted in the bearing, when acted upon by salt water and friction, produced a natural lubrication. It was this *lignum vitæ* that had worn away in such an extraordinary fashion. The writer is not an engineer, but he would suggest that the facts seem to indicate that the shaft must have been originally slightly out of plumb. This was the case with the *Peruvian*, which, on her trial trip, melted the brasses and damaged the shaft. The fact remains that the *City of Paris* escaped under circumstances in which, according to the official report to the Board of Trade, "No ordinary vessel could have remained afloat after such an accident."



FULL VIEW OF PROMENADE DECK, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

So much for the safety of twin screws.

But these beautiful ships of ours have other attractions. Those who, like the writer, have been in the habit of crossing the Atlantic twice a year for nearly a quarter of a century, will appreciate them fully; but some may now be only anticipating their first sea trip.

In the early Cunarders, the little "State-rooms," so amusingly described by Dickens in his "American Notes," were only six feet square; they contained two bunks like coffins, two wash-basins and jugs, the latter having a knack of pouring their contents over your bed, two little mirrors, two brass pegs, and a seat. Of ventilation, there was practically none, except on very fine days, when the "sideports" could be opened. The peregrination of one's portmanteau, the gyrations of one's hat, and the swing of garments on the pegs were maddening, especially to those suffering from sea-sickness. No books or hot water could be had, nor even your light be extinguished, without bawling for "steward" perhaps a dozen times, when the reply would be in the distance, "What number, sir?" (A wag on board the *Canada* once changed all the boots late at night, and the scene in the morning was indescribable.) If you wanted a smoke, you had to go to a wretched little place over the boilers, called the "fiddle," where the stokers were hoisting the ashes, and where you often got soused with salt water. There were a few books, and very good ones too, but they were kept under lock and key, and a special application was necessary to get one. There was no piano, or organ, or bath-room; the only promenade was on top of the deck-house and only sixty feet long, and at meals you had to climb over the backs of long benches to get to your seat. The Allan boats had larger saloons and a better promenade, but the saloons were right aft, where the "racing" of the screw was often extremely disagreeable.



VIEW OF BRIDGE, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Now mark the striking contrast to all this in the *Empresses*. The state rooms are large and well ventilated by fans and patent ventilators, which always admit fresh air, but exclude the sea. The beds fold up as in a Pullman car, and by day your room is converted into a cosy little sitting room with a comfortable sofa. Instead of the rattling jugs, you turn a tap and get a supply of hot or cold water; you touch a button and your steward instantly appears, without a word being spoken. Neat wardrobes enable you to banish your portmanteau or trunks to the baggage-room. You turn a switch and you get an electric light; and if you want a nap, or wish to retire early, you can turn it off in a moment. If you have plenty of spare cash and are willing to part with some of it, you can have a "day cabin" on the upper deck, where you can entertain your friends, or enjoy a game in privacy. You can have the luxury of a morning bath, and a pro-

menade 250 feet long. To diminish sea-sickness, you dine in a decorated saloon near the centre of the ship. Revolving arm chairs replace the benches; and electric lights, the candlesticks with their lashings. To allow you to enjoy a cigar after dinner, a luxurious smoking-room is provided; or, if you prefer to read or write, there is ready for you a pleasant reading room, with plenty of good books; the ladies have their own handsome boudoir, with a piano. As for the table, it is sufficient to say that it is provided by the C. P. R. Co. You can have wine or ale or toddy—all free of duty. Concerts, chess, drafts or whist, will enliven your evenings up to 11 p.m., and Divine service is held every Sunday morning.

Abundance of pure oxygen will refit you for the cares of city life; and the trip by land and sea is the best in the world to furnish that oxygen. You can step into a Sleeping car at Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, St. Johns, or Halifax, and land in Japan in fifteen days; and thoughout the entire journey enjoy the best of food and attendance, and luxuriate in every comfort amid ever changing scenes of beauty. Or, if you have the time to spare, you can enjoy a trip around the globe for a very moderate sum. Leaving the snows of Canada, say about the beginning of a new year, and after visiting the most interesting, polite, and progressive people of the East, you will land by the Company's steamers, in Hong Kong—the most prosperous little island in the world—sixty years ago a barren rock; but now a great depot of trade, owning thousands of craft, and a bank with one hundred millions of assets. They will there transfer you to one of the splendid "P and O" ships, which will carry you, *via* Singapore and Penang, to the lovely island of Ceylon; thence *via* Aden to Egypt, where you can enjoy the finest of winter climates; then on to Brindisi, and by rail through Naples, Rome, Venice, Milan, Turin, Paris, and London, or by sea to Malta. Gibraltar and London, and thence, *via* Liverpool, you will land at New York, Boston, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, or Toronto, in the early spring and in time for the opening of navigation, and all with a safety and comfort far beyond what was known only a few years ago.

To show what can be done in the way of speed, it is sufficient to quote the great feat performed by the *Empress of Japan*. Leaving Yokohama on the 19th of August, 1891, she arrived at Victoria on the 29th, or in 9 days, 19 hours, and 39 minutes, thus making an average of 18½ knots per hour, the distance being 4,374 knots. The mails left Vancouver by a special train at 1.08 p.m. and reached Brockville, 2,802 miles distant, on Sept. 1st, at 9.03 p.m. or in 76 hours and 55 minutes, and New York, 360 miles further on, at 4.43 a.m., on the 2nd. or in an additional 7 hours, 2 minutes. The mails left port by the *City of New York* at 5.10 a.m. and were delivered in London, to the astonishment of all England, on the morning of the 9th, only 21 days from Yokohama. The official time *via* Suez was 43 days.

Such, without exaggeration, are our noble Canadian Pacific Steamships. Long may they run in their peaceful career, the pride of Canadians, whose flag they carry. These steamers will carry the produce of our mills, and our farms to the far East (or west), and bring back the tea, the silk, the rice, and the artistic treasures of the Orient.

It only remains to add that the writer has no interest, directly or indirectly, in the company, and only writes to point out to Canadians and others, the facility with which they can now enjoy a most delightful trip in one of the noblest ships afloat.

SWEETSBURG, QUE.

SANDY GREY.

BY ALAN SULLIVAN.

Sandy Grey ! Sandy Grey !
Where are the rapids of Sandy Grey ?

Some ten miles up from the Georgian Bay,
Where the hurrying yellow Muskoka flings
Its waters with resonant thunderings,
Fretted and whipped to a foam, like snow,
Some twenty-six feet on the rocks below ;
And whirls in an eddy so strong and deep,
That the best canoe-man does well to creep
By the twisted roots on its steep, bluff side
To the foot of the flashing timber-slide ;
These are the rapids of Sandy Grey,
Some ten miles up from the Georgian Bay.
But whence is the name ? I hear you say :—

Twenty years ago, ere the pine was cut,
And no foreman would look at a stick, whose butt
Went two feet or less, while the big trees stood
And lorded it over all other wood,
The current above for a mile was brown,
As the logs came steadily drifting down,
Till they stuck and tightened and piled and jammed
In the gut, where the narrowing stream was dammed ;
Higher and tighter and stronger grew,
Till the river but trickled and filtered through ;
And the water backed up to the shallow lake,
Backed up from the dam which it could not break.
The drivers stood high on the bare rock shore,
And noted the river's lessening roar,
And the heaving tremble and creak and groan
In the jam, as log after log was thrown
On the mound of timber ; and, stone by stone,
The bed of the river below grew plain,
And the rocks once sunken shewed up again.
Then the pipes came out, and the sweet weed burned
In a dozen bowls, and the talk was turned
To similar jams, and the means they'd tried
To loosen the logs ; till somebody cried—
Look—there, on the river—look, boys, I say—
God ! look at that fool of a Sandy Grey.

They looked, and there, where the quick stream swirled
On the lip of the fall, and the spray was hurled
Up high in the air, to descend like sleet—
A man had crawled, set his spike-shod feet
On the key of the jam, and his axe-head made
A silver halo of light that played
In circling flashes, and rose and fell
With the swing that a woodsman knows so well.
Careless of rapids and life and death
He hewed, and the drivers with bated breath
Spoke but in whispers; then, staring, dumb,
Waited and watched for the end to come.

It came—when the deep yellow, brown-edged gash
Grew a little wider; a short, quick crash
Told the deed was done: and he turned and glanced
At the trembling logs, and the stream that danced
On the curving slide; then he leapt and missed,
And fell where the face of the dam was kissed
By the river's bright lips; no chance to swim,
For the logs came hurrying down on him,
And the river, now strong from its unsought rest,
Set its shoulders under the jam, and pressed
And heaved, till the logs in the air were tossed
In wild confusion, like matches lost
In a miniature rill; and the man was sucked
Down into the deeps, as a fly is plucked
From the face of a pool by a rising trout;
And he was not found till they searched about
Near Flat Rock rapids, two miles below;
And then he was torn by the sharp rocks so
That they hardly knew the disfigured clay,
For the man who had once been Sandy Grey.

And now when you hear the thundering tone
That up in the night from those falls is thrown,
And spreads far out on the still, calm air
Till it sounds like the sound of an angel's prayer,
You will surely agree with me, and say
That the river is mourning for Sandy Grey.

WILLIAM RALPH MEREDITH, M.P.P., AT HOME.

BY. THOS. E. CHAMPION.

FEW more charmingly picturesque spots are to be found in the city of Toronto than that in Rosedale where stands the handsome house on Lamport Avenue occupied by the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the Provincial Parliament. Crossing the Sherbourne street bridge, which a little distance north of Bloor street



W. R. MEREDITH, M.P.P.
Leader of the Ontario Opposition.

spans the lovely and romantic Rosedale ravine, and following the tracks of the street railway, the house is soon reached. It is a modern residence, looking towards the city, and, happily for its occupants, has, in whichever direction one may look, green fields and trees now clothed in the most luxuriant foliage.

Bright and cheery as are its surroundings, the interior of the house is not less so; everything betokens an air of comfort, while there is something which strikes one as specially homelike when the comfortable library is reached. Mr. Meredith, on your entrance, greets you heartily, tells you you are welcome, and before many moments are past you feel that you are so. From another room comes the sound of music, laughter, and of young people's happy voices, and at once it is learned that however formidable Mr. Meredith may be as an opposing counsel in the law courts, or as a militant politician on the platform, he is not feared in his own household.

Mr. Meredith is the son of the late Mr. John Cook Meredith, an Irish gentleman, who was a B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and who came to this country in 1834, with the intention of farming. He settled in the township of Westminster, and there, on March 31st, 1840, the subject of this sketch was born. Mr. Meredith continued farming for several years, but eventually relinquished that occupation and was appointed Clerk of the Division Court in London, Ontario, which post he occupied until he met his death, some few years ago, by the overturning of a steamboat upon which he was a passenger, on the Canadian Thames. His widow still survives, and resides

in London. Mr. W. R. Meredith passed his very early years on his father's farm, and in 1848 was sent to the Grammar School in London, where his parents had then taken up their residence. Of this Grammar School, the Rev. Benjamin Bayly, B.A., an Anglican clergyman, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was head master. Very probably, the fact that Mr. Bayly was a member of his own *Alma Mater* influenced Mr. Meredith's father not a little in choosing the school to which to send his son.

Mr. Meredith remained under Mr. Bayly's charge for several years, and subsequently entered Toronto University, where he graduated as LL.B., in 1866. Twenty-three years later, in 1889, at the same time that a similar honor was conferred on Sir Oliver Mowat, he was created LL.D., a distinction alike honorable to the University and to its recipient, he being one of the most distinguished of her sons.

In 1856, Mr. Meredith entered the office in London, as articled pupil, of the late Mr. Thomas Scatcherd, representative in the Dominion Parliament for many years of the constituencies of West and of North Middlesex. He was called to the Bar and admitted as a solicitor in 1861, and almost immediately entered into partnership with Mr. Scatcherd. This partnership continued until the death of the latter gentleman in 1876. Mr. Meredith was created Queen's Counsel for Ontario in 1875, and "took silk" for the Dominion in 1881. Until 1888 he resided in London, and practised in, or, to use the technical term, "went" the Oxford and the Western circuits. He devoted himself to both civil and criminal business, and soon became known as an accomplished pleader.

In 1872, Mr. Meredith determined to try to obtain a seat in the Ontario Legislature, and with that object in view offered himself as a candidate to the electors of the Forest City. He was not, though, to be allowed a "walk over," for he was opposed most vigorously by Mr. James Durand, who was a pronounced Reformer. However, the victory lay with the Conservatives, Mr. Meredith gaining the seat, but only by the narrow majority of forty-two votes. But, like Mercutio's wound "it was enough," and Mr. Meredith attained the object of his ambition. In 1875, there was another contest with the same opponent, when Mr. Meredith was again at the head of the poll with an increased majority of one hundred and forty-one. Nothing succeeds like success, for though at the election of 1879 he had to fight for his seat against Mr. James Magee, his majority was no less than four hundred and forty-three. When Parliament was dissolved in 1883, no one could be found sufficiently intrepid to try to wrest the seat from him; and to the satisfaction of his party, and doubtless to his own (for, after all, members of Parliament are but human), he was returned by acclamation. But when he had again to appeal to the constituency in 1886, he was opposed by a labor candidate, a Mr. James Peddle, a working cabinet-maker, but he succeeded in holding his seat, though his majority was reduced to about two hundred. In 1890, once more he was elected without a contest, a satisfaction that is not to be afforded him in 1894.

On the elevation of Mr. Matthew Crooks Cameron, the then leader of the Opposition, to the judicial bench in 1879, Mr. Meredith was by the all but unanimous voice of his party, both in the House and in the country, called upon to become the leader of the Conservatives in the local Parliament, and in that position he has continued since.

Some amusing stories are told illustrating Mr. Meredith's ready wit and imperturbable *sang froid* in the face of interruptions, when speaking in public. One of these is to the effect that, on the day before the polling, on the occasion of his first contest, when making his final appeal to the electors,

a man in the crowd addressed the not very pertinent enquiry to him, "Does your mother know you're out?" Of course there was a laugh, which was at once turned into a roar of applause by Mr. Meredith's reply, "Yes, my friend, and by this time to-morrow night she will know I am in." There is another, perhaps, not quite so amusing, but at any rate well worth relating. At one of his election meetings, a notorious "rough" shouted at him the meaningless "catch" of "Get your hair cut!" Nothing disconcerted, Mr. Meredith, looking full at his would-be tormentor, quietly replied, "It seems to me I once had something to do with getting *your* hair cut." Mr. Meredith had recognized the interrupter as a man whom he had once been instrumental in convicting of an offence against the law.

Mr. Meredith married a daughter of Mr. Marcus Holmes, of London, Ontario, and they have several children. By her charming presence, and ever-present courtesy, Mrs. Meredith has done not a little towards her husband's success, both socially and politically.

Among other appointments held by Mr. Meredith is that of Vice-Chancellor of the Western University in London, while he has been a Bencher of the Law Society since 1872. In 1876 he was appointed city solicitor for London, and on March 1st in this year was also appointed counsel to the corporation of the city of Toronto.

He is a member of the Anglican church. He is a strong supporter of the entire separation of church and state. We think we may safely make that statement of his views, without being accused of touching upon political topics.

Mr. Meredith has visited Europe on more than one occasion, and has also travelled a great deal on this continent. He has served as a private and as a commissioned officer in the Canadian militia. For some time he was in the 7th Fusiliers, finally retiring from military life, as he laughingly tells you, "without a pension."

In concluding this sketch, I think we cannot do better then quote the encomium passed upon Mr. Meredith by a political opponent, the Honorable J. M. Gibson, at the Centennial proceedings held in Toronto, in describing him as the "most efficient and best equipped leader of an Opposition anywhere to be found."

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

BY J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

THE Conference which is to be held in Ottawa commencing June 21st will be one of the most important gatherings in which Canada has ever taken part. More than that, it will be an event of far-reaching Imperial significance, as marking the first practical step towards the closer union of world-wide British interests. It will be a meeting of representatives from Britain's three chief colonies—Canada, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope —coming together from the furthest separated parts of the earth to pave the way for more intimate trade relations and all that is involved in a better knowledge of each other's wants and supplies. With them there will also be a commissioner from the Home Government; so that, in a sense, the Conference will have an Imperial character. An impulse of patriotism must move every Canadian heart as it is realized that this event so full of promise was inspired by one of our Dominion statesmen, and is to take place in our own capital.

This Conference grew directly out of Honorable Mackenzie Bowell's mission to Australia in the latter part of last year. That visit to the Antipodes followed as a reasonable sequence to the establishment of a line of steamers to ply regularly between Vancouver and Sidney. When, however, the Minister of Trade and Commerce had spent a month in the colonies he found it most difficult to make anything like satisfactory progress in dealing with the distant Governments comprising the Australian group. They covered a very wide area, and the actual separation by distance was intensified by the friction growing out of tariff legislation and long maintained rivalry in various phases of commercial and inter-colonial life. That is to say, not only would much time be taken up in visiting each legislative centre, but little could really be accomplished with any one colony until it was known what other colonies were likely to do. Joint action was absolutely necessary; and this could not be had without bringing the parties together. It was first proposed to have a meeting of the delegates in Australia; but several of the legislatures were in session at the time, and this proposition was found impracticable. Mr. Bowell was not the man to let the matter drop, however, or to be long undecided. In effect he said: "If you can not meet me here, then come to Canada, where all the matters which concern us collectively may be carefully discussed." Four out of the seven colonies gave their acquiescence at once, and with that promise Mr. Bowell returned to Canada. Soon after his return, formal invitations were sent to the Imperial Government, the Australasian Colonies, Fiji and Cape Colony, to send representatives to Canada in June of this year.

At the moment of writing, favorable replies have been received from the Imperial Government, the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, New Zealand, South Australia and Cape Colony. Their delegates will convene in Ottawa about the 21st of June.

The scope of the Conference is not limited within fixed boundaries. It may be safely assumed, however, from the terms of the invitation sent to the parties concerned, that three things in chief will be considered:—1st. The development of inter-colonial trade; 2nd. The laying of a Pacific cable between Canada and Australia; 3rd. The

proposed Imperial highway from England, across Canada to Australia and the East. These three themes will undoubtedly suggest others of a cognate character: but it is not my purpose to speculate. Were there no other matters hinging on them, these would still be sufficiently weighty to mark the Conference with very great importance. In the first place, the question of trade relations involves a matter of great moment to the Australasian Colonies which can only be dealt with jointly. Unlike Canada, they cannot give preferential treatment to any outside country, although having the power to discriminate against each other to an unlimited extent. This bar in their respective constitutions prevents them from making a bargain with Canada on the basis of mutual concessions, no matter how anxious they may be to do so. For example, if they made lumber free in return for some corresponding freedom in our market, the United States and other lumber exporting countries would be able to take advantage of the arrangement without giving anything back. This disability would lie at the very threshold of all trade discussions, and its removal would be one of the prime objects of the Convention. This would carry with it the means in detail by which reciprocal trade could be stimulated, and would pave the way for a careful review of the needs of each. All this applies with equal force to South Africa.

The Pacific cable project was first mooted by Sanford Fleming, Esq., C.M.G., of Ottawa, and has been advocated by that eminent engineer with unremitting zeal for the past twelve or thirteen years. As a practical necessity, it has sprung into first-rate importance by the establishment of the line of steamers between Canada and Australia. At the present time, a message from this country to the Antipodes must cross the Atlantic to England, thence by numerous land and cable lines to Egypt, and through the Red Sea and Indian Ocean to Bombay: thence to Singapore, to Java, to the extreme north-eastern coast of Australia, and over the great desert of that continent to the great commercial centres of the colonies—crossing three continents, and covering a total distance of nearly 20,000 miles. For a short dispatch, this means a cost of about $5 per word, and to make matters worse, the line of communication is controlled by a monopoly which has wrung millions of dollars from the Australian colonies during the past fifteen years, and made for itself a vast fortune. The Eastern Extension Company owns 18,000 miles of telegraph lines, extending to Egypt, India, and China, and from the subsidies and guarantees which they have drawn from the Australasian colonies alone, it has more than paid the entire annual working expenses of that vast system. Last year the Company added upwards of $500,000 to a reserve which already amounts to more than $3,500,000, after paying a dividend of 7 per cent. on heavily watered capital. Australia wants relief from this oppressive monopoly, and Canada wants direct telegraphic communication across the Pacific at reasonable cost, as the necessary complement of the communication now had by a first-class line of steamers.

For military reasons, Great Britain also requires a cable to the East, the land portions of which shall be entirely under her control. The existing line passes through several foreign countries, and in the event of war could be interrupted at many points. Thus, it is proposed that the Pacific cable should be laid at a cost of about $8,000,000, on a joint guarantee by Great Britain, Canada, and the Australian colonies. The scheme in general has been commended by the Honorable Mackenzie Bowell, as Canadian Commissioner to Australia, and by the recent Australasian Postal Conference in New Zealand: but it has, and will

have, the strenuous opposition of the powerful monopoly controlling the existing lines from England to the Antipodes.

The third matter with which the Conference will deal is of paramount importance to the Dominion. Canadians are familiar with the facts attaching to the proposed fast Atlantic steamship service; but they have not generally grasped the full meaning of all that is involved in the success of that great undertaking. Mr. James Huddart, with whom the Government has entered into a provisional agreement, is the owner of the Canadian-Australian Steamship Line, and by co-operation with the Canadian Pacific Railway, he proposes to make Canada the new and chief highway between England and Australia. This would mean much to us, and it would mean more to Australasia (more particularly to New Zealand), in that it would shorten the time for receiving and sending mails, and bring the colonies at least five days nearer to the Imperial centre. In these times, five days means much. It would also obviate encountering the oppressive heat of the Red Sea, and the dangers from disease and international trouble which constantly menace that route. The Home Government has been petitioned to subsidize the proposed service, and in reply has asked that the matter be left open until the Ottawa Conference has been heard. It requires no particular perspicacity to see that with the grace of the Imperial Government in tangible form, the great enterprise which Mr. Huddart has in hand will be carried to success. Canada will then occupy a new position in the eyes of the world; but this can only be brought about after much careful work and wise planning; for the fast Atlantic service will have to be launched in the face of bitter opposition from the powerful Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Lines, now controlling the traffic between Great Britain and Australia.

Of the personnel of this Conference, I do not care to write at the present moment, for the reason that there is some uncertainty as to the names of two or three of the Australian representatives. It may be assumed, however, that the Home Government will send one or two delegates: Victoria, three; New South Wales, two; Queensland, two; New Zealand, one; South Australia, one, and Cape Colony, two. In addition to these, Canada will probably nominate two or three representatives, and the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu has, on the invitation of the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, announced its intention of sending a delegate. In all cases, the men thus far chosen are from the first rank in affairs of State and Commerce; and Canada will welcome them, not only because they personify the bond of kinship which unites the scattered branches of the Empire, but because they come with a view to shaping that union into concrete form by the tan gible ties of trade and mutual interests.

GABLE ENDS.

A SILLER WEDDIN'.

I'll wager, Wullie, ye didna ken 'at. Betty an' me wis mairit again. I dinna ken whether it's a' right or no. I'm whiles thinkin' it maun be juist anithir o' thae lawyure's dodges. But it seems, by what Mrs. Jamieson wis tellin' Betty the ither day, that aifter ye hae been mairit five an' twenty year' ye hae tae mak anither weddin'.

I had niver heard a' the like afore, an when Betty cam hame an tell't me that we had tae "hae anither weddin'," I wis speechless, dumfoondered; for I thocht she wis gaun ree a'thegither.

"Na, Betty, woman," I says at last, layin' doon me paper, "what's wrang wi ye?"

"Sandy," says she, "there's naethin' at a' wrang wi' me. It's as true as deith 'at I'm tellin' ye—we hae tae be mairit ower again"

"Mairit ower again?" I says. "My certy but that's a bonny story! Warna we mairit firm an' fast by auld Donald Anderson, him 'at's deid noo this ten year' syne?"

"Aye."

"An' didna I gie him his hauf-a-croon when he wis dune wi' the job?"

"Aye."

"An' didna I gie ye the marriage certeeficate i' yer ain keepin'?"

"Aye."

"Weel, an' what mair d' ye want than that, Betty?"

"Aye, but Sandy," says she, "dinna ye ken 'at next Wednesday we will hae been mairit five-an'-twenty year'?"

"Aye," I says still lookin' at her vera curiously.

"Weel, ye may be thankfu' I gaed ower tae Mrs. Jamieson's this mornin', or it's vera likely baith o' us wad hae suffered wi' thae lawyures. Mercy me, I kenna what the worl's comin' tae at a'."

"Betty," I says, "I'll niver believe sic nonsense. There's auld Sandy Tamson an' his wife, Meg, 'at's been mairit weel nigh this forty year', an' they haena gotten mairit again; an' Donald McNab, an' Wullie Campbell, an' hauf a dizzen ithers, wha haena gotten mairit again."

"It maun be a new law," says Betty, "for David M'Phee, it seems wis mairit again last Thursday, because him an' Leezie had been mairit five-an'-twenty year'."

"Weel," I says, "it maun be some quirk o' the law, or else David M'Phee wad niver hae gotten mairit again; for I'm sure he disna think ower muckle o' auld Leezabuth. It's a wunner he didna be aifter ane o' Sandy Tamson's dochters, or some o' the ither douce neebor lassies."

"Hoots man!" says Betty, "ye dinna understan' it at a'. Ye canna marry onybody but yer wife."

"I see nae great use o' haein' a weddin' then," I says. "I'm thinkin I'll hae tae see the meenister aboot it, however. Surely he kens a' thae things. But it maun be a graun affair, Betty, afore they ca't a siller weddin'. I doot it'll cost a bonny penny."

"Losh, Sandy," says Betty, "ye maun ken every ane 'at's speirt has tae bring a siller present. Cheenie winna do at a' min ye—but siller. Certies I'm thinkin' we'll hae tae speir a gude wheen o' oor freens."

"Certainly, Betty," I says, "or they'll maybe no think it vera neeborly o' us."

"It's no that" says Betty; "the mair we speir, the mair presents it'll be."

But tae mak' a lang story short, I at last set oot for the meenister's. Noo, ye'll no hinder him tae be awa' for a fortnicht's veesit wi' his aunt. an' so I wis forced tae gang tae anither meenister wha sometimes occupees oor poopit when oor ain meenister is awa'. I askit him if he had iver heard o' sic a thing as a siller weddin'. He said he had. So then I tell't him 'at Biddy an' me were tae hae ane on Wednesday, but as oor ain meenister wis awa', I wad be muckle obleeged tae him if he wad perform the ceremony.

"Ceremony!" says he, "ye dinna need ony ceremony, man."

"Losh me! nae ceremony?" I says. "I'm dootin' ye're no vera orthodox." "Ye see it wadna be valid withoot a ceremony," I says, an' wi' that I left him.

But so as no tae be beaten i' me business, I sent a letter tae the meenister o' the next parish, sayin' that oor ain meenister wis awa', an' askin' him if he wad be sae obleegin' as tae come an' marry an elderly couple on Wednesday. An' then I gaed hame tae mak' preparations for the weddin', so as tae hae the hoose lookin' as weel's possible, ye ken.

Betty wis aye a tidy woman, but for sic a wark as she had noo among the dishes an' a'—I niver saw the lik' o't. Everything wis turned upside doon She wad gang first at ae thing and then anither, until at last I couldna bide tae be i' the hoose, it seemed sae new-fangled.

At last the day cam', an' I closed the shop twa hours afore the time, so as tae hae time tae gie mysel a bit tosh up. It wis vera fortunate I did sae, for the meenister cam' gey early. It seems he had tae attend a meetin' o' the elders that evenin', and so we had to be mairit immediately, or no at a'. Betty wis sairly flechtit about it, as nane o' the guests had gotten here yet, but I explained 'at we couldna help it, as the business o' the kirk had tae be attended tae, an' aifter a wee, got her preswaded tae gang on wi' the ceremony. Maun, Wullie, I wish ye had seen Betty that nicht. I canna describe her—she had sae mony falderals an' veeriorums, —but she wis the best-dressed womon at the pairty, an' that's sayin' a gude deal, Wullie. I dinna think I iver lookit sae weel mysel' either as I did that night wi' me hauf-dress suit, o' the vera best braidcloth, for which I paid eicht pund an' saxpence only last summer, an' which has niver been on mair than twice or thrice since. Ane aifter anither o' the guests wad say, as they were shakin' hauns wi' me, an' wishin' me much joy: "Weel, weel, Mr. Broon, ye look a dizzen year' younger than ye did;" or, "Dear me, Mr. Broon, I really think ye maun be renewin' yer age; I niver saw ye lookin' sae weel before."

But as sune as a' the guests had arrived, we a' sat doon tae the tables, an' yon *wis* a table, Wullie, if I do say't mysel'. For what wi' cookies, ginger-snaps, an' curran'-buns, an' what wi' ae thing an' anither, it wis a table fit for a king, as Mr. McAllister said. Mair than that, min' ye, I had ordered the boy tae bring up twa pund o' oysters, an' a' that wis in addition tae the ordinar' short-bread an' minced collops an' the like.

But I wis vera sorry aboot the bride's cake, tho'. That mornin' I gaed doon tae the baker's shop tae pick a gude ane. Nane o' them lookit sae fine, I thocht, as ane i' the window, and sae I tell't the laddie I wad tak' that ane, I thocht. Wullie, ye wad niver hae kent but yon wis really a cake—fower storey high, an' covered wi' carvey sweeties as thick's I don't know what—but when we cam' tae cut it, we fand it wis made o' mud. It seems it wis what they ca' a dummy-cake, juist for an adverteesement, ye ken, an' it bein' the boy's first day i' the shop, he couldna be expectit tae ken ony better. The laddie an' me had a fine rippit ower the heid o't the ither day, afore I got me money frae him again. Betty wis vera vexed aboot it, but ye see it wis juist a mistake, an' couldna be helpit in ony way. I wis gled tae see it didna spoil the dancin' i' the least. We juist had a wheen gude auld-fashioned reels—nane o' yer new-fangled waltzes an' notions, and then a' gaed hame, declarin' that David M'Phee's weddin' wis naethin' compared wi' oors, an' wishin' us mony a year o' happiness thegither. Betty an' me hae been fixin' up the hoose wi' the presents iver since. But I winna say onything aboot them till ye see them, only that they're juist perfectly grand. We hae been thinkin' about haein' anither weddin' next year, since this ane wis sic a success; but, of coorse, we micht change oor minds afore that time, ye ken.

—SANDY.

PHOTO-TOPOGRAPHY ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

The application of photography is confined mostly to pictorial effect. However, its usefulness has been applied in another direction also, and that is, for obtaining the necessary data for making topographical maps, especially of rough and mountainous regions.

The success with which the Department of the Interior, Canada, has carried on the photo-topographical surveys in the Rocky Mountains, induced the Canadian Commission of the Alaska Boundary Survey to adopt that method for the preliminary surveys now being made in that land of the midnight sun. The essential



A GLACIER.

difference between the photo-topographic camera and others is, that it has no adjustment for focusing, because the views are all distant. The camera is a rigid, brass-bound box, with a superior lens, and its field covers about sixty degrees, so that six views take in the whole horizon. It fits onto the tripod of the theodolite, which is used for measuring angles, and hence, it can be levelled before exposing for a view. Glass plates, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, are used for obtaining the views, which are afterwards enlarged to double the size, and from the prints the necessary measurements are taken for obtaining the contour lines, that is, for the topography of the country.

The accompanying view (of some 700) is one of last season's work. It is taken from a mountain 4,000 feet high, and shows an ice river (the Windom Glacier), with two branches emptying at the head of Taku Inlet, Alaska.

The surveyor's work in photo-topography is very arduous and often very dangerous. He is continually climbing to the summits of mountains, where no foot has trodden before. His camp is pitched on the sea shore and as a rule he finds very little room for his tent, for the shore rises very abruptly and the mountains are densely wooded to the water. It sometimes happens that in pitching camp not enough consideration is given to the tides; the result is a rude awakening at night by the advancing waters, and a hurried scramble for luggage and outfit, and a rush to a safe retreat in the bush and woods. Naturally, the woods at the lower level are the more dense, but the most annoying, aggravating, and expletive-provoking hindrance to travel, is the devil's club, a tall, partly trailing shrub, which is covered with thorns (poisonous at that) from head to foot; and even its large leaves are all fortified in this manner. After the timber line is passed, which is generally at an elevation of about 2,500 feet, travelling is somewhat better, especially in the latter part of the season, when there is not so much snow. However, many crags and precipices are encountered, where nerve and judgment are necessary to make a successful ascent.

Glaciers, too, have to be crossed, many with deep and treacherous crevasses. Each climber is provided with the indispensable alpenstock. Hot with perspiration, the men reach the summit, to find themselves in an Arctic region, and soon their frames are chilled to the core. The panorama presented here it is impossible to describe. A writer lately put it into these words :—

> " What a scene of desolation
> I saw from the mountain peak—
> Crags, snowfields, glaciation,
> Unutterable to speak."

As the surveyor stands on the uttermost pinnacle of drifted snow on the summit, he is at times obliged to lash a stout rope around his body, the other end of the rope being fastened to his assistant down the slope, while beneath that snow on which the surveyor stands, is a yawning chasm of a thousand feet or more in depth. Those are anxious hours for him, as he stands there in a howling, icy wind, reading his angles to prominent peaks, and taking the necessary photographs.

The return to camp is quickly made. At times he will toboggan over the snow fields, squatting down, and using the alpenstock under the arm as a check and steering gear. This is very dangerous, for his mad rush may unexpectedly bring him to an unseen precipice. Two such eventualities occurred during last season, but fortunately the actors found themselves imbedded in deep snow below. It might have been otherwise.

Of wild animals he sees but few ; the noise made drives any there may be away. However, mountain goats are met with, and as many as sixty have been seen in a band. They are very stupid. Black bears are plentiful, as shewn by their tracks and otherwise, but Bruin does not cultivate the acquaintance of man. Only an inexperienced climber would think of burdening himself with a rifle when climbing a mountain thousands of feet high. Even were there nothing else to carry, which there is, one's own weight is quite sufficient to transport.

Alaska is a grand country for showing the merits of the camera over all other methods, for topographic work in a mountainous region, but those who have been there ever prayed for a little less rain and clouds.

—Otto J. Klotz.

SUSSEX VALE IN WINTER.

Enwrapped in quietude the valley lies,
While o'er the sombre bluff the winter moon
Bursts from a fleecy cloud whose shadow flies
Across a floor of ivory, diamond-strewn.

How strangely still and beautiful thou art
Beloved valley ! claspt in the embrace
Of all-prevailing calm : thy pulseless heart
As lifeless as a world in sunless space.

Though, unresponsive to the sad refrain,
Thy soul is rapt to realms of silent sleep,
Yet are there seasons when the poet's strain
Chords with a lyre no mortal fingers sweep—

When over all the fair autumnal vale,
The golden glories of the evening stream ;
Or when the morning star is shining pale,
Beneath the vernal sun's reviving beam ;

And in the night, ah, in the glorious night !
All-fragrant with the odoriferous bloom
Of gardens old, and orchards robed in white,
Whose murmurous voices haunt the spectral gloom.

Melodious waters flow through balmy fields:
They wander on through moonlit woodland ways,
To the great deep, where that low murmur yields
Its tribute to the eternal hymn of praise.

Beyond those purple hills are other lands,
Where other souls unsatisfied may roam;
Still vainly seeking, on far alien strands,
A country more beneficent than home.

Here, in this free Canadian vale for me
Nature in forms of tragic beauty dwells;
That wakes in rapturous intensity
The thrill divine that all delight excels.

SUSSEX, N.B. A. B. HUBLY.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Our readers will remember that The Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, conjointly with The Canadian Institute, has been for a year or two engaged in the endeavor to bring about a unification of the Astronomical, Civil and Nautical days. At present, the Astronomical and Nautical days begin at noon and are counted over twenty-four hours, while the Civil day commences at midnight and runs in two series of twelve hours each. As a result, these days over-lap each other in such a manner that the earlier halves of the Astronomical and Nautical days respectively belong to the latter half of the Civil day of one date, while the latter halves of these days belong to the first half of the Civil day of another date, consequently when comparisons are to be made, there is no end of confusion in dates which should be free from this difficulty and can be freed from it by the adoption of mean-midnight as the instant for all of these days to begin. After consulting with the astronomers of the world, the societies have decided to petition the Governor-General to lay the subject before the Home Authorities in order that if possible the Nautical Almanac for the year 1901, shortly to be printed according to usage three or four years in advance, may be issued with the Astronomical and Nautical days in unison with the Civil day.

On the 28th of February last, a series of increasingly violent earth-currents culminated in damaging one of the recording condensers used in the cable-office at St. Pierre, Miquelon, and in seriously interfering with the working of the cable generally. The earth-currents appear to have been closely associated with the brilliant auroræ and magnetic storms which were very prevalent toward the end of February. As a result, Professor Otto Klotz, of Ottawa; Professor Cleveland Abbe, of Washington; Mr. Charles Carpmael, F. R. A. S., and others have pressed upon the attention of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto the desirability of carefully investigating these phenomena, a work in which it is expected the cable and telegraph companies will assist. The Society has appointed a committee, with Mr. R. F. Stupart, Acting-Director of the Toronto Observatory, as chairman, to consider the matter.

During June, Mercury will be an evening star, rising on the 1st at 5 a. m., and setting at 8.55 p. m., and rising on the 21st at 6.13 a. m., and setting at 9.29 p. m. Hence, this planet will during the latter half of the month be well situated for observation in the early evenings. On the 22nd, he will have reached his greatest elongation east, being 25½ degrees distant from the sun. During the first half of June he will present a gibbous disc, and during the latter half, a crescent form. After the 15th, this brilliant red sparkler may be looked for after sunset in the west. If not easily recognized, an opera glass will be useful to distinguish him in the twilight. Later on, he may be readily picked up by anyone familiar with his appearance. A small telescope should show him with a disc. Those who have never seen Mercury, and can do so, should certainly not lose this opportunity. On the night of the 15th, his position will be close to the 3rd magnitude star Delta Geminorum.

Venus will be a morning star during June, rising at 2.29 a. m. on the 1st, and setting at 3.45 p. m. On the 21st, she will rise at 2.07 a. m., and set at 4.25 p. m., or in daylight.

Mars is still a morning star but will change to evening star by the end of June. On the first he will rise at 1 a. m. and set at noon. On the 21st, he will rise about midnight and still set about noon. During the earlier half of the month, his position will be near ϕ and ψ Aquarii. In appearance, he will be gibbous, and indeed more so than at any other time in 1894. He will be in quadrature with the sun on the 17th, and during June will move from Aquarius across

a corner of Pisces into Cetus. He is now rapidly coming into position for even better observation from northern stations than in 1892, the year of his last nearest approach to the earth, and during which he created a wide-spread interest in astronomy, and did more to induce the general public to take up the study than has any similar event for many years. Those who may not be familiar with his appearance, should try to pick him up on the night of the 25th of June, when shortly after 12 o'clock he may be seen shining with ruddy lustre about three degrees south of the waning moon, then in her third quarter. As the moon is one-half of a degree in diameter, Mars' distance from her will be six times the breadth of the moon when full.

Students of Saturn should not lose the glorious opportunities presented during June for observing that planet, which, owing to increasing distance from the earth, is already beginning to be diminished in size. This planet is well situated for study from immediately after twilight begins until about 1 a. m. His position is still some six degrees north of Spica, the brightest star in the high south-eastern part of the early night sky. These objects cannot be mistaken. The upper one is Saturn, as any telescope will show; the better the instrument, of course the better will details be brought out. The rings are still opening, and Cassini's Division is easily discernible in a good glass. By the end of the month, the earth will be nearly 11½ degrees above, or north, of the ring-system, while the sun will be nearly 14 degrees north of it. As the result, the ball of the planet will stand well out in the centre of the rings and, with them, will form a most beautiful object. Owing to the earth's motion, Saturn is being pushed into the sun's rays, in which he will be obscured in September. Consequently, no time is to be lost by those who propose to make a study of his features while they can be observed against a clear night sky.

Jupiter and Neptune are invisible, being practically behind the sun so far as an observer from the earth is concerned.

Uranus is well situated and should be perceptible to the naked eye upon a very fine dark night. He is easily picked up in an opera-glass, but a telescope is required to bring out the pale sea-green disc which serves to distinguish him from adjacent stars. His position, which changes slowly, is about one degree and a-half to the west, and about half-a-degree to the north of Alpha Librae, a star easily recognized in the south-east in the early evening. On the 15th, his place on the sky is Right Ascension 14 degrees and thirty-eight minutes, and South Declination 15 degrees.

On the night of the 15th, about 7.38 o'clock the moon will occult 3 Scorpii, a 7th magnitude star. Though the moon will be only eleven days old, she may be sufficiently brilliant to make the observation a somewhat difficult one except in a fairly good telescope. The occultation will occur at the dark side of the moon; the star will reappear about 8.45.

The sun is an object of interest, owing to the spots and faculæ to be seen almost daily on his surface. Some very notable spots have recently been observed.

BOOK NOTICES.

William Briggs, publisher of *The Primary Latin Book*, by Messrs. J. C. Robertson, B.A., Principal of the Toronto Junction Collegiate Institute, and Adam Carruthers, B.A., Lecturer in Greek, Toronto University, has just been advised that the book has been authorized by the Department of Education of the Province of New Brunswick. The book adopts advanced methods of teaching, and is finding great favor particularly among the younger and more progressive school of educationists. It had already been authorized in Ontario, recommended by the Superintendent of Education of British Columbia, and recommended also for authorization by the Advisory Board of Education of the North-West Territories. The recognition of the work of our Ontarion educationists by the other provinces evinces a growing confidence in the ability of our native Canadians to supply suitable text books.

Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association. Toronto: Edited by J. H. Plummer, J. Henderson and E. Hay.

This excellent magazine, which is now issued by a committee of Toronto Bankers, aided by correspondents elsewhere, possesses much in its contents that is interesting to the general reader and valuable especially to bankers. Amongst recent articles of this nature are "Free Banking in Canada," by Roeliff Morton Breckenridge of Columbia College, and an exceedingly interesting paper on "The Card Money of Canada." detailing the history of such money under the French and the British régimes in Canada, Every banker who wishes to keep pace with the current thought of Canadian banking circles should be a reader of this excellent monthly.

Hiram Golf's Religion. They Met in Heaven. By George H. Hepworth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

These two books are admirable in paper, typography and general appearance, and it is possible that their contents may make them popular in limited circles. They are not so much stories as sketches, in which the author uses a few characters and incidents of life in a little village as a convenient means by which to present ideas concerning the essence of religious life. In *Hiram Golf's Religion* there are here and there excellent ideas, but the phraseology and in fact the spirit of "the shoemaker by the Grace of God" are, to say the least, unpleasing and at times flippant. It cannot be said that the author has chosen a happy method of presenting views of spiritual life. *They Met in*

Heaven is more happily written, and on the whole makes interesting reading. The author's style is quiet, easy, graceful, and Hiram Golf, while having a part in the discussions of the circle that gathers at Parson Jessig's house, is not so offensively monopolizing. Van Brunt, Parson Jessig and "the Master" are all interesting characters, and the evolution of spiritual life in the first named is told in an interesting manner, and not without some profit to the reader.

Katherine Lauderdale.—By F. Marion Crawford, 2 vols., New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

A two volume novel, covering the events of only four days, is almost unprecedented in the annals of fiction, but notwithstanding that the story contains little of the sensational and nothing of the tragic, but is simply a story of love and misunderstanding in a wealthy circle of New York society. Mr. Crawford has produced a novel which in the interest with which it holds the reader, in the clearness of the portraitures drawn, in naturalness, and in fact in almost all the characteristics of a good story, must rank as one of the most entertaining of recent years. The hero of the story is a young man who has not yet found his line of life, and is unable to marry with any prospect of maintaining a wife on the scale which his social position is supposed to call for. He is, moreover, given somewhat to excess in drinking, a fault which he confesses to his intended and which he proceeds to correct. The heroine is on the whole a pleasing young lady, of great potentialities morally, but rather purposeless and vague in her spiritual aspirations. A secret marriage, not discreditable to the hero or heroine, is the centre of the plot; its suddenness, its purpose, the hesitation on the part of the bridegroom and the associations connected with it are exceedingly interesting; the immediate sequel with its misunderstandings, quickly, however, removed, greatly interest the reader. The other characters, though clearly drawn, with Mr. Crawford's well-known ability in depicting character, are not the stuff generally that martyrs are made of, yet of them as of the two principal characters we would like to know more, and the author has promised to gratify our wishes. The peculiar ability which Mr. Crawford displays in all his writing of generalizing truth with force and neatness is very marked in this story, and adds much to its charm.—M.

A Manual of the Procedure at Meetings of Municipal Councils, Shareholders and Directors of Companies, Synods, Conventions, Societies and Public Bodies generally, with an Introductory Review of the rules and usages of Parliament that govern public assemblies in Canada. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., D.L., Clerk of the House of Commons; author of "Parliamentary Procedure in Canada," "Manual of Canadian Constitutional History;" "Federal Government in Canada;" "Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics, etc. Toronto: The Carswell Co. (Ltd.), Law publishers, etc., 1894.

A new book from the pen of Dr. J. G. Bourinot is certain to attract some attention. He is certainly the best known Canadian author on constitutional questions, and a number of his works have been regarded as standards for many years. One of the good qualities about Dr. Bourinot's writings is that they are all upon subjects that require explanation or careful scientific handling. His writings are intended to meet the needs of the day, and not merely to gratify what might be called an author's ambition to write about something, or, in other words, to make a new book. It must be said of the present work that it meets a very important demand.

The subjects discussed in the present volume are classed under five divisions: Rules and Usages of Parliament; Rules of Order and Procedure for Public Meetings and Societies; Corporate Companies; Church Synods and Conferences, and Municipal Councils. The subdivisions under each of these headings are very full and complete. It will thus be seen at a glance that the scope of the work is large and covers matters with which every business, professional and public man is constantly concerned, and upon which he requires directions and information in some reliable form, available for ready reference. This is exactly what the present work supplies.

The presentation of scientific, theological, philosophical, and historical subjects, in a popular form on the platform, in the leading reviews, and in the novel, has engaged the attention of many of our best scholars, writers and debaters. Dr. Bourinot has turned his attention to the difficult but very important task of popularizing the study of legal and constitutional questions. In other words, he has brought these studies within the range of practical, busy life. He is doing for these subjects what the author of a good work on hygiene does for anatomy and physiology, that is, he is bringing otherwise technical questions within the reach of the general reader.

The amount of information contained in this volume of 444 pages is very great, and is as varied as it is extensive. The rules that ought to govern all deliberative bodies are clearly set forth. The author is very careful to point out the distinction that exists between such rules of procedure as are drawn from our own legislative assemblies and such as are drawn from those of the United States; for example, such motions as "to lay on the table," "to postpone definitely" or "indefinitely," and "to reconsider" are obtained from the latter source.

The value of the work, as a reference handbook, is greatly enhanced by a very complete index, which occupies 40 pages. By turning to this index a full analysis of the entire volume is found.

The author is to be congratulated upon the excellent matter which is to be found in this new book, and also upon the literary style and taste with which it is presented to the reader. The publishers have done their share well. The paper, type and binding are all that could be desired, even by the most fastidious. Has this work come to stay with us? may safely be answered in the affirmative.—J. F.



ON THE ROAD TO FORT CHARLOTTE, NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JULY, 1894. No. 3.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN MACBETH.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

THE Supernatural has from the very earliest ages played a considerable part in the literature, art, and the life of the peoples. In all times and under all conditions it has indubitably played a leading part in written and pictorial art. The Egyptian hieroglyphics — the Chaldean and Assyrian tablets, the Greek dramas, the Roman poems and dramas, and the Hebrew sacred books, are all full of the Supernatural. With that element excluded, they would be robbed of their chief significance, and would neither have instructed nor delighted mankind for so many centuries.

The literature and art of the middle ages depended even more than ancient art upon the Supernatural. Greek and Roman art introduced the Gods as part of the stage machinery, but of the stage machinery only. The *Deus ex Machina* in their plays appears when his presence cannot be dispensed with: otherwise human life and human character are displayed influenced by human desires and flavored with human peculiarities. Certainly all, even the Gods themselves, are controlled by inexorable dramatic fate, and this fate may be said to be of necessity Supernatural. Notwithstanding this, the Supernatural in art and literature among the ancients had a restricted area; its stage manifestation was confined to beneficial or revengeful action on the part of Gods or Goddesses; their intercession was always a voluntary one, due either to the virtue or the vice of some human character. But when the world emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and felt the throes of a new birth, (which has in our time either matured, or grown old and decrepit, or has to be born again, according to the several views we hold), the Supernatural had the chief part in shaping the literature, the art, the feeling, the life of the people. The only active instinct was a Supernatural one; miracles grew on every bush; judgments fell from every cloud; men and women rose and eat, worked and slept, as we do now, but they walked and worked, and ate and slept in an atmosphere we know not. To them a Supernatural apparition, a demoniac possession, a blessed intercession, a well-placed and most effectually miraculous curse, were as natural events as the toothache is to us. They simply could not conceive life, or the world, without the presence, actively among them, of Supernatural beings, and the daily occurrence of Supernatural events. I need not (indeed it is not within the scope of my paper) discuss how far this retarded, how far it advanced, the civilization we now enjoy. Suffice it

to say that this Supernaturalism was the logical outcome of the intense paganism of former centuries. It embodied in different forms many of the most beautiful myths or legends of the ancients, peopling every wood and stream and mountain with lovely and exquisite beings, but alas! peopling also the woods, the streams, the mountains, the very air itself, with foul and cruel fiends, seeking to destroy. The old Pagan Gods existed still in the mind and imagination of some devout Christians, but changed from the beneficent, if tyrannical deities of the Pagans, who made love, and took revenge, into one or another semblance of the universal enemy of mankind, disguising, may be, his horns and hoofs. This intense and unquestioning belief in the Supernatural as an element of every day life, something to be reckoned with and accounted for in every transaction, even the most ordinary, was universal from the earliest monkish days, flourished in the Dark Ages, survived the renaissance, was undispelled by the dawning light of scientific truth, and died, not a lingering, but a sudden death, within measurable distance of the life of our great grandfathers. When the Supernatural was for centuries so intricately woven in the very web and woof of life, it naturally followed that it was also a chief factor in determining the designs of dramatic poems—it formed an essential and integral part of the thoughts of all men, so that its absence from their works, if such absence had been possible, would have left them colorless and invertebrate. It is natural, therefore, that we find in Shakespeare the Supernatural dealt with in every one of its various forms: fairy lore, witchcraft, demonology. sorcery. astrology, magic—we find them all in various plays. And it is necessary, in considering how he used this material, to determine what was the received sentiment, opinion and belief, on these subjects, of those for whom he wrote. I shall try to be brief. The most direct method of enquiry is to examine the existing laws on the subject and their manner of enforcement. The branch on the Supernatural most largely used in Macbeth comes under the head of witchcraft, and to that branch I shall confine my remarks.

Penal laws against witchcraft date from an early period. The twelve tables of Roman law, and later, the Code of Justinian, dealt severely with it, the latter imposing the right of torture in case of even a mere accusation. The church followed, amplified the law, and made the offence an ecclesiastical one. The Ecclesiastical Courts punished by penance and fine, up to 1542; graver punishments had to be confirmed by the secular power. It was, from very early times, an indictable offence at common law, but was not made felony by statute until the reign of Henry VIII., which brings us very close to Shakespeare's time. Henry VIII.'s act was passed in 1541, repealed at the accession of Edward VI., and another act on the same lines, but distinguishing more particularly the different grades of witchcraft, was passed in 1562, the fifth year of Elizabeth's reign. This was the act in force when Shakespeare wrote. It is useful therefore, briefly to state its nature and provisions. By it, conjuration and invocation of evil spirits, the practice of sorceries, enchantments, charms and witchcrafts, whereby death ensued, were made felonies without benefit of clergy, and punishable with death. If only bodily harm ensued, the punishment for a first offence was a year's imprisonment and the pillory, and for a second, death. If the practice was to discover hidden treasure, or to provoke to unlawful love, the punishment for a first offence was the same as in the last case: for a second, imprisonment for life and forfeiture of goods. This, then, was the law during the greater part of Shakespeare's active life. On the accession of James I., a new law was passed. The writer in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," to

whom I am largely indebted for my facts, expressly says this was done out of compliment to the king's position as an expert and specialist in witchcraft; and I would ask the reader to bear this in mind, as I shall have occasion to refer to it later on. This act remained the law of the land for more than a century, and the wording of its chief clause is curious, shewing, as it does, the definition and meaning of witchcraft, as believed in by the greatest legal lights of the age. Nor are these legal lights even in our day to be despised. Chief among them—one authority says—the framer of the clause, was Sir Edward Coke, and Lord Bacon approved and endorsed it. It may be worth while to quote this clause in full. "If any person or persons shall use, practise or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil and wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman or child out of his, her or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment, or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof"—every such offender is a felon without benefit of clergy. With the exception of clearer definition, and, in consequence, somewhat greater rigor in the application, the new act left the law unchanged, the penalties being practically the same. And now let us see how these laws were enforced, for it is the enforcement of a law which proves whether or not it speaks the voice, and contains the belief, of those who live under it. Trials and executions for witchcraft do not seem to have been so numerous in England as in the other countries of Europe, but they were numerous enough. The 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th centuries contain records of numerous convictions, and still more numerous accusations, these latter being most abundant during times of political ferment, such as the Wars of the Roses. In the 16th century, until towards its close, they were not so frequent, but in the 17th century they increased again. In 1634, seventeen persons were burned on the evidence of one young boy, and in the three years from 1645 to 1647, between two and three hundred were indicted, more than half of whom were convicted and executed. In most of these cases, the accused confessed before execution; but it is outside my province to discuss this curious, and in many ways inexplicable problem. In Scotland, the executions and accusations were very much more numerous than in England, and the enforcement of the law lasted to a later date, the last Scotch witch being burned in 1722, after conviction before the sheriff of Sutherland. The last certainly recorded conviction in England, was in 1712, and the sentence was not carried out. It must further be remembered, that the records give no figures for the hundreds who died under ordeals administered by lynch law. I have said enough, however, on this head, to shew clearly that the law was no dead letter, but was enforced with the willing consent of the people.

This fact established, we are enabled to judge in some measure the point of view from which Shakespeare's audience regarded the witches in Macbeth. Their appearance was to them an actual, possible, nay, even probable occurrence. Every man felt that he might himself encounter such beings, not perhaps in so great pomp of devilry (such witches being reserved for kings to see), but in humbler guise. Conceive, then, although it is almost impossible for us to conceive it, the effect such witches as those in Macbeth must have had upon such an audience.

I have insisted strongly, and I fear at somewhat wearisome length, on this fact, because, unless we keep it steadily in mind, I do not think we can form a true idea of the literary value of these most marvellous creations of Shakespeare's brain. It is not for us to theorize, still less dogmatize, as to how their great author himself regarded them. What Shakespeare believed no man can know, and certainly no knowledge can be gained from a study of his direct treatment of such subjects. It is rather to be found in by-allusions dropping from other characters, —the almost unconscious thoughts of the great poet. When Glendower says: "At my birth the frame and huge foundations of the earth shak'd like a coward;" Hotspur says: "Why so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened;" and to "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," he answers "Why so can I, or so can any man, but will they come when you do call for them?" We may, if we please, conjecture that these speeches indirectly express the poet's personal creed; but he treated directly all subjects from the point of view of the audience—he wrote for *them*, to please *them*, not to propound theories, nor to publish his own beliefs.

There cannot be a more striking instance of this than the tragedy of Macbeth, and it is the Supernatural element in the play, above all, that renders the instance so striking. Shakespeare, as is generally conceded, produced this play as soon after the accession of James I. as possible. A brilliant essayist has given a positive authority that the play was not produced till 1610, but that was because the play-house was closed in consequence of the plague. Whenever written, whenever produced, it was written and produced to please the king, as chief among the audience. To please the king he made the play a Scottish one; to please the king he drags in a panegyric on touching for the king's evil, that superstition almost peculiar to the Stuarts; to please the king he showed that the line of Banquo would descend from generation to generation, until the anointing oil should drop on James' head; but chiefly to please the king he created the witches.

James I. was, in his foolish and curious studies, above all an ardent student of witchcraft. He gloried in the reputation of knowing more about the occult art than any one of his subjects. While King of Scotland he had a wider field for experiment and research than when the two kingdoms were united under his sway. In Scotland, he was present at all or nearly all the trials of witches, and in one case, at least, gave evidence, and he, probably, was hardly less punctual in his attendance when the poor wretches passed through the last fiery ordeal. As I have already said, the act relating to witchcraft, passed in the first year of his reign, was evidently inspired by his predilection for the subject.

Mr. Dyer, in his admirable work, "Folk Lore in Shakespeare," (to which I am largely indebted) says: "Thus in a masterly manner Shakespeare has illustrated and embellished his plays with references to the demonology of the period, having been careful in every case, whilst enlivening his audience, to convince them of the utter absurdity of this degraded form of superstition." I have written so far solely with the intention of shewing how absolutely I disagree with Mr. Dyer, if, as I think, he intended to include under "demonology," such apparitions and Supernatural agencies as are employed in Macbeth. Shakespeare would not have dared to present a play, to an audience which might possibly have included James I., casting any doubt on the universally-received beliefs about the Supernatural. What he himself believed is beside the question; he wrote as though he believed; he wrote for believers.

I have tried to insist strongly on

this point, because I think it a most important one, if we wish thoroughly to appreciate the weird grandeur and grotesque horror of the agents of the Evil One, who led a great warrior, if not a great man, to his predestined doom.

Shakespeare, with the directness which is one of his chief characteristics as a dramatist, gives no introductory note of warning to the audience before the weird and skinny hags appear. His purpose was to make the Supernatural the chief moving element in the play; it was to be the agent which should cause events, determine characters, bring life to some, and death and distinction to others—in a word, it was to be the Play itself. He opens the tragedy, therefore, with: "A desert place—Thunder and lightning—Enter three witches." The brevity of this scene is its most remarkable feature. It consists of twelve lines only—lines of question and answer between the three witches; no explanation, no hint of any design on their part against Macbeth; merely, "When shall we three meet again?" the time settled—"When the hurly burly's done;" the place settled—"Upon the heath:" the purpose settled—"There to meet with Macbeth." And yet what a keynote to the whole tragedy these twelve lines strike! What an example of Shakespeare's marvellous powers of condensation! And we must here again remember the audience for which they were written. That audience would at once recognize the scene as the closing of a witch's Sabbath, and all their unholy business done—crops blighted, cattle smitten with disease, ships wrecked, lives blasted—all that remained was to determine "When shall we three meet again?" Mr. Spalding, in his "Elizabethan Demonology," suggests that Shakespeare drew upon Scandinavian mythology in part, at any rate, for the witches, and that they are Norns rather than witches. His reason is that in the first scene each sister takes the special part of one of the Norns. "The third," he says, "is the special prophetess, whilst the first takes cognizance of the past, and the second of the present, in affairs connected with humanity. These are the tasks of Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda. The first begins by asking, 'When shall we three meet again?' The second decides the time: 'When the battle's lost and won.' The third prophesies the future: 'That will be ere the set of sun.' The first again asks: 'Where?' The second decides: 'Upon the heath.' The third prophesies the future: 'There to meet with Macbeth.'" This may by some be thought fanciful. The coincidence, at any rate, is a striking one. Shakespeare may, or may not, have heard of Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda, and their attributes, and if he had, we may be sure that whatever that all-absorbing mind took in, it gave out again in heaped-up measure. His store of knowledge, wherever and however acquired, was like the Widow's cruise. But I think we may be also reasonably certain of this, viz., that he did not wish to present Norns to his audience, but witches—witches such as they understood and believed in.

Coleridge says: "The weird sisters are as true a creation of Shakespeare as his Ariel and Caliban; fates, fairies, and materializing witches being the elements. They presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy, obscure, and fearfully anomalous of physical nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin." This seems to me, allowing for the concluding flight of fancy, a true description of the witches.

The next time they appear it is the scene of their adjourned Sabbath—"A heath—Thunder"—and before Macbeth arrives to meet his fate, Shakes

peare again, with marvellous terseness, shews the malevolence of their magic:

"A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
'Give me,' quoth I.
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rumpled ronyon cries,
'Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

It is to be noted that the popular belief was that witches could assume the form of any animal at will, but that in every case the tail would be wanting. There is also another noteworthy feature in this scene. "I'll give thee a wind"—"Th' art kind—and I another"—"I myself have all the other, and the very parts they blow, all the quarters that they know i' the shipman's card."

Now in 1591, while James was still James VI. of Scotland, Agnes Sampson was tried for witchcraft, and made the following confession. "She vowed that at the time His Majesty was in Denmark, she took a cat and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of that cat the chiefest parts of a dead man, and several joints of his body: and that on the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by herself and other witches sailing in their riddles or cirenes, and so left the said cat before the town of Leith in Scotland. This done, there arose such a tempest in the sea as a greater hath not been seen, which tempest was the cause of the perishing of a boat or vessel coming from the town of Burnt Island to the town of Leith, wherein were sundry jewels and rich gifts, which should have been presented to the new Queen of Scotland at His Majesty's coming to Leith. Again, it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause of the King's Majesty's ship, at his coming forth of Denmark, having a contrary wind to the rest of the ships then being in his company, which thing was most strange and true, as the King's Majesty testified." We may be sure that His Most Sacred and Sapient Majesty looked on with complacent satisfaction at the burning of that particular witch. But the superstition as to witches' power over the winds was a very widespread one. Long after Shakespeare's time, wise women still trafficked in winds. Drayton says: "She could sell winds to any one that would buy them for money." They were sold in packages, sometimes to mariners, in which case they were, of course, favoring breezes; sometimes to the enemies of those afloat, to work to them disaster. But there is, curiously enough, frequently a limit set to the power of witches—"Though his bark *cannot* be lost, yet it shall be tempest toss'd." As in Agnes Sampson's confession, so in Shakespeare's pages, trouble and disaster might be caused, but the ultimate power over life and death was generally withheld.

But in discussing the, to me at any rate, fascinating facts of superstition, we may be tempted to overlook the marvellous poetry in which these facts are clothed by Shakespeare. The lyrical power of this scene is extraordinary; it is the product of careful and exquisite workmanship, which is chiefly effective because it is hidden. *Ars celare artem* has no better exemplification. The daring quatrain of rhyme, when the curses heaped upon the unlucky mate of the Tiger bound for Aleppo, are disturbed by the entrance of Macbeth, is an example of concentrated lyric force and of the power of rhyme in the hands of a great genius:—

First Witch,—
"Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come."

Third Witch,—
"A drum, a drum,
Macbeth doth come."

When Macbeth appears, the witches still preserve their relative parts which have connected them with the Norns—the first speaks of the past—"Thane

of Glamis;" the second, of the present —"Thane of Cawdor;" the third of the future—"King hereafter;" and it is the same in their speeches to Banquo. The brevity of their prophecies is most remarkable—one line from each, to each warrior—the force of condensation could no further go, and it is the concentrated force gained by this condensation which makes the beauty and the horror of the scene.

It is no part of my task to mark the effect upon Macbeth of the brief and fateful words,—that belongs to other essayists,—but it is not out of place to point out how thoroughly, not only Macbeth, but Banquo, believed in the witches. It is indeed the latter who questioned them. Macbeth says practically nothing until the close of the scene, and to Macbeth's earnest appeal they vouchsafed no answer, immediately vanishing; but Banquo questions early, and in his questioning, shews his knowledge of witches, a natural knowledge in the progenitor of James I. "You should be women, and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so." Beards were the common attribute of witches, and many a poor wretch met her doom on no better evidence than a hairy chin. "If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow, and which will not, speak then to me." This power of foretelling, and to some degree affecting, the growth of the crops, was one of the most generally accepted attributes of witches. In Shakespeare's time, a witch was tried and condemned merely for prophesying on this very point, and Banquo applies it as a test of the witches' power. So the scene closes; the high-minded, simple soldier and the potential murderer, shewn as equal believers in the existence of the supernatural: the first accepting its dark hints and no more; but the second, to his destruction, allowing them to dominate his mind and sway his actions —himself the agent of their fulfilment and of his own doom.

When the church of the Middle Ages took cognizance of witchcraft and made it an ecclesiastical offence, it did so in the belief that witches had sold themselves to the devil, and sold themselves by an actual, personal compact with an actual, personal devil. It would not have been surprising, therefore, if Shakespeare had, in Macbeth, introduced the devil; but, instead, he never even alludes to him throughout the whole play. This would be more curious were it not for the well-known fact that throughout the whole of his plays he rarely, even by allusion, mentions the devil, and still more rarely speaks of him as being an actual active agent for evil. But he had a substitute ready to his hand in Hecate, and in spite of much that has been written, this substitute was the most natural for him to use, the most artistic, therefore the best suited for his purpose. Richard Grant White remarks, "Shakespeare has been censured for mixing Hecate up with vulgar Scotch witches, but he shared in this regard with many better scholars than himself, and had he not such companionship, his shoulders could bear the blame, as they also could that of pronouncing her name as a dissyllable." When the Pagan mythology was wrested from Olympus by the Christian religion, many of its myths, traditions, beliefs and deities survived, and even to this day survive, in curious forms. Warton says, "The Gothic and Pagan fictions were frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune, before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth. Ariel assumes the appearance of a sea nymph, and, by an easy association, Hecate conducts the rites of the weird sisters in Macbeth. The worship of Hecate or Diana, the goddess of the moon, sender of midnight phantoms, lent itself,—says Mr. Tylor on magic—especially to the magician's rites, as may be seen from this formula to evoke her: "O, friend and companion of night; thou

who rejoicest in the baying of dogs, and spilt blood; who wandereth in the midst of shades among the tombs; who longest for blood and bringest terror to mortals; Gorgo, Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look favorably on our sacrifices!" Shakespeare himself, in many passages, shews how universally Hecate was looked upon as the High Priestess of witchcraft. Macbeth says:

> "Wicked dreams abuse
> The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
> Pale Hecate's offerings,"—

offerings made with solemn and secret rites, hence the use of the word "celebrates."

In Hamlet we find:—

> "Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
> With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected."

Lear says:

> "Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower:
> For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
> The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
> * * * * * * * * * * * *
> Here I disclaim all my paternal care."

I may remark in parenthesis that Professor Wright in his note to this passage shows that Shakespeare used Hecate as a dissyllable in every play except the 1st part of Henry VI., which he looks upon as a significant fact as regards Shakespeare's share in that play. Professor Murray has suggested to me, with his usual originality and ingenuity, that Shakespeare made Hecate a dissyllable to bring the sound nearer to Hell Cat, a suggestion which when we consider Shakespeare's love for play upon words, is by no means without probability.

In Jonson's the "Sad Shepherd," Maudlin, the witch, calls Hecate, the mistress of witches, "our Dame Hecate," and as their queen and mistress, the hags of Shakespeare regard her.

In reply to the greeting of the first witch,

> "Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly,"

she soundly berates them for presumption, gives them strict instructions for their future conduct, and waits for no reply.

> "Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again,"

is all the terror-stricken first witch dares to say.

Expeditiously and well they perform Hecate's behest, and the fruit of their labors is shewn in the marvellous caldron scene. Its concentrated power is as remarkable as its detail. Every line contains one or more of the ingredients common to every witch's formula, ingredients which Shakespeare knew, not from any extended study of mythology, Scandinavian or other, but from the folk lore of the people, and which were as well known to his audience as to himself. But with what rare and almost incredible genius he uses his material!

> "Liver of blaspheming Jew,
> Gall of goat, and slips of yew
> Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
> Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
> Finger of birth-strangled babe,
> Ditch-delivered by a drab,
> Make the gruel thick and slab:
> Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
> For the ingredients of our caldron."

What a feat, to use the very naked elements of the grotesquely horrible without once approaching the absurd!

I must again call attention to the intense terseness of the witches' invocation. These lyrics might be examined with a literary microscope, and no line, no phrase, no word, discovered that could be omitted without damaging the flawless perfection of the whole. The rhymes are almost without exception monosyllables, a curious and instructive instance of perhaps almost unconscious perfection of workmanship.

Apparitions, or what modern spiritualists would call physical materializations, did not absolutely fall within the scope of witchcraft. True, the witch of Endor is reputed to have operated successfully for Saul, and witches may have been believed to possess the power, but only under exceptional circumstances. Certainly

Shakespeare intended the apparitions to appear the work of Hecate, and only possible by her direct intervention and action.

> "Upon the corner of the moon
> There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
> I'll catch it 'ere it comes to ground:
> And that, distilled by magic sleights,
> Shall raise such artificial sprites,
> As by the strength of their illusion
> Shall draw him on to his confusion."

The witches were mere instruments in Hecate's hands to accomplish Macbeth's doom. Each apparition foreshadows Macbeth's fate—had not his eyes been blinded. The armed head, Macduff as a warrior; the bloody child, Macduff "not of woman born;" the child crowned with a tree in his hand, Malcolm as king and progenitor of kings—not satisfied with these presentments, Macbeth asks more, and the eight kings appear.

> "Horrible sight! Now, I see 'tis true;
> For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
> And points at them for his."

This last apparition was devised by Shakespeare to please James I.:—

> "The eighth appears, who bears a glass
> Which shews me many more; and some I see
> That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.',

This is an obvious allusion to the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and to the shadowy claim then still made by English kings to the throne of France. And then the witches finally vanish, with their parting gibe ringing in the tortured ears of their victim:

> "Perform your antique round;
> That this great king may kindly say,
> Our duties did his welcome pay."

Apart from the witches, there is only one horrible supernatural occurrence in Macbeth—the appearance of Banquo's ghost at the feast—and that, in spite of the stage directions, may better be taken as:—

> "The very pointing of your fear;
> This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
> Led you to Duncan. * * * when all's done,
> You look but on a stool."

In conclusion, I can but repeat that in "Macbeth" the Supernatural is the Play. No tragedy of Shakespeare's is more perfect in form and workmanship; none has more exquisite passages, more melodious verse, more thrilling imagery, more awful grandeur, and none other deals so directly with the struggle of a human soul. Shakespeare wrote a play—not an allegory—but neither the sacred, rugged prose of Bunyan, nor the majestic verse of Milton, has bequeathed to the world a more awful allegory than the tragedy of Macbeth. The temptation: the yielding, and its inevitable consequence; the attempt to hide one crime by heaping on it others; the ruin of the soul; the misery of the body; the sad, despairing words:—

> "My way of life
> Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but in their stead
> Curses not loud but deep."

—these all shew how Shakespeare, although he so rarely mentions the devil, deals inexorably with a man who trafficked with the devil and did the devil's work.

THE CRIMINAL AND ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF DEFORMITIES AND MONSTROSITIES.

BY G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, M.D.

THOSE fortunate enough to have been entertained by Captain Maryatt's "Japhet in Search of a Father," will readily recall the vicissitudes that fell to the lot of the irrepressible and mischievous Timothy Oldmixon; also the interesting experiences of this remarkable individual among the mumpers and in the practice of mumping or mumpery;* the multitude of rogueries instituted to extract copper and small silver from the pockets of the credulous and unwary; the many simulations of cripplehood by means of artificially induced wounds and sores; the feigned loss of one or both eyes of an arm or leg; all of which are by no means uncommon practices in our own day, though the deceits are more frequently known only to the police. Neither are such confined alone to the island of Great Britain, but are generally prevalent throughout the world wherever there is any pretence to forms of enlightenment and civilization. Indeed, in some countries, as France, Italy and Austria, mumping is a recognized calling, possessed of legitimate status, those following it being duly licensed by government authority.

As a natural sequence, mendicancy readily degenerates into actual crime, since its associations inevitably are of the lowest and most depraved; more, it is often an organization of unknown strength, embracing the most debased of the criminal classes, since these are usually mumpers in their so-called honest intervals. Both Vidocq and Victor Hugo depict the ramifications of such organizations, and yet they hardly appreciated their extent or power. Such societies possess most efficient and binding oaths and obligations, along with secret signs, grips and passwords. It is doubtful if the most vigilant police, backed by all the resources of the spy system, is fully aware of the enormities thereof. It is recognized, however, that many nefarious practices prevail, and that such, in their development and progress, have even evoked the aid of some of the higher branches of art, and all with the sole view of enabling individuals to eke out a precarious existence in comparative idleness, and at the same time successfully indulge in the most vile and depraved of debaucheries. Indeed, it may be safely asserted regarding the majority of true mumpers, that the same energy that is manifested to secure a hand to mouth existence and the desired indulgences, if exerted in an honest cause—brought to bear on any of the legitimate walks of life—would result in handsome competencies. After all, it appears to be sheer love of and for crime, rather than necessity, that makes the criminal.

Most horrible tortures, too, are often invoked in the interests of mumpery. Not alone are the offspring of mumpers educated as mendicants and petty thieves, but children are frequently kidnapped from their homes for the same purposes, and perhaps deliberately mutilated and deformed in order to render them more successful in their future calling, and, of course, in ministering to the demands of their masters. Ulcers are procured by means of acids or caustic alkalies; wounds of dangerous appearance, but

*These terms define the common mendicant and his practices as united with the life of the tramp and the impositions and trickeries of the latter day "fakir."

by no means of dangerous import, are inflicted and kept open and inflamed by means of irritating pledgets and setons; malignant growths are simulated by the corroding action of Vienna paste and arsenical plasters, tumefaction being induced by injection or inflation of the sub-cutaneous cellular tissue, and the desired degree of inflammation or redness by strong ammonia water or an infusion of capsicum. "They do these things better in Paris," however, for here is located a factory for the production of wax imitations of all forms of tumors and other morbid growths, warranted to defy detection, and to keep *in situ* upon the sound flesh by means of bandages. There are good reasons for believing, moreover, that children are deliberately deprived of vision—made blind by an operation unnecessary to describe, but in which the insertion of red-hot needles into these organs figures prominently. Only a few years since a mumping hag was convicted of this very crime, performed upon her own babe, in a British metropolitan court, and she even admitted the intent was to more successfully evoke the sympathies of the public in her behalf. The transmission of contagious ophthalmia to children and infants with a view of producing permanent blindness is a most common procedure.

The Romany or Gipsy tribes are accredited with originating the most nefarious practices peculiar to the mumpers of Europe; and be this as it may, the history of this strange people in Great Britain evidences that they were the original mumpers of the island, though there were mendicants innumerable before; also that they now constitute a considerable portion of the British body. Likewise, they are admittedly possessed of unusual experience and expertness in kidnapping and making cripples of young children, and the latter in ways that evince considerable practical knowledge of regional and sectional anatomy; but it is notable that their own offspring, or those of others imbued with Romany blood, are never thus maltreated.

Recently, evidences of the existence of this peculiar and atrocious form of villainy were discovered in a hitherto unsuspected district of Austria-Hungary, and strange to say, it tends to confirm the impressions regarding the Gypsies, as it occurred in a part of Croatia that is the very heart of a region supporting an overwhelmingly large Romany population. It seems an organized gang was discovered in Biskupitz, who made it a special business to kidnap and mutilate children for purposes of mumping, trafficking therein with professional trampers, more especially those haunting the Atlantic coasts of Europe. Usually the innocents thus stolen are of such tender years that want and suffering can be relied upon to cloud their faculties and obliterate memory; but in this instance two of the nine victims had just entered upon their teens,—presumably the ignorance of the people of Western Europe regarding the barbarous tongue peculiar to Croatia was expected to serve as a shield to all villainy.

Some of these unfortunates had been stolen outright; others coaxed or misled into the den of the harpies, and there bound and confined. Even in case of organized search, detection would be next to impossible, since the dwellings occupied were possessed of subterranean connections, for purposes of hiding and communication, and moreover situated in the most depraved quarter in the outskirts of the town, in the midst of a population that, to the last man, woman, or child, could be depended upon, on general principles, to thwart any overt act of the authorities. Indeed it was only by accident that the police stumbled upon this sink of demoniacal iniquity.

The two girls before mentioned were found suffering from broken legs, evidently the result of deliberate

acts, further borne out by the discovery of a variety of implements designed for the production of torture and deformity, and supplemented by the confessions of two of the principals. Again, no attempts had been made to secure any union of the fractured bones, but, on the contrary, the limbs in each case were being daily subjected to movement at the seat of the lesion, with the manifest intent to secure a permanent false joint, and consequent perpetual deformity. Another child, barely six years of age, with a broken arm, was immovably strapped to a bed, the broken bones secured in a bent and overlapping position. Still another, of little increased age, had suffered from deprivation of sight. Finally, five children, some of so tender years as to be unable to enunciate distinctly, were found immured in cellars where no light could ever penetrate.

Practices similar to the foregoing have been known to obtain for years in the purlieus and slums of London, Paris, Naples, and other cities, and that they are no oftener paraded to light is no fault of the authorities. Indeed, conviction in a majority of instances is unfeasible. The victims are too young to serve as witnesses; ocular evidence of tortures is lacking; and consequently it is nearly, or quite impossible, to prove that the injuries and deformities are not the result of natural or accidental causes, or that neglect was not incident to poverty rather than intent. A perusal of the "Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" will throw some light on the facts, and also evidence that, in many instances, little inquiry is made for lost children.

But the making of cripples, or even the production of monsters, is of no recent origin. Both Xenophon and Diodorus Siculus record such as common practices in the earlier history of many portions of Western and Central Asia. Even Heroditus gives credence thereto; and Aristotle registers a belief that "wild men" can be artificially produced, though he fails to afford details of the methods employed. To-day, in Bokhara, Fergan, and Afghanistan, there are professionals, nominally public executioners, who are so expert with the knife that they can whip an eye from its socket with a single stroke that in rapidity fairly rivals the velocity of thought,* and it is openly intimated that their chief employment is in the service of bullies and others seeking revenge, and in the production of crippled and blind children for Oriental mumpers. It will be remembered that Mohomedans universally are liberal in the way of alms bestowed upon the afflicted, such being compulsorily enjoined by the Koran.

Again, in the heart of the most populous and civilized districts of the Celestial Empire exist organized gangs of kidnappers, and professional purveyors and exhibitors of mutilated, deformed and distorted children, and, too, in the face of most terrible penalties on detection—indeed, suspicion alone is tantamount to conviction, since there is no class of criminals so utterly without the pale of sympathy, so generally abhorred and execrated, as child-stealers, and even friendship with one suspected of kidnapping is apt to result in introduction to a cauldron of boiling oil, or to the skinning knife of the public executioner. If, moreover, we may believe the China *Medical Missionary Journal* and the *Celestial Empire* newspaper, these crimes have existed from time immemorial, and are hereditary in descent, and latterly rather upon the increase than otherwise, since the rewards are both certain and munificent.

Again, if the official proclamations, semi-annually promulgated in the Provinces of Kiang-su, Gau-Hwei, Schan-Tung and Shang-Hai, as well as common report and gossip, can be depended upon in the least as evidence, professional kidnappers and mutilators

* *Vide* Vamberry's "Central Asia."

are possessed of secrets that challenge the therapeutic and physiologic knowledge of the entire Occident. It is the universal belief of the Chinese—shared to no inconsiderable degree by foreigners, lay, clerical, and medical, entitled by long experience and residence to be deemed fair judges of Celestial character and characteristics—that these villains are able to perform a delicate operation, of the nature of a tenotomy, whereby the vocal cords are severed, and the victim forever rendered mute; also that the same result can be, and is oftentimes, obtained by the prolonged continuous administration of secret drugs—and it may here be remarked, *en passant*, the Celestials generally attribute to vegetable charcoal, thus exhibited, the power of paralyzing permanently the vocal apparatus, at the same time obtunding in greater or less degree auditory impressions. It is also held that kidnapping and mumping purveyors, by means of a compound unknown, but into which cinnabar, opium, and viper's entrails are supposed to enter largely, can produce any stage intermediate of idiocy and stupidity, along with the various degrees of aphasia (partial loss of speech) to total aphonia (dumbness), even more or less complete amnesia (loss of memory for words); that at will they, by means of drugs, induce partial or complete paralysis of any organ of locomotion, or function, or atrophy or hypertrophy (wasting or abnormal increase) of muscular tissues. Likewise they are accredited with the successful production of anæsthesia, both general and local, the latter, according to popular superstition, being resultant upon the application of an exudate artificially derived from the cuticle of live frogs and newts. It will be observed that the possibilities of hypnotism and hypnotic influence are entirely ignored, yet that such may play no inconsiderable rôle, or even be the chief factor in some of the nefarious procedures, is not at all unlikely, since many of the criminals brought to book have offered in defence the assertion that their operations were altogether painless, and that even local insensibility can be made to include the deepest of the immediate tissues. Again, that Celestials possess some knowledge of hypnotic influence is evidenced by the ecstatic state peculiar to the ceremonial practices of the religion of Buddha, to be seen almost daily in any of the great temples or monasteries, and even in the thoroughfares of great cities.

If the wiseacres of the Flowery Kingdom are possessed of any knowledge regarding anæsthesia, aside from narcotic inebriety, and especially of such phenomenal character as is claimed, it is certainly passing strange that the same is never invoked by professional foot-binders, whose province it is to cater to a decree of fashion that certain women shall be possessed of small clump feet; and this foot distortion entails suffering beggaring all attempts at description in its excruciating intensity, not alone for days and weeks, but for months and years; and yet here a possible explanation may be had in the fact that female humanity, particularly of tender years, possesses no sentimental or other sociological value in China, and but very little commercial.

Of all the procedures attributed to kidnappers in procuring deformities and montrosities it is impossible to write; the subject for complete elucidation would require volumes rather than pages or columns, hence further illustration must be confined to the more prevalent or remarkable.

Deprivation of light, the voice having been destroyed as far as comprehensible speech is concerned, and all nourishment confined to definite and peculiar vegetable regimen, renders the child a great curiosity in Oriental eyes; they are deemed as phenomenal as albinos and other "freaks" are to Western peoples. A Ningpo bonze or monk, in the last century kidnapped a male child, subjecting him to tor-

tures so successfully that when arrived at adult age he had no difficulty in convincing the credulous that the unfortunate was a Buddha. Besides the blanching process which had induced a skin so pure, white, wax-like and devoid of pigment that the vulgar imagined his diet to be lard and white sugar, he had been confined in a cell of such contracted dimensions as not to permit an upright posture, entailing a corresponding lack of muscular development; in consequence, his expression, owing to facial immobility, and his constant position, exhibited the ideal ecstatic Buddha absorbed in contemplation and on the verge of metamorphosis—that is to say, he always sat motionless upon his heels, with the palms of the hands pressed together, heedless of all surroundings, and of everything but the voice of his keeper and master. Presenting the utmost extremes of human degeneration and decadence, both mental and physical, he was even less than an idiot, less than a true animal, being no more automatic in existence than a zoophyte.

Ultimately, when public curiosity was satiated and the poor creature no longer served to minister to the pecuniary greed of his master, the latter conceived the idea of publicly cremating him under the plea of assisting metempsychosis; and all necessary steps looking to the act having been taken, it was duly advertised. But just at this juncture the chief legal officer or magistrate of the district, who all along had surmised a pious fraud, and consequently kept a sharp eye on the bonze, interfered. Whether or not the reality of the promised torture actually forced itself upon the brain of the poor imbecile, when brought into the presence of the officer a tear stole from one lustreless eye and trickled down the imbecile cheek. The sympathy this act invoked led to vigorous investigation, that ultimately revealed the facts as outlined, and the bonze was obliged to flee to avoid a certain penalty of decapitation, or perhaps being either boiled or flayed alive; and the temple that had sheltered the atrocity was razed to the ground.

Another illustration of practices most horrible came to light soon after Shanghai was opened as a treaty port, and there are many foreigners, then resident and now living, who remember the disclosure. A boy was exhibited whose cranial development evidenced that he had nearly or quite attained maturity, but whose limbs and trunk were no larger than, and as imperfect physically as, those of an infant of eighteen months or two years of age. It was not a case of hydrocephalus. This atrophic, or rather undeveloped condition, was the result of nearly twenty years of continuous confinement of all the body and appendages below the neck in a specially prepared bottomless jar; and it was subsequently shown that the victim was the sole survivor of thirteen children subjected to the same process at about the same initial period. In this instance one can hardly feel that slow boiling to death in oil was too cruel or severe a sentence.

Frequently in old China, as well as in other portions of the Celestial Empire, are exhibited unfortunates who, by repression of all mentality, and distortion of physical conformations, are rendered idiotic, speechless, and incapable of any form of locomotion that is not on all fours; and such are usually claimed by their exhibitors and masters, and accepted by the vulgar, as genuine objects, *ferae naturae*, had from the wilds of Mongol Tartary, the steppes of Siberia, the hills of Thibet or Indo-China, or the mysterious fastnesses of the still less known interior of the Island of Formosa, the latter the favorite abode of Celestial evil spirits. Also are claimed to exist, and frequently on exhibition in the interior Provinces, other "wild men" procured by the additional pro-

cess of skin transplanting, whereby the hairy covering of some quadruped is made to replace the natural cutaneous integument of the individual, and that these do not appear in coast cities of late years because of wholesome dread of the vigilance of the authorities. In this procedure the child stealers flay their victims, bit by bit, a little at a time, with long intervals between operations, in each instance replacing the removed tissue with a corresponding section from some animal, usually a bear or a dog; for successful completion many years are required in order to render the hirsute covering continuous and uniform; even the ears, nose, lips, eyelids, &c., are not neglected in the transformation—in fact all the details are gone into so minutely as to constitute a veritable though grim and horrible work of art. Even a caudle appendage, it is averred, is sometimes engrafted by means of a resection operation whereby the lower portion of the spinal column (the coccyx) is wholly removed and replaced by like articulations from the animal!

Strange that general credence is given to such narrations, which are wide-spread and by no means confined to the lower or more vulgar walks of life, or even to Celestials Even more strange is the quasi-endorsement given by the *Celestial Empire* newspaper and the *China Medical Missionary Journal*, by admitting them to their columns, without a suggestion of editorial comment or rebuke, and also that an Anglo-Saxon medical missionary figures as the author thereof, apparently accepting them as facts without the faintest suspicion of the customary "grain of salt."

It is not necessary that the writer should put on record an opinion regarding the transformation of infants into "wild men," yet it may be remarked that there is a manifest incongruity in all the reports. Such process would evidence a knowledge of physiological secrets and skin-grafting procedures hitherto unsuspected, and so startling and remarkable as to transcend anything hitherto pertaining to modern science, since it is generally accepted that a graft, on transplanting, must either be thrown off as a foreign body, or else lose the individuality of its derivation, and be merged into that of its adoption—this is inevitable, whether applied to two members of the human race, or to a primate and quadruped, or any higher or lower organism. Bits of sponge have been successfully employed as grafts, but the scientist who could cause these to retain and perpetuate the characteristics of the zoophyte has yet to be discovered; and just so regarding grafts derived from rabbits, guinea pigs, and other like creatures, when removed to a different species. In other words, it is a definite physiological axiom that when a graft partakes of the nourishment of its surroundings it must speedily assimilate with the latter, or, failing this, lose vitality altogether and be cast off as a slough.

It may be opined, however, that there is a real measure of truth in the tales, from the fact that a child, if constantly exposed to the air, and especially to sunlight, will take on a heavy hirsute growth, heaviest where most exposed; and it is notable that such growth develops luxuriance in inverse ratio with the decrease or degeneracy of the mental faculties—special provisions of nature that have persisted since first man walked upon the earth and sought refuge from the elements in trees and caves. That the victims are really rendered dumb, or at least incapable of intelligible speech, possibly by operation but more likely through hypnotic influence, or by persistent disuse of the organs essential to the faculty, including the process of warping, contracting, or altogether obliterating mentality, can scarcely be doubted in the light afforded by the history of Kaspar Hauser, and the peculiar treatment to which he was subjected.

The Hupao, an old Chinese classic, describes the appearance and character of an artificial "wild man," who was exhibited in Kiangse at some remote and unknown period, as follows:*

"His entire body was covered by the skin of a dog which had been substituted for his own derma or true skin.

"He was able to assume the erect posture, though 'wild men,' for the most part are so maimed that they can only go on all fours. He could give utterance only to inarticulate sounds; could sit or stand the same as other men, and make a bow in the most approved Chinese fashion; in fact, he generally conducted himself as a human being.

"Innumerable crowds flocked to see him, being charged roundly for the exhibition. His reputation became so extended that he was ordered to be brought to the *Yemen* of the district magistrate, where his shagginess and truculent mien were at once the astonishment and terror of the beholders.

"'Are you a human being?' interrogated the official.

"'The creature nodded an affirmative.

"'Can you write?' was the next query.

"To this was given another assenting nod; but when the writing brush was placed in his fingers he was utterly unable to manipulate it.

"Ashes were then strewn upon the ground, whereupon, stooping, the 'wild man,' with a finger, traced five characters which were understood to give his name, and Shantung as the place of his nativity. Further inquiry disclosed the facts of his kidnapping, of his long captivity, and of the terrible operations to which he had at various times been subjected."

The narrative, which, to say the least, does not appear to be altogether true to the proprieties, when judged by other claims made regarding the production of "wild men," of course details the punishment of the kidnapper by execution of the usual sentence of flaying alive*; but not until he had made full confession of the details and enormities of his crime, acknowledging also that to produce this one successful "wild man" he had sacrificed not less than twenty-five innocent lives—they succumbing to the tortures of the transformation. The unfortunate survived his master for several months, but finally fell a victim to improprieties of diet, his care-takers not knowing how he should be fed, as that secret expired with his exhibitor.

Doctor McGowan apparently accepts this tale without reservation, and commenting thereupon, adds: "What is called the Talicotian operation derives its name from an Italian surgeon of the sixteenth century, and consists in transplanting skin from one part of the body to another, as in making a nose from the integument of the arm or forehead; and while there is no evidence that the Chinese ever practised 'rhinoplasty' long before anatomy and surgery were ever studied, or even thought of at Bologna, they were aware that the living animal skin could be engrafted and take root on an animal that had been denuded for such purpose."

Less ghastly, but still gruesome, is the account of an artificial monstrosity reproduced by Doctor McGowan from teratological memoranda he has gathered. This was a human parasite, or epiphyte rather, made by engrafting the body of a child upon that of a man, the former being carried pendant by straps. By removing the skin from the chest of both, the raw surfaces

*For this I am indebted to Doctor D. J. McGowan and his paper upon the "Making of Wild Men in China," published in both the *Celestial Empire* newspaper and the fifth volume of the *China Medical Missionary Journal*—June 1893. This and the succeeding excerpta do not claim to be verbatim, since an accident has prevented the privilege of verifying, but both are, nevertheless, correct as to details.

* Doctor McGowan does not mention this in his paper, but that such is a fact I have been assured by others familiar with the original.

were approximated, and the two bound firmly and immovably together, until complete adhesion and junction was effected by vascular connection.

The formation of epiphytes is much more credible than the "wild men" episodes, and presents no very great morphological or physiological difficulties; moreover, monstrosities of this character, that strongly suggest an artificial derivation, are by no means as rare as might be imagined, not alone in China, but in Indo-China, Korea and other Oriental regions; but such evidences of teratological enterprise are for the most part confined to the lower animals. Doubtless some of the civilized mumping, as exemplified by so-called "dime museum freaks," partakes relatively of this character.

The writer once made "Siamese twins" of two white rats that survived the operation, and presumably might have lived to respectable age, but for the fact they fell victims to the rapacity of a bull terrior. The transplanting of the tail of a rodent to its nose; of the same to the vascular excresence surmounting the head of a cock; also the spur of the latter to the same—all are experiments in like direction too well known to demand comment, further than to say the degree of success attained is in some measure dependent upon the status of the two creatures toward each other in the zoological classification; thus, better results accrue when both are of the same genera or species than when the relationship is more remote. The tail of the rat in the cock's comb generally loses its individuality, assuming more and more that of the surroundings upon which it is immediately dependent for nourishment, and ultimately the most pendent portion sloughs off, and that remaining becomes vascularized into true comb tissue.

A STORY OF THE METROPOLIS.

BY H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

AN old house on an old street in that part of the great city of London situated on the Surrey side of the Thames, and known as Kennington—a house gabled, and with that unmistakable look of antiquity which is found only in countries stamped by the hands of time and history. The upper portion of the house projected over the street; the same panes that rattled in the casement windows had glistened with the frosts of more than a century ago; an iron lamp that had swayed to the touch of the same breezes as had rustled the flags proclaiming the arrival of the first King George, now swung before the street door, clanking with the same chains, filled with the same quality of oil, and throwing the same wavering, unsteady light. A brass plate was nailed to the door, and on it were the words, "Jerome L. Maitland, Musician."

Jerome Maitland was sitting in his studio; a fire blazed upon the hearth, for it was a cold spring day; without, the twilight shadows were deepening, and as the blaze rose brightly for a moment, the Professor's face would be distinctly discernable; then, as the ruddy glow ceased, his features would become enveloped in the gathering dimness.

It was a kind face—sorrowfully pathetic, wistfully tender; his eyes were of a deep blue; he had an abundance of soft grey hair, which softened and subdued the general contour of his white face; the mouth was firm, without being hard, and when he smiled, the thin lips parted with a radiant joyousness that was inexpressibly attractive. There was a story connected with his life, but, like many an unwritten romance, like many another tale of sorrow, it was unknown to the world, and the Professor kept it locked within his heart.

"Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

And thus it was with the musician. Those with whom he came most in contact could express their sympathy only by the many kindly acts, which all flowed in one channel and to one purpose—that of endeavoring to brighten the Professor's lonely life.

The Professor was not morose; he was always ready to laugh at the latest joke; every child in the street was sure to find in the old man a jolly confidant in any prospective escapade; and it was even whispered that one first of April he had helped his youthful colleagues in an attempt to surprise the fierce spinster who lived three doors farther down the street, and was supposed to have a weakness for the musician.

His studio was a favorite gathering-place of the neighbors. It was a quaint old room; dark oak panels covered the walls; carved rafters supported the ceiling; rich-wrought tapestries hung before the many entrances—curtains of Tyrian purple, in which were woven pale-green Egyptian grasses and saffron-colored reeds, the fragrance of which reminded one of some dewy, Iris-clad river bank, with slow-coursing water threading its way in purling melody past the low-bending Nile plants. Long, glittering spears, sheathed sabres, and a Mamaluke's dagger flashed upon the panelled walls. Fur rugs partially covered the polished floor, which reflected the liquid-lapping flames of the burning logs, and the flickering, glimmering lights of the candles. In one corner of the room was a handsome, curiously-carved In-

dian cabinet; behind the glass doors could be seen some old blue china, a miniature ivory pagoda, an Egyptian pipe, and three valued snuff-boxes. Other treasures were enshrined therein, and it was considered a great honor to be initiated into the mysteries of the Professor's cabinet. One drawer had for many years excited the curiosity of his friends, for never in their presence had he ever placed the key in the silver lock.

An old spinnet graced the room, and beside it stood two violins; leaves of music were scattered about the chairs and upon the floor. A huge brass lamp that had shone from the windows of a villa by the shores of the Bosphorus had regularly, since its removal to English soil, illumined the Professor's studio. Some paintings, that much gold could not have procured, adorned the walls. There were two quaint portraits in oval frames, one of which could be easily recognized as the musician in by-gone days. The other was that of a beautiful woman, with a sweet, upturned face, surrounded by a wealth of dark brown hair, lustrous eyes and sweeping lashes; it was the Professor's wife, who had lived but a few short years after their marriage. Between the two portraits hung one slightly smaller, but no one in Kennington had ever seen that picture, for its face had been turned towards the wall for the last ten years—ever since the Professor had come to live there.

There was nothing particularly attractive in the other houses on Hilburn-street; there was a monotonous sameness, an irritating similarity in the various domiciles which could not but subjugate all thrills of artistic pleasure.

One day a new family moved into the house directly opposite the Professor's. It may have been chance or fate, or mayhap it was the ruling hand of Providence that led them to take up their abode amid the peaceful quietness of Kennington streets; nevertheless with their advent opened a new chapter in the life of the musician.

It began with a bouquet of flowers.

The new family had settled tranquilly down to the manners and customs of the residents of Hilburn-street. White dimity curtains draped the windows; geraniums with great red flaring blossoms, heliotropes with purple nodding heads, and sleepy white primroses peeped out upon the street through the panes that shone like shimmering waves in the morning sunlight. A hitherto unknown laughter sounded under the Professor's window, and new voices joined in the lusty shouting that was so familiar and sweet to him. New games were added to the already large repertoire of the established residents of the street, and when the Professor looked out of the diamond-panes of his studio window, he saw three fair new heads bobbing serenely to the tune of "Rebecca's Wanderings," and six strange little legs being taught the intricate mazes of "The Cobbler's Visit," a dance belonging particularly to Hilburn-street and its immediate environments. The Professor seemed fascinated by the face of the eldest newcomer, a boy of thirteen, and having wiped his glasses upon his faded velvet coat, he gazed out of the window at the merrymakers with an earnestness that was too deep to be merely admiration of the game in progress. He watched the laughing lips, merry brown eyes and short gold hair of the romping boy with an intensity unfathomable and mysterious. He glanced quickly around the room, and having satisfied himself that the door was securely closed, he advanced to the picture whose dusty back faced the room, and cautiously turned the face, so long hidden from the day, towards the light. He took his soft silk handkerchief and brushed the dust from the painting, but the quick-rising tears hid everything from his sight. He wiped his eyes with the handkerchief, leaving a

dingy spot upon one pallid cheek, and then looked at the picture until his face seemed transformed by a sudden uprising of the flames of a long-quenched love. It was a beautiful face that gleamed from the old gilt frame—that of a young girl not more than twenty; her blue eyes looked at the Professor with an expression so life-like that he clasped his hands and pressed them hard upon his eyes as if to hide from their silent beseeching; one jewelled hand with its pretty tapering fingers hung by her side, and the other rested among the lace at her breast; her gold hair was piled high upon her shapely head like a rich coronet. The Professor shuddered, and sinking upon the floor he cried in a voice of agonized appeal:—

"Helen, my daughter! I have indeed wronged you, and the grave forbids all reparation. My child! my child! It has cost me very, very dear—all—" His last words were drowned by the sobs that shook his body with cruel strength. After some moments he grew calmer, and having arisen he went to the window and looked out into the gathering darkness. The children had disappeared, but the lamps were glowing in the house opposite, and he could see the flitting figures of the youthful strangers as they moved about the room. Long did he watch them; the shades fell, but he sat very still in the darkness, with his eyes fixed on the flower-decked window. At last he arose and lit the brass lamp, and two candles that stood in massive silver sticks upon the mantel-shelf; he looked again at the picture of his daughter, but did not turn it towards the oaken panels.

Having opened the long-closed drawers of the Indian cabinet he took therefrom a miniature from which the oil painting of his child had evidently been enlarged; a faded, crumpled letter, a dried sprig of scentless lavender, and a small leather-bound book, he also drew from the recesses of the drawer. He then sat down before the fire-place and, with one arm resting upon his knee, was soon lost in a deep reverie. He gazed at the miniature with an air of the most pathetic affection; the present was forgotten; the future formed no part in his life; but the past, that wonderful claimant of man's heart and affections, that blissful era where doubt and weary expectation are supplemented by the calm serenity of certainty and fulfilment—the past again became to the Professor as the living present; life was again life; once more was he treading the paths of love and happiness which, to him, had been lost amid the darkness and shade of the forest of loneliness. Again he saw the figure of his daughter flitting down the garden walk of their village home, robed in purest white and laden with an armful of fragrant blossoms and verdant green; again he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared behind the hedge that bordered his grounds. And then again came the memory of the darkness and misery that had forever blighted his life—the remembrance of the four long years of waiting that had seemed to drain the very life-blood from his veins. Then came the thought of the letter, the dread messenger that had felled the proud man as with a mighty blow. He picked up the yellow note that had fluttered to the floor and spread it out upon his knee, and once more he read the words that had rendered the last ten years of his life a mere farce, a wretched state of existence.

"Dear Father.

"Four years have passed away since that July afternoon when I kissed you good-bye in the old garden at home. I knew that it was a farewell instead of a mere filial demonstration, but you were too good and just to think that your daughter could be anything but the same. I knew I was leaving you forever, for I realized that you would

never grant me your forgiveness if I married Jack. He is dead now, but I love him even dearer than when you knew him. You always wronged him, father, for he was noble and true. Since his death it has been a hard struggle to keep body and soul together, and now I see that it is of no avail. Starvation is staring us in the face, and I am going to leave my boy where he will be well taken care of, and then I will seek the river and death. Forgive me, father. I will die imploring your pardon, and if you ever find our boy be kind to him for the sake of your loving daughter. Helen Pratt."

The old man sighed as he finished reading the letter; and having gathered together the sad remnants of a buried past, he replaced them in the cabinet drawer.

* * * *

Spring passed away and summer came. One hot August morning the Professor was teaching a pupil in the studio. A knock sounded at the door, and when he opened it all he found was a bunch of exquisite roses. There was only one place where those roses grew, and that was in the tiny garden of the house opposite. He went to the window, just in time to catch a glimpse of a fair head and a pair of stout legs disappearing round the corner. However, he had recognized the running figure and he returned to his work, with a lightness of heart that he had not known for many days. He arranged the roses in a huge punch bowl and placed them between the rustling curtains at the window; the summer breeze wafted their fragrance into the little room, and occasionally the Professor would bury his face amid the blossoms and take a long, deep breath, inhaling the rich perfume with feelings of intense satisfaction.

After the ice had been fairly broken, the Professor and his new friends saw a great deal of each other. Roses continually graced the musician's window, and at nearly every meal the pink-petalled flowers formed dainty patches of color upon the white linen tablecloth. Instead of one plate the house-keeper now had very often to place four, and about twice a week the musician dined across the way, much to the pleasure of himself and his new-found friends. The two households almost merged into one, so close were the relations existing between them. The Professor grew brighter continually; he forgot his own sorrow and loneliness in his endeavors to please and gratify his youthful worshippers.

One evening the Professor was in his studio surrounded by the four boys; they were coaxing him to play, and finally, after many pretended objections, the old man consented, pleased that they evinced a liking for his music.

He removed one of the violins from its rosewood case, and having placed the instrument against his shoulder drew his bow once or twice across the strings. A faint, wailing echo filled the room, gradually rising until it thrilled every niche and corner with the sublimest melody. He chose the music of an old-fashioned song, and suddenly a voice richly beautiful commenced singing the words. For a moment the Professor's hand shook, till it seemed as though the music must cease, but after his first surprise his bow grew steadier and he played the selection with a depth of feeling that he had never before experienced. Harry, the eldest boy, stood by his side, and with his hands clasped before him, he gave utterance to the words of the song in a voice of incomparable beauty and sweetness; his expression was faultless; there was a depth of harmony that seemed to flow from the hidden recesses of his boyish heart.

When the last echo had died away, the Professor turned, and, placing his hand upon the boy's shoulder, he leaned over and pressed a passionate kiss upon the fair hair of the singer. His voice trembled, and he could scarcely utter the words that rose to his lips.

"My boy, where did you learn that song?"

"It is one of my mother's songs. We have some of her music at home now."

As he spoke, the Professor's eyes wandered from the boy's flushed, upturned face to the picture of his daughter.

"He is like her," he thought, and then he accused himself of being foolish. "Of course it is impossible— it is merely imagination," he said to himself.

When the musician discovered Harry Chesterfield's talent, he immediately commenced to train the voice which he knew was no ordinary one. He devoted himself most assiduously to his labor of love; and Harry, under the careful tuition, progressed most rapidly. He possessed a most wonderful interpretation of melody, and far surpassed the Professor's fondest hopes.

"We might look over my mother's music," said the boy one morning during the lesson; "there may be something worth trying. I'll run over and get the portfolio."

He returned in a short time, carrying a roll of music. He placed it upon the table with a look of gratification, and the Professor commenced to examine the songs. He had glanced over several, when a sudden exclamation caused Harry to glance quickly towards the old man. He was leaning upon the table, with a song clasped in one hand; his eyes were dilated, and his cheeks whiter than usual.

"It is her's," he gasped, and pointed to two words written in lead pencil across a corner of the page—"Helen Pratt." Harry looked to where the trembling finger pointed, and said, "That was my mother's name."

The musician looked mystified. "But—your name is—Chesterfield," he exclaimed, brokenly.

"No. My mother died when I was only a few months old, and Mrs. Chesterfield, my father's sister, took me, and so I have always been called Chesterfield."

"Harry! your mother was my daughter, whom I wronged very deeply. There is her picture, and I have another in that old cabinet. My dear boy, God has brought you to me, and I pray that I may be able to shower all the affection upon you which by right was hers."

As he finished speaking, he placed his arm around his grandchild, and clasped him closely with a love born of long years of unhappiness and remorse. He showed him the letter his mother had written before her death, and together they mourned the loss of one who would have been their all in all.

* * * *

"Two weeks from to-morrow you sing in the cathedral. We will choose one of your mother's songs. 'Angels ever bright and fair' is the last one I heard her sing. It was in the parish church on Christmas day, and I would like you to sing that one."

The Professor and his grandchild were practising in the studio; they were both looking forward to Harry's first appearance in public. The boy himself dreaded it, but the proud old musician felt no uncertainty as to the reception Harry would receive. The days passed quickly by, and at last the Sunday so long looked forward to arrived.

The lights in the cathedral glimmered brightly, casting weird, flickering shadows upon the pavement, where pools of water had gathered, and the ceaseless splashing of the rain could be heard falling, falling—a dull monotone murmuring. The streets were almost deserted. A few hansoms, drawn by steaming horses, dashed along the roadway, the sound of hoofs only serving to intensify the brooding stillness; the trees swayed with dripping leaves, bending and crooning: the bells for service had rung out for the last time.

The cathedral was thronged tonight, for was not the famous boy-singer announced to sing! To right and to left was one broad sea of eager,

expectant faces. Some were there out of curiosity; some had come to pray; others had been attracted by the brightness and warmth to escape the drizzling rain-storm. In the very front seat sat the old Professor, nervous, yet proudly anxious. He could smell the perfume from the lilies and other flowers on the altar, and his soul was filled with a dreamy calm. Not far from him, within the shadows of one of the huge, carved pillars, was seated a thickly veiled woman, clad in soft brown; occasionally a glimpse of gold hair could be seen as her veil moved, but she sat with her chin resting upon one gloved hand, motionless.

When the last echoes of the chimes had died away, as it were far in the distance, a faint, trembling flute-note vibrated in soft, subtle harmony, rising and falling like the rippling cadences of a dreamy meadow-brook. Louder it grew, suddenly breaking into a wild flood of unutterable melody, and filling every part of the old cathedral; then quivering softly until only a far-away wailing remained; one could scarce tell whether it was the moaning of the wind, or the sighing of the organ notes.

"Holy! Holy! Holy!"—the processional hymn commenced, and the long row of white-robed choristers appeared at the eastern door. The mighty concourse of people arose with one accord. "Holy! Holy! Holy!"—nearer came the surpliced line, the brass cross swaying slightly and shining in the gaslight. The Professor kept watching his grandchild with deepest intensity. The woman in brown looked straight ahead at the altar, with its flowers and candles. "Holy! Holy! Holy!"—amid the soft blending of many voices, one sweeter and clearer than the rest fell upon her ear; she turned, and in the passing line she saw a golden-haired boy, whose brown eyes met hers for a moment. She started, and one white hand resting upon the back of the pew in front of her was strained till every chord and vein stood out as if chiselled from marble; her breath came in gasps, and a scarcelv audible "Harry" burst from her lips; she staggered for a moment, and then fell back exhausted, her eyes closely following the fair-haired chorister. A look of relief overspread her features when she perceived that her actions had been unnoticed.

She was trembling as she heard the first words of the service:

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness. . . . Therefore, I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me:"

The woman in brown sank to the floor, and buried her face in her hands.

As if in a dream she listened to the singing of the psalms; scarce did she grasp the words of the lessons; the softly-intoned notes of the Magnificat sounded far, very far. away. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace"—the chanting of the *Nunc Dimittis* commenced.

Peace — peace — peace! What a state of blissful rest was conveyed by that one word.

She sat immovable during the singing of the hymns; her eyes were closed during the sermom, but a nervous twitching of the eyelids told that she was not sleeping.

After the sermon, a deep stillness followed. The woman near the pillar raised her veil and disclosed a face as sympathetic and sweet as it was beautiful. She leaned forward with her hands clasped upon the seat before her, her eyes filled with an inexpressible tenderness. All she saw was the upturned face of the brown-eyed soloist. The quietness was intense. The short prelude seemed as though it would never end, until a voice, clear and sweet almost beyond conception, sounded throughout the vast cathedral. It seemed as though the

very flood-gates of harmony had been opened; it was a voice that pleaded with its softly-whispered cadences; a voice that touched the very depths of the human heart; it was an ecstatic expression of all that was sublime and heavenly; it was as though the very chords of divine expression were touched and made to resound with soul-stirring pathos and beauty.

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, Oh, take me to thy care"—

came like a voice from some mystic other world. When the song was finished and only a trembling echo remained, a deep silence fell upon the congregation, a silence unbroken and most expressive.

The Professor lay back in the pew with closed eyes and a look of happy content written upon his features. He had not been disappointed in his grandchild.

* * * * *

The service was over and the church was almost deserted. The sexton had turned out some of the lights. Harry emerged from the vestry door and hastened towards his grandfather. The old man had not moved; he still sat with the same look of happiness upon his face.

"Grandfather, here I am."

The Professor did not stir.

The clergyman came towards them. He was going to express his thanks to the boy soloist, but the look upon the old man's face arrested his attention. He leaned over and spoke to him, but there was no reply.

"Your grandfather is dead," he said, reverently.

They laid him upon the floor and chafed the thin hands, but no responsive thrill answered their endeavors to restore him.

"Yes, he is dead."

"Dead!" The boy fell upon the floor beside the prostrate figure and broke into a fit of passionate weeping.

A rustling was heard and a figure in brown stepped forward and knelt beside the dead Professor.

"Father, speak to me! Say you forgive me!"

Harry glanced at the kneeling woman beside him, and suddenly exclaimed, "Mother!"

The woman turned. A glad cry burst from her lips. The clergyman stepped back into the shadows. The lights flickered, and the lilies on the altar exhaled a sweet, delicious odor.



VALLEY AT ASHE INLET.

THREE YEARS AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

BY J. W. TYRRELL.

II.

SEAL-HUNTING is a most curious and interesting form of sport. Seals are hunted in entirely different ways at different times of the year. During the entire winter season they keep holes open through the shore ice, but because of the depth of snow these are not seen until the warm spring sun exposes their hiding-places. The Eskimo hunter has, however, a way of finding them out before this. He harnesses a dog that has been trained for the work, and, being armed with his seal harpoon, leads him out to the snow-covered field, where the two walk in a zigzag course until the sagacious animal catches the scent of the seal and takes his master straight to its secret abode. Here, under the hard-crusted snow, it has formed for itself quite a commodious dwelling, but, unlike the Eskimo snow house, the doorway opens into the water instead of into the air. This doorway, which is in the form of a round hole, just large enough to admit the seal, is kept from freezing up by the wary animal, which ever keeps itself in readiness, upon the slightest suspicion of danger, to plunge into it.

Usually, upon the arrival of the hunter, the seal, if at home, hearing the footsteps above it, quickly vacates the premises. The Eskimo, then taking advantage of its absence, ascertains the exact locality of the hole in the ice by thrusting his long, slender spear down through the snow. When the exact position of the hole is found, its centre is marked by erecting a little pinnacle of snow directly above it. This done, a long and tedious wait follows, during which time the patient hunter often suffers much from the cold, for he is obliged to remain quite still not uncommonly from early morning until evening, so that he may not cause alarm. In order to keep his feet from freezing whilst thus remaining for hours on the snow, a deerskin bag is commonly used to stand in.

During the interval of the seal's absence from home, the doorway becomes closed by the ice or frozen over, and it is on account of this fact that the hunter is made aware of the seal's return. When the seal comes back to its hole and finds it crusted over, it at once commences to blow upon the ice to melt it. This is the hunter's long-desired signal, and the moment he hears it he places the point of his harpoon at the marked point on the snow and thrusts the weapon vertically down into the hole, almost invariably with deadly effect. The seal, thus harpooned in the head, is instantly killed, and is then hauled out by the line attached to the spear. This is the Eskimo method of hunting seals in the winter time.

Some seasons, when the ice is covered by a great depth of snow, the dogs are not able to scent the seals' houses, and thus the Eskimo has to depend upon other sources for food, or to go on short rations.



1. 2.

1.—ESKIMO WOMAN'S SUIT. 2.—ESKIMO MAN'S SUMMER SUIT.

In the spring season, as the snow disappears, the winter quarters of the seals are demolished, and they themselves are exposed to view. Then the Eskimo is obliged to resort to other methods of getting at them. When a seal is observed, the direction of the wind is first noted, and then the hunter, keeping himself to leeward of the seal, walks to within about a quarter of a mile of it, but beyond this he begins to crouch down, and to advance only when the seal's head is down. The seal is one of the most wide-awake of all animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds, to guard against sources of danger. When its head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep. However this may be, the hunter, by carefully watching the seal's movements, is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but for closer quarters he is obliged to pursue other tactics. The

hunter now lies down at full length upon the ice, and here the real sport begins.

The seal takes Eskimo, who is able to talk seal perfectly, to be one of its companions; and indeed there is a great deal of resemblance between the genera, for both are clothed in scalskin, and the Eskimo, living largely upon the flesh and oil of the seal, is similarly odorous. As the two lie there upon the ice, a most amusing sort of conversation is kept up between them. Seal makes a remark, probably about the weather, and flips its tail. Eskimo replies in a similar manner, making the gesture with his foot, and at the same time throwing himself a little forward. Seal soon has something further to say, and again flips its tail. Eskimo replies as before, and again slightly closes up the distance between them.

When the seal's head is down, the hunter, who ever keeps his eye upon his prey, is also able to gain ground by dragging himself forward upon his elbows. This manœuvering goes on for some time, until the distance between the performers has been reduced to a few yards, or sometimes to a very few feet.

When thus sufficiently near to make a sure shot, the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a shaft crashing through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes, instead of the bow and arrow, a harpoon is used with equal effect.

The writer knew an Eskimo who was so expert at this kind of sport that he was able to catch a seal with his teeth.

In order to secure a seal, by shooting it as just described, it is necessary to kill it instantly, for if only shot through the body, or even through the heart, it will throw itself into its hole and thus be lost.

During the season of open water, still another method of seal-hunting has to be adopted. There is now no ice to perform upon, so the kyack has to take its place. In this light craft the Eskimo pursues the seal in the open sea or in the channels of water amongst the ice. The weapon now used is not the bow, but a specially designed style of harpoon, which may be thrown long distances from the hand. The bow and arrow are useless because of the difficulty of instantly killing a seal by a shaft shot from a kyack. This harpoon is a light form



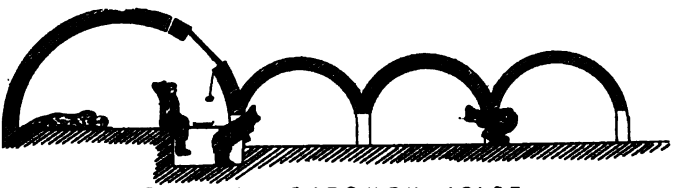
ESKIMO WOMAN'S HOUSE-DRESS.

of spear, having an adjustable ivory head, to which is attached a long, platted, sinew line. This line is wound upon the handle of the harpoon, and attached to the end of it is some kind of a small float.

When a seal makes his appearance within twenty or thirty yards of the hunter, the harpoon, thus arranged, is thrown, and if the seal is struck, the

ivory head, which becomes imbedded in the flesh, is detached from the shank, and, as the seal plunges about or dives, the line is quickly unwound from the handle which floats on the water.

Unless killed outright, the seal quickly disappears with line and float; but as he can only remain under water a few minutes at a time, he must soon re-appear, and as he again nears the surface the little float comes to the top



SECTION THROUGH IGLOE

and shows the hunter where to prepare for the next charge. Thus the poor wounded animal's chances of escape are small, unless he is able to evade his pursuer by getting into floating ice. He is usually met by the Eskimo lance as soon as he makes his appearance, and thus the chase is concluded.

Perhaps the most exciting and dangerous occupation of the Eskimo is that of hunting the walrus.

This animal, sometimes called the sea-horse, is large, powerful, and often vicious. It is considered valuable both as food and as a source of ivory, which it yields in its immense tusks. The walrus is chiefly hunted from the kyack, either in open water in the neighborhood of sandy shores, or about the edge of floating ice, upon which it delights to lie and bask in the sunshine.

A special equipment is required for this kind of hunting. It comprises, besides the kyack and paddle, a large harpoon, a heavy line, a box in which to coil it, a large, inflated seal-skin float, and a long lance. This walrus harpoon is an ingeniously devised weapon. It consists of an ivory shank, fitted to a block of the same material by a ball and socket joint. These are stiffly hinged together by stout seal-skin thongs, and the block is then permanently attached to a wooden handle about four feet in length. The ivory shank, which is about fifteen inches long, is slightly curved, and tapers to a rounded point at the end remote from the handle.

To this point is again fitted an ivory head, about four inches long, let into which is an iron or steel blade. Through the centre of the ivory head, a heavy line is passed and strongly looped. Then the shank and head being in position, the line is drawn tightly, and fastened to the wooden handle by an ivory "pin and socket" catch. The remaining portion of the line is neatly coiled, and is provided at the end with a small loop, and now the harpoon is ready for use.

The line used is that made from the skin of the square flipper seal, as already described, and may be two or three hundred feet in length, though sometimes not so long.

The line box is simply a small, round, parchment-covered frame, about the size of the lid of a cheese-box, and it is fastened to the top of the kyack, behind the paddler.

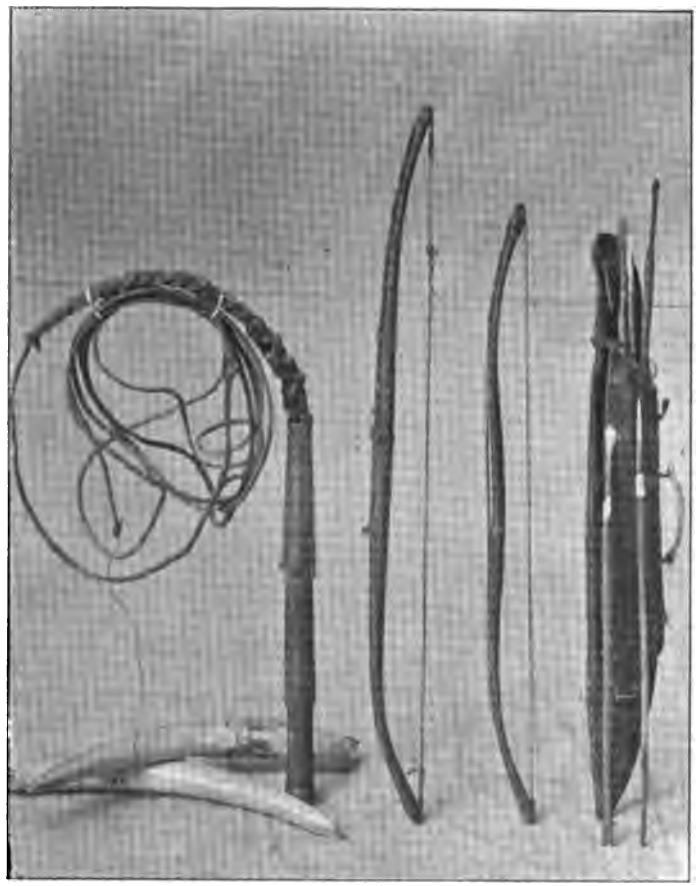
The seal-skin float is a peculiar-looking object, consisting of the entire skin of a seal, removed from the carcass, as before described, without cutting it. The hair is removed from the pelt, which is then dressed as black parchment. The natural opening at the mouth of the skin sack is provided with an ivory nozzle and plug. By blowing into the nozzle the skin is inflated, and may be kept in that condition by inserting the plug. Attached to the tail-end of the float is an ivory cross-head, to which may be readily attached or detached the loop at the end of the harpoon line.

The lance completes the walrus hunter's equipment. This instrument is formed of a long iron or ivory bar

having a steel blade point. The bar is fitted to a wooden handle by a ball and socket joint, and stiffly hinged with thongs, as in the case of the harpoon. The object of the joint is to prevent the lance from being broken when thrust into a walrus, as, without it, it would be broken by the animal plunging about.

Equipped as above, the Eskimo hunters go out frequently during the season of open water in pursuit of walruses, which, feeding upon clams, are usually found about sandy shores or islands. Single animals are sometimes met with, but more commonly they are found in small herds. When feeding, they remain in about the same place, but can stay under water for only about three minutes at a time.

They come to the surface to breathe; sport about for a short time, then go down to the bottom and dig up clams from the sand for about three minutes, after which time they have to again rise to the surface for air. The Eskimos take advantage of this necessity, and after getting near to the animals, only advance upon them when they are busily occupied at the bottom of the sea. When a walrus re-appears at the surface, the hunter, who, with harpoon in hand and line attached to float, awaits its return, hurls his harpoon with great force and precision, burying it deeply in the walrus's flesh. The wounded monster, now maddened by pain, plunges in the water, and dives to the bottom, or endeavors to escape. The plunging readily causes the ball and socket joint of the harpoon to give, and this allows the head of the harpoon, which is buried in the animal, to become detached, and form a regular button on the end of the harpoon line. The detached handle floats upon the water, but the line is thus securely fastened to the body of the walrus, which, in trying to escape, takes with him the line and attached inflated seal-skin. But though he may take this buoy under, and keep it down for a short time, he cannot do so long. Soon it re-appears at the surface, and the hunters seeing it, make



ESKIMO IMPLEMENTS.

for the spot and await the returning walrus. The moment his head appears, harpoons and lances are hurled at him as before, and unless with fatal results, the same manœuvres as above, are repeated. In this way, often two or three harpoon lines and floats are attached to one walrus, but when so hampered, he is considered well secured, and is dispatched by the long, keen lance.

When, however, the attack is made in the neighborhood of heavy ice, as it frequently is, the hunt is much less likely to result successfully. Because of the floating crystal, the hunters often find it difficult to follow the movements of their game, and even if successful in this, and in placing a harpoon or two, they are often defeated in the end by the line being torn from the float, which has become fast in the broken ice. Thus once freed, the wounded animal usually makes good his escape.

Occasionally these walrus contests result disastrously for the hunters, for the sea-horse is by no means a passive, harmless creature, submitting without opposition to the attacks of his enemies. Frequently he, or a number of them together, make a charge upon their assailants, attacking them viciously with their huge tusks, which, if brought in contact with an Eskimo, are likely to make a sorry-looking object of him. Of course, through long experience and practice in the chase, the Eskimo hunters become very expert in dodging and foiling a charge, but sometimes they are caught and roughly handled by these uncouth monsters of the sea.

Upon one occasion, an old hunter named "Coto," who lived during the winter of 1885-86 close to the writer's shanty, met with a bad accident, whilst out hunting walruses in his kyack. A number of them charged upon him suddenly, and being unable to get out of their way quickly enough, his frail craft was broken and torn to shreds, and his own body was fearfully bruised and lacerated. The poor fellow recovered, however, but only after months of sore suffering.

For a short time during the autumn season, the sea-horse is hunted without the assistance of the kyack. Then the young ice being thin, the walruses break up through it at any place, and sport about in the water-holes which they make. When the hunters—for several of them usually go together—espy walruses thus situated, they go out upon the ice, and attack them from the edge of the water-hole. This method of hunting, however, is rather dangerous, as the walruses have an ugly habit of first noting the position of their assailants, then disappearing below the water, and in a moment reappearing, head and shoulders through the ice, at the spot where the men stood.

The Eskimos, who are familiar with this walrus trick, always change their position, the moment one of the crafty brutes goes down, and stand, harpoon in hand, ready to receive him when he returns, crashing through the ice, with bloody designs upon his craftier adversaries.

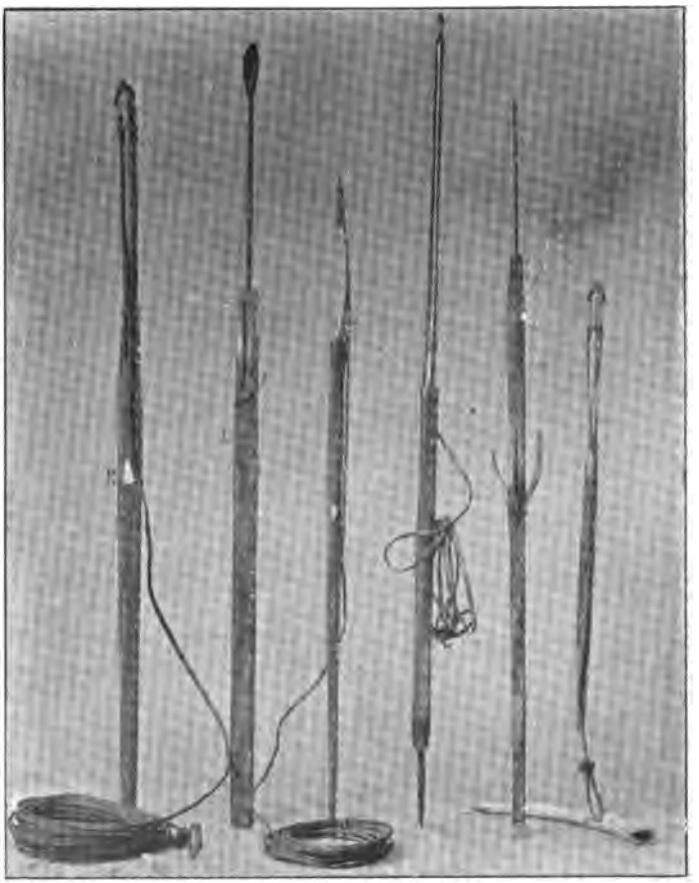
It is an easier matter to harpoon a walrus, thus in the ice, than it is to secure him; for here the "oweta" or float cannot be used to advantage, and it is no easy matter to hold a 3,000 pounder of the sea. However, this is attempted, and when one or more harpoons are made fast to the walrus the ends of the line are spiked down to the ice by stout spikes, and in that way the brute is very powerfully anchored; but in spite of all that can be done, he often breaks away and takes the lines with him into the deep.

"Of the black bear, you need not be afraid,
But killing white ones is a dangerous trade."

Polar bear hunting is a somewhat dangerous, but exciting sport. An Eskimo rarely ever cares to tackle a polar, single handed, but two men armed with lances do not hesitate to

attack this monarch of the north. Before describing the Eskimo method of hunting this animal, it will be well to give some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking.

Many of the polar bears are of enormous size, and they possess marvellous strength and vitality. The writer was present at the slaying of two of them, either of which weighed fifteen hundred pounds—as much as a heavy draft horse. One of these two was literally riddled with bullets before he was killed, and the other was little better. On another occasion, a smaller bear, which attempted to climb into a little boat with the writer, had not less than twenty slugs injected into him, but he survived and swam about briskly, until his head was cleft open with an axe.



ESKIMO IMPLEMENTS.

Dr. Kane reports that when up north, on his Franklin Search Expedition, of 1853-55, he had barrels of pork picked up, as if they were toys, by bears, and shattered to pieces by a stroke of the ponderous paw. The writer has upon one or two occasions weighed the paws of his polar bear victims, and found a paw to be sometimes as much as thirty-six pounds in weight. Rather a formidable fist to be struck by; but this is the animal that is commonly a prey to the lances of a couple of dusky little northerners.

The Eskimo tactics in hunting a polar bear are as follows: Two men, armed only with lances, approach him from opposite sides, at the same time. Then, as they close upon him, and the bear charges either man, the other rushes forward with his lance. If the bear turns, the first man gives him a thrust; and so on, as the bear turns upon one man, the other promptly lances him, and lets out his life's blood. It requires cool heads and steady nerves to be able to successfully cope with a bear in this way, but both of these characteristics do the Eskimos possess in a very marked degree, and so it is comparatively seldom that accidents happen whilst thus engaged—that is, that the bear comes off the victor.

These bears, which live almost entirely upon seals, are usually found near the sea shore, and often out some distance from shore, swimming in the water, where they can live for a considerable length of time.

The Eskimos attack them here, as well as upon the land, but in the water they are very treacherous enemies to deal with, as they can dive and swim like a fish.

They are very liable to surprise a person, by suddenly not being where one thinks they are, but being just where one wishes they were not. The custom, with Eskimo bear hunters, is that whoever first sees a bear is the owner of the carcass, no matter who kills it, but they divide up the skin among the several hunters.

A bear skin is so heavy that there is no special object with the Eskimo in preserving it whole, but he finds the greatest use for it when cut up into small pieces. In this condition it is commonly used by hunters as a kind of mat, which they tie under them when crawling over the ice after seals, or across the wet plains after deer. The piece of bear skin acts as a kind of skate, upon which they can easily drag themselves along.

The Eskimo method of hunting birds is chiefly with a spear of somewhat peculiar design. It is, in all, about five feet long, and consists of a wooden handle, terminated at one end by a slender barbed ivory or iron rod, sharply pointed. About half way up the handle, three barbed ivory fingers are securely fastened, and also pointed. The handle is then fitted into a wooden socket, which is held in the hand, and from which the spear is thrown. It is claimed that by means of the wooden socket the spear can be thrown with greater precision than from the bare hand, to which it would adhere more or less. However that may be, an Eskimo can hurl his bird spear a marvellously long distance, and with deadly effect.

If the point of the spear misses the bird, one of the side fingers is almost sure to pierce it, or to catch it between the fingers and the spear handle.

In this way, ptarmigan, ducks and other land and sea fowls are obtained in considerable numbers. They are usually speared whilst sitting in flocks upon the snow or on the water, but they are also frequently killed in this way when on the wing.

Sometimes the bow and arrow is used for bringing down the feathered game, but the spear is the instrument chiefly used.

Fish are both speared and caught with a hook. The hooks seen in use, by the writer, were all of the crudest design, made to be used as trolls.

A troll consists of a heavy iron hook fastened to the face of a small ivory disk, to which is attached a fine, strong line, made of platted deer-skin sinews.

Fish are not, however, caught so much with the hook as they are by the spear. Indeed, it is chiefly by means of the harpoon and spear that the Eskimo larder is supplied. The fish spear is a kind of a three-pronged, barbed fork, fixed onto a handle. It is used chiefly for spearing fish through the ice, and with good results by an expert.

The writer tried fish-spearing in the north, but lacked the patience necessary for success. Many times, however, he purchased from the Eskimos the magnificent trout and white fish by which their efforts were rewarded.

The way in which they spear is this: First, the most favorable spot on the lake or river is selected, and then a hole is cut through the ice. Then, with some kind of a bait which is lowered into the water by means of string, the endeavor is made to attract the fish to the hole, where, when they appear, they are thrust through by the spear, and hauled out upon the ice. Great numbers of beautiful fish

are caught by the Eskimos in this way during the fall and winter seasons.

Unless with the Eskimos living within reach of the ports of the Hudson Bay Company, trapping is not extensively followed, perhaps because of the inefficiency of the native traps, but also because of the comparatively slight value to the Eskimos of the animals which may be caught. For instance, the wolf is an animal that is little sought for, because his flesh is not considered good food, and his skin is no better for clothing than the skin of the deer, which is much more easily procured. So also with the fox. Both wolves and foxes are, however, caught to some extent by "dead fall" traps, built of stone, or of snow, and so arranged that when the animal enters the trap and touches the bait a heavy stone is caused to fall and kill or imprison him.

The Eskimo, or "Eunit," as he calls himself, being of a jovial, merry disposition, has various forms of amusement. A common one amongst the men is that of competing with each other in throwing the harpoon at a mark on the snow. Thus, with much practice, they become very powerful and expert throwers.

An amusing incident happened in this connection at one time during the writer's Eskimo experiences. He, too, had been diligently exercising himself in the art of harpoon throwing, and one day, having become quite an expert, was thus amusing himself in front of his shanty, when a party of natives came along. One of their number, doubtless supposing him to be a novice with the harpoon, stood up at what he thought a safe distance and said, "Attay me-loo-e-ak-took" (go ahead, throw). The writer, promptly accepting the challenge, hurled his harpoon, which made so straight for the astonished man's breast that he did not know which way to jump, and he barely got out of the way in time to save himself. As the shaft passed him, and went crashing through a flour barrel, behind where he had stood, his companions had a great laugh at his expense.

Another source of much amusement is the game of football, which they play with the bladder of a walrus. Their game is neither played according to Rugby nor Association rules, but is played without rule and without system. Men and women, old and young, join in the chase after the ball



1 2. 3. 4

1. HEAD OF WALRUS HARPOON.—2 HEAD OF WALRUS LANCE —3 AND 4. HEADS OF SEAL HARPOONS.

with equal delight. Here a woman, carrying her child on her back, may be seen running at full speed after the ball, and the next moment lying at full length with her naked child floundering in the snow a few feet beyond her. A minute later, the child is in its place, and the mother, nearly choking with laughter, is seen elbowing her way after the ball again.

A popular kind of indoor sport, played much during the long, dark days of winter, is a game something

like our old game of cup and ball. It is played with a block of ivory, cut so as to somewhat resemble the form of a bear, which it is supposed to be. The ivory is drilled, in a regular and systematic way, full of holes, and to the neck of the block an ivory pin, four or five inches in length, is attached by means of a sinew cord about a foot long. To prevent twisting of this cord, a little ivory swivel is inserted in the middle of it, and the game is played by swinging up the ivory block and catching it upon the pin. The various holes in the block count differently, so that there is really a good deal of play in the game.

Running and wrestling are sometimes indulged in, though not often continued with interest.

The children play amongst themselves much as they do here. Their favorite amusement is that of playing house, at which they may be seen busily engaged, almost any pleasant summer day, about an Eskimo village. The playhouses consist simply of rings of stones, and for dolls, the Eskimo children are content with pretty pebbles or chips of wood or ivory. The actors, with their families, go visiting from one house to another, and have their imaginary feasts, and all the rest, just as Canadian children have.

The Eskimo people are not noted for being musical, though they have some songs.

At Cape Prince of Wales, Hudson Straits, they have been observed to play at a game of tilting. For this sport a very large igloe is built, having a great pillar in the centre of it. Ivory rings are hung from the roof, and the players, armed with spears, walk rapidly round the pillar and vie with each other in catching the rings on their spears.

The home or family circle of the Eskimo is, as a rule, a happy one. It is not broken up by the brawling sot, nor is it often the scene of poverty and want, never is it so in the case of an individual family whilst the rest of the community have plenty.

All families share alike in times of famine, and in seasons of plenty all rejoice together. Thus there is no such thing as class distinction amongst them but all are upon equal footing, and every man provides for the wants of his own family by hunting. They have therefore no need for Workmen's Unions, nor for Protective Associations, but all live together in peace and unity. Of course the writer is here speaking in a general way, for he has already spoken of occasional fights which take place.

The Eskimo marriage is an exceedingly simple institution, and is not performed in any ceremonious way. It is purely a love marriage, requiring only the sanction of the parents of the bride.

When a young man and young woman come to the conclusion that they were made for each other, and desire to become one, having the consent of the girl's parents, they simply take each other and start up an igloe of their own. Eskimo brides are usually very young, and often very bonnie creatures. They lose much of their beauty, however, in early life, and, at about forty, mature into ugly old dames.

An Eskimo family rarely consists of more than three children, and these, in turn, for about two years, are carried in the hood upon their mother's back. During this time they have no clothing apart from their mother's.

New born infants are licked by their mother's tongue, and sometimes put into a hare skin, or bag of feathers, for a time, before being carried upon their mother's back.

It is usual for a man to have only one wife, though it is not uncommon to have two, or even three, if he can provide for them. The first Eskimo met with on the writer's recent trip to the north had two wives, each with three children. As a rule, the men are very faithful to their wives, although, sometimes, they trade with each other

for a few weeks or months, and afterwards receive again their first loves.

If any member of the family is seriously ill, a peculiar kind of prayer is repeated over the afflicted one by the father or mother of the family. The prayer—for it can hardly be called anything else—is, however, loaded with superstition. The beseeching parent prepares for the ceremony by placing a "poalo" or mit upon the left hand. Then bending over the afflicted one, he or she mutters, wails, and gesticulates in the strongest manner, and also blows with the mouth, and motions the departure of the evil spirit. This kind of audible supplication is often carried on for a considerable length of time.

From what has already been said, we find that the Eskimo, like almost every other people under the sun, possesses some forms of worship, and believes in a spirit world. He believes in the existence somewhere of Good and Evil Spirits, which govern and control this world. The Great Good Spirit, (Cood-la pom-e-o,) they believe dwells in an upper world (of which the sky is the floor), of cold and hunger; but that the evil spirits, governed by their chief, Tornarsuk, dwell in a world beneath ours, which they believe forms a kind of great roof over the world below. The earth and this under world are connected with each other by certain mountain clefts, and by various entrances from the sea. The spirits of those who meet with violent deaths go to dwell with "Cood-la-pom-e-o" in the upper world; but for those who die from other causes, there is a place prepared below, in the land of plenty, with the evil spirits. These latter deities are supposed to have the greater power of the two upon earth, and consequently their favor is sought, and to them supplication is usually made; though over certain forces, events and circumstances, the Great Good Spirit is supposed to have control. For example, he is believed to be the deity governing the frosts, so that in the fall of the year, when the ice is insufficiently strong for hunting purposes, his favor is invoked, and his assistance sought.

Communication with the spirits is usually held through "wizards," or "Angakoks," who are looked upon as wise men by the people, and are appointed to fulfil this function. They are ordained for their sacred calling when youths, and, as a distinguishing mark of their profession, wear upon their backs a string of ornaments,



ESKIMO TOYS.

mostly made of seal or deer skin. These are given them at the various places visited by them, in recognition of their office. The Angakoks are appointed because of their qualifications, and there may be a number of them in the same community, but some of them rise to much greater distinction than others. These wizards are said to be taught from youth by one of the deputy chief fiends, named Tornat, and some of them are supposed to have great power with the spirits. At times, when the people are threatened with famine, and are in distress of any kind, the Angakok is requested to intercede for them. Supposing it is food that is wanted, he arranges for an interview with "Tornarsuk," the chief of the devils. In order to do this, the Angakok, accompanied by one other man, goes down to the water's edge, in the early morning, at the hour of low tide. Here his companions bind him in a doubled-up position, so that his knees meet his face, and so lash him up with stout thongs that he is unable to move hand or foot. In this helpless condition, his companions leave him there on the shore, with his walrus harpoon lying by his side, and the rising waters lapping at his feet. What immediately follows only the Angakok knows, but the writer has been informed by the wizards themselves, and besides it is believed by the Eskimo people, that the devil comes to his rescue, and releases him from his bonds; but at the same time, seizing the harpoon found upon the ground, thrusts it through the Angakok's breast. In this condition, with the harpoon thrust through his breast, so that the point projects through his coat behind, and blood trickling down before, the excited wizard rushes up from the shore to the village, trailing behind him the harpoon line.

Into the first igloe met with he rushes, in a frenzied condition, snorting and blowing like a walrus. As he enters, all sharp tools are quickly put out of sight, so that the Angakok may not hack himself with them; and at the same time water is sprinkled at his feet. This done, he bounds out of the igloe, and as he does so, the occupants seize the harpoon line, which is trailing behind him, but are not able to hold him, he being as strong as a walrus.

The magician then enters the next igloe, where the same performance is repeated, and in the same manner the round of the village is made, but none are able to hold the excited man. Having completed the round of the dwellings in the village, he returns again to the seashore, where it is said he is again met by Tornarsuk, who extracts the harpoon from his breast, and assures him that the people's prayers shall be heard, and that plenty of walruses shall be sent to satisfy their hunger.

Whether or not Tornarsuk is as good as his word, the writer can only conjecture, but the poor Eskimo pagans have great faith in the intercessory powers of their Angakok.

Intercession is sometimes made to the Good Spirit, "Cood-la-pom-e-o," and, as before, the Angakok acts as intercessor; but instead of going to the shore, he is bound up in an igloe, and left there by his people. Whilst still in this same condition, he is said to ascend through the roof of the igloe, and to meet and hold communication with Cood-la-pom-e-o, and having arranged matters with him, he returns to earth, re-enters the igloe through the door, and reports the result of his interview.

These are amongst the laws of the Eskimos:

1. "No man shall do any work requiring the use of tools after sunset. The women may sew, make garments, or chew boots, but no man shall 'sen-a-u,' that is, work with tools."

Thus the hour of each day after sunset forms the Eskimo's Sabbath.

2. No person shall eat walrus and deer meat upon the same day.

3. The carcases of all large animals slain during the winter season shall be equally divided amongst all members of the community.

4. All kinds of rare game are common property during all seasons.

5. Any person finding drift-wood secures ownership by placing stones upon it.

6. Any other kind of goods found remain the property of the original owner.

7. When a seal is harpooned, and gets off with the harpoon, the first harpooner loses all claim to it when the float becomes detached.

8. If two hunters strike a bird at the same time, it shall be equally divided between them.

9. Whoever is first to see a bear has first ownership, no matter who slays it.

10. After slaying a bear, the man who kills it shall hang up his hunting implements, together with the bladder of the beast, in some high conspicuous place, for at least three days, and for four days he shall be separated from his wife.

11. When a walrus is slain, the successful hunter shall be separated from his wife for at least one day.

12. The borrower of tools shall not be bound to give compensation for damages

13. No woman shall "muckchucto" (sew) whilst any member of the family is ill.

14. If any man, from any cause whatever, slays his neighbor, the wife and family of the deceased shall become the family of the slayer, and shall be taken care of by him, as if they were his own.

One Eskimo legend regarding the origin of the people, has already been related.



THE FELZOA RIVER

There is another one of special interest regarding the occurrence of a flood. It is something like this :—

"A very long time ago there was a great rain, which was so terrible that it flooded the earth and destroyed all people with the exception of a few Eskimos, who constructed a raft by lashing together a number of kyacks, and took refuge upon it. Upon this raft they drifted for a long time, until they were much reduced by cold and starvation. Then at length, in their distress, their Angakok stood up and cast his harpoon and all their ornaments into the flooding waters. This act sufficed to appease the angry spirits, and the flood subsided."

This legend is particularly interesting, since it adds one to the number of many similar legends held by other savage tribes and nations.

Another *very romantic* Eskimo legend explains the origin of the sun and moon, but perhaps it had better be left for some of themselves to relate

As a rule the aged and feeble members of an Eskimo community are

treated with respect and kindness, but during times of distress and famine they are often forgotten in the general struggle for existence. For instance, when the supply of food at any particular place becomes exhausted, and through starvation the people are forced to go elsewhere in search of the necessaries of life, the aged or feeble, or those who have become too weak to travel, are left behind to perish. If, however, food is soon found, a portion is at once taken back; and, after all, what more could be done, even by white people.

Mr. F. F. Payne, who lived for fifteen months near Cape Prince of Wales, Hudson Straits, relates a sad tale which came under his notice.



A SMALL ICEBERG, HUDSON STRAITS.

He says; "Early in spring, when for many days we had not been visited by an Eskimo, and supposing they had left this part of the coast, I wandered over to a deserted village, and entering an igloe, was surprised to find an old woman and her son apparently dying from starvation, and from them learned that a crippled man and his child were in the same condition in another igloe near by. Here was a worse case than the first, for with a little strengthening food, we were enabled to move the woman and her son to an igloe near the station, but the man was too far gone, nor would he allow his child to be taken from him. Each day food and a large piece of snow was put by his side, and although unable to use his arms, his child, a little girl, three years old, fed him

"Days went by and little improvement could be noticed in his condition, and one afternoon, when it had been thawing, I walked over to the igloe. Calling as usual as I approached, I received no answer, and coming nearer, found the roof of the igloe had fallen in, and there he lay with marble face, his eyes now fixed and turned to space, and his child lay sleeping by him. Wrapped in his bedding, we placed the body in a crevice in the rock and covered it with stones. The child was given in charge of the woman and son, but after a short time it also died."

When at home in the igloe, an Eskimo dies, his body is never taken away for burial by carrying it out through the doorway, but an opening must be made in the rear for its removal. The place chosen for the burial of the dead is some isolated point of land, some difficultly accessible hill top or, preferably, some remote island where there is least danger of the bodies being disturbed by wild beasts. The deceased are first wrapped in their skin robes, then laid to rest, and covered over by piles of stones. Sometimes these graves are made very large, whilst in other cases the bodies are barely covered over. Usually some kind of a mark is raised over the grave, sometimes a long stone, but frequently a topick pole, or a paddle, is erected. and to the top of it a flag or streamer is fixed to mark the last lonely resting-place of the departed.

Beside the lonely grave are placed the hunting instruments of its occupant, and there, upon the dreary waste, imprisoned in his rocky tomb, beneath the snows of many a winter storm the poor Eskimo lies to await the sound of the last trump.

PAPINEAU AND HIS HOME.

BY THOMAS P. GORMAN.

A BEAUTIFUL chateau on the Ottawa River at Monte Bello, in the Province of Quebec, is the home of the Papineau family, the son, grand-children and great-grand-children of Louis Joseph Papineau, the leader of the Canadian insurrection of 1837-38, and the greatest man that French-Canada ever produced. Curiously enough, the rising generation of the Papineaus will be in sympathies and in language Americans. They will be French only in name. The present head of the family and proprietor of the Castle or "Manor House" at Monte Bello, Mr. Louis J. A. Papineau, son of the revolutionary leader, married an American lady, Miss Westcott, of Saratoga. His only son, who resides with him, married Miss Rogers of Philadelphia, a beautiful and charming lady, who is the mother of an interesting family of four sons, the eldest of whom, Louis Joseph, is twelve years old. English is the language of the household, though French is spoken also. The retainers and servants who keep the magnificent park and grounds in order and attend to other duties upon the estate or Seigniory, are both French and English. Mr. L. J. A. Papineau, inherited from his father a thorough contempt for shams and subterfuges of all kinds. He is a thorough democrat. He was a founder of the sons of liberty. When the uprising took place in 1837 he was old enough to shoulder a musket, and became the captain of a company in the regiment led by Colonel Rudolph Des Rivières, who was afterwards transported to Bermuda for his part in the insurrection, but was allowed to return the next year. Among the articles in Mr. Papineau's highly interesting museum, are the flag which the insurgents carried, and the musket and sword carried by Captain Papineau himself. Mr. Papineau filled for thirty-two years the office of joint prothonotary in Montreal. After his resignation, he travelled extensively in Europe, but for some years he has devoted all his attention to the beautiful seigniory.

On a knoll in the wooded park, on the roadway leading from the chateau to the village, stands the mausoleum or tomb of the Papineaus, a small private chapel, in the vault of which rest the bones of the great Canadian leader, and also those of his father, wife, a son and a daughter. This tomb is visible from the st amboat landing through an opening or lane in the park, and patriotic Canadians make pilgrimages to it every year.

In the history of Canada the locality around Monte Bello is noted as the place where the *Petite Nation* of Algonquin Indians lived, and where they were almost exterminated by the Iroquois. The Seigniory fronts fifteen miles on the Ottawa and runs fifteen miles back. In front the broad river flows along majestically, while about two miles to the north, behind the village, the Laurentian mountains rise abruptly to a considerable height. The Seigniory was originally the property of Joseph Papineau, father of Louis Joseph. The son purchased the place from his father in 1816, and repaired thither, towards the close of his long and stormy career, to create a beautiful home for himself and his family, and to end his days in quiet retirement.

The tourist or traveller ascending the Ottawa sees on the right bank, upon an elevated point or bluff projecting into the river, a splendid forest

of oak, elm and maple trees, in the front of which, half-buried in foliage, is a large quadrangular three story edifice, with high towers at the angles, after the French fashion. This is the chateau where the great Canadian patriot ended his days, and where his descendants reside. Around are well kept gardens and flower beds, and an extensive museum, which the proprietor throws open twice a week to picnickers and other visitors, while in front, and some distance to the westward, are a number of wooded islands. What an ideal retreat for a weary statesman!

The house itself is very large. It has spacious halls and many handsome chambers. The chief rooms are, of course, the two drawing-rooms, furnished in the old French style. But the principal feature of the drawing-room is the view of the Ottawa obtained from its lofty windows. No river scenery is more charming. The portion of the establishment which shares the honors with the drawing-room is the library. This literary depository, containing papers of great historical value, and several thousand choice volunes, is a tower separate and distinct from the main building; it is reached by a bridge from the house, the gates or doors to which are of iron. The isolation of the library was determined upon in order to preserve its contents from destruction by fire, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the building is fireproof.

A few months ago Mr. Papineau created a sensation in Canada by protesting vigorously against a proposal to build a new church at Monte Bello in place of the existing structure and in an open letter to Archbishop Duhamel made a strong appeal, as an antiquarian and a historian, for the preservation of the old church, which had been erected by his grandfather, and extended by his father, and in which he still has a seignorial interest, and holds the 'Seignior's pew." Mr. Papineau entered a strong remonstrance against the practice of erecting costly churches in poor parishes, and thus unnecessarily burdening the people. He contended that the existing church is ample for the needs of the parish, and offered to contribute a large sum towards repairing it The spire of the old church is visible from Mr. Papineau's library window, through a vista in the tree tops which he keeps constantly open.

Monte Bello is a village of about eight hundred inhabitants, built chiefly along one street, and the houses are mostly of wood.

The Papineau Chateau and Mausoleum are the principal objects of interest in the place. The Mayor of the village, Mr. H. Bourassa, is a member of the Papineau family, being the son of an eminent Canadian artist, who married a daughter of Louis Joseph Papineau. Mr. Bourassa, who is not thirty years old, is a rising politician and a journalist.

Papineau is the stronges character in French-Canadian history. By earnest and persistent agitation, and unselfish devotion to their interest, he secured for his compatriots representative government and political liberty. There is a close similarity between the character and career of Papineau, the leader of the patriots of Lower Canada, and those of William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the Upper Canada patriots, who also headed an insurrection in 1837 against the misrule of the Government. Papineau was a parliamentarian and a journalist. So was Mackenzie. Both struggled to throw off the despotism of governors surrounded by irresponsible advisers. Mackenzie was denied the parliamentary rights to which he was entitled by virtue of his election. So was Papineau. The two patriot leaders fled to the United States, after rewards had been offered for their capture, and both returned, after years of exile, to be re-elected to parliament. Some of Mackenzie's followers were hanged in Toronto. Twelve of Papin-

eau's lieutenants suffered death on the scaffold in Montreal, while many more were transported to Bermuda and Australia for treason.

Louis Joseph Papineau was born in Montreal in October, 1786, and died at Monte Bello in September, 1871, being then nearly 85 years old. His father, a notary public, descended from a family that had emigrated from Montigny, France, was a man of majestic stature, who had served in the original parliament of the colony, and his mother was a sister of the Hon. D. B. Viger, and of the mother of Monseigreur Lartigue, the first Roman Catholic bishop of Montreal. At school Louis Joseph was an earnest student, sacrificing recreation to reading. Leaving college at the age of seventeen, he became a law student in the office of his cousin, D. B. Viger, a prominent politician, and was soon admitted to the bar. But young Papineau's abilities as a powerful and patriotic orator were already known to his countrymen, who elected him to parliament for the division which now forms Chambly County, before his admission to the bar. He entered the assembly in 1810, and soon took his place as a leader in the battle for constitutional government with Sir James Craig, the then Governor. So fierce was the conflict that members of the legislature were sent to prison, while soldiers, acting under the orders of the Governor, destroyed the office of the newspaper organ of the Canadian party. In 1815 Papineau was elected for one of the divisions of Montreal, and continued to represent that city until the insurrection in 1837.

Like his father, Louis Joseph Papineau was a man of splendid physique and commanding presence. Nearly six feet in height, broad-chested, with finely-moulded, handsome face, piercing eye, a deep, magnificent voice and a manner courteous and kind, he was a born leader of men. One of the best sketches of Papineau's life is that written in 1872 by the late T. S. Brown, a Scotchman, who was the commander of the insurrectionary forces, and who, like his chief, lived to a great age.

To appreciate the motives which actuated Papineau and his associates, it is necessary to review the condition of affairs which he found when he entered public life. In 1791 Great Britain established in her colony of Lower Canada a legislative assembly, invested nominally with all the attributes of the British House of Com-



LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

mons. But there was also a legislative council whose members were appointed by Crown, and an executive council chosen by the Governor. Not daring to exercise its just powers, the assembly had for a quarter of a century submitted to the dictation of the councils and the officials, who for the most part had no sympathy whatever with the aspirations or feelings of the colonists. The Governor, always a military officer, was a convenient tool in the hands of the officials sent out from London, and it became the duty

of Papineau to inspire his countrymen, and more especially the members of the legislative assembly, with courage to insist upon their rights and powers. Before he came on the scene the members of the elected body could discuss, deliberate and vote, but their decisions amounted practically to nothing, for the Governor, on the advice of councillors of his own selection, could veto every act of the assembly. The only redress was an appeal to the Colonial office in London, from which a satisfactory judgment was very seldom obtained. Thus Papineau became the leader of the people in their struggle against an autocratic bureaucracy, and the champion of representative institutions in Canada.

While Papineau was Speaker, he was, in fact as well as in name, "The First Commoner." He was not merely the chairman of the assembly, and the protector of the rights of its members, but he would frequently call another member to the chair and descend to the floor to take part in the debate. He was in fact leader of the majority party.

The war of 1812-15 between Canada and the United States had induced Sir George Prevost, the Governor of the time, to adopt a policy of conciliation towards the French-Canadians, with the view of securing their fealty. This allayed political asperities somewhat, and the French-Canadians assisted in repelling the American invaders during that period. Among the volunteers enrolled under the British flag was Mr. Papineau, who was given a commission as a captain of militia. As an evidence of his generous spirit, it is related that while the British forces were conducting a portion of Hull's army from Lachine to Montreal as prisoners of war, a regimental band of the regulars struck up "Yankee Doodle" to annoy the Americans who had surrendered their arms; whereupon Captain Papineau wheeled his company out of line, declaring he would not countenance such an insult to helpless men. Instead of being court-martialed and reprimanded, he was commended by the Governor for his conduct. It was in 1815 that Mr. Papineau succeeded Mr. Panet as Speaker of the Lower Canadian Assembly and leader of the French Canadian party. He was then but 29 years old, but his every thought was devoted to public affairs. Venerable officials still living, who served as officers of parliament under Papineau, describe him as one who always showed great consideration towards them. It was his habit when parliament met to visit every employé thereof, and on leaving at the end of each session he would bid each man a formal farewell.

For nearly ten years Papineau continued, in and out of Parliament, his constitutional struggle for responsible government, and both in public and private life he stood irreproachable.

In 1818 he married Mlle. Julie Bruneau, daughter of Pierre Bruneau, of Quebec, a merchant and member of parliament Madame Papineau was a superior woman in intellect and education as well as in personal attractions, and was also a devoted wife and mother. She followed her husband cheerfully into exile, and shared all his privations. Mr. Papineau's marriage was in every respect a happy one. Madame Papineau died at Monte Bello on the 18th of August, 1862, nine years before her husband.

Soon after the arrival in Canada, in 1820, of the Earl of Dalhousie, the Lower Canadian legislature was called upon to provide for the whole civil list of the colony, an undertaking to that effect having been made two years before. Though the public accounts showed an excess of expenditure over revenue, Dalhousie insisted that the money for the support of himself and his government should be voted *en bloc*, payable annually during the life of the king. To this proposition Papineau and his friends objected, holding that the money should be voted in detail, and that all expenditure ac-



VIEW OF THE OTTAWA FROM THE TOMB.

counts should be subject to the inspection of the legislature. There were many holders of dual portions, sinecurists and obnoxious persons drawing pay from the public treasury. These the assembly sought to get rid of by refusing to vote their salaries, but the Governor and his councillors desired to shield them, and so required the money in bulk to pay out as they pleased. Papineau, in support of his views, pointed to the checks imposed upon expenditure by the British House of Commons, while the Governor pleaded the "prerogative of the crown." For a dozen years this struggle continued; the Governor demanding that the money for civil government be granted in bulk, and the assembly claiming full control over the revenues of the colony. A number of side issues arose. An Act for the regulation of trade passed by the British Parliament, caused much irritation in Canada. The Receiver-General, Sir John Caldwell, was defended by the Governor when he refused, until a defalcation of more than £100,000 was discovered, to render to the assembly a statement of his accounts. Concessions were obtained by the assembly very slowly, and nearly every measure passed by the assembly would be thrown out by the legislative council. In the hope of neutralizing his influence and winning his support, the Governor made Papineau a member of the executive council in 1818. The method had proved successful in other cases, but, to the Governor's astonishment, Papineau appeared at the council meetings, and opposed the policy of the government with all his might.

During this period, the population became divided upon national lines. The French-Canadians, with few exceptions, stood by Papineau, while the English residents, fearing "French domination," sided with the Governor. Some French-Canadians, fond of "society," and taught to regard opposition to the established order of things as

useless, were won over to the "loyal" side, from time to time, by appointments or promises of preferment; and Papineau sometimes found his strongest antagonists among deserters from his own camp.

It is a curious fact, however, that when the insurrection took place its real leaders were Wolfred Nelson, an Englishman; Thomas Storrow Brown, a Scotchman, and E. B. O'Callaghan, an Irishman.

In 1822, Papineau and John Neilson went to England and succeeded in inducing the British Parliament to throw out a bill having for its object the union of the two Canadas. The grievances of the Lower Canadians continued to accumulate. The clergy preached submission, and the Governor's party spoke of Papineau and his followers as "rebels." Mr. Papineau was re-elected Speaker when parliament met in 1827, but the Earl of Dalhousie, still Governor, refused to approve the choice of the assembly, which would elect nobody else and the result was that the Governor was recalled by the British Government, and his successor, Sir James Kempt, was sent out to approve, in a speech prepared for him in London, the choice of the assembly. A special committee of the British House of Commons made a report admitting the justice of Mr. Papineau's interpretation of the right conferred upon the Canadian Legislature by the Constitution of 1791, but Her Majesty's Ministers never awoke from their lethargy until the news of the insurrection and the battles at St. Denis and St. Charles reached them. Then they came to the conclusion that the only way to retain Canada in possession of the British Crown was to grant to the people the legislative powers which they demanded

Papineau was the great popular leader of his day. While Dalhousie and Gosford were the upholders of misrule, he was the champion of colonial self-government. For years he refused the salary of one thousand pounds offered him, contrary to law, by the executive, although he had abandoned his legal practice, and his Seigniory yielded no revenue. In the early years of his Speakership he accepted the salary fixed by law as provision for his support. "With one-half," says Brown, "he maintained and educated his family; the other half, with little thought for prospective private requirements, was expended in aid of an ill-supported liberal press, and in those numerous calls of which public men who have not their hands in the public treasury know the cost." The great mass of his countrymen supported him nobly with their votes, and his will, proclaimed in parliament and from a hundred platforms, was law with the French-Canadian masses. Spurning all efforts at compromise, and offers of official preferment, he struggled with voice and pen for political liberty for his compatriots, and his power and earnestness carried down all opposition. Adapting Dean Swift's advice to the Irish, to burn everything that came from England, except coals, Papineau exhorted the Canadians to abstain from the use of all duty-paying articles, in order to diminish the revenue, which he said was only collected to be stolen. Peaceful popular demonstrations greeted him wherever he appeared, but he never advocated violent measures, and discountenanced the preparations for an armed insurrection. He only asked what in the end was cheerfully conceded by Great Britain to all her colonies. When the younger men of his party lost patience and prepared to defend themselves and their leader against arrest, they formed an organization called the "Sons of Liberty." Thomas Storrow Brown was made general of the military branch of the organization. A meeting held in Montreal on the 6th November, 1837, led to riots, arrests for sedition and a proclamation of martial law, and Papineau went to the Richelieu district, where Brown and Nelson already had

prepared for armed resistance to the execution of the warrants for their arrest.

. Governor Gosford resisted to the utmost the efforts of Mr. Papineau to procure responsible government for his compatriots, but a letter, written on the 7th December, 1847, by the Governor to Mr. Daly, (afterwards Sir Dominic Daly, Governor of Prince Edward Island and of South Australia) who was a member of the Canadian Government for many years, shows that Papineau won the admiration of his antagonists. Lord Gosford, then in England, wrote:—"I am very glad that Mr. Papineau has returned to Canada, also that he enjoys good health. I do not believe that our sentiments differed much as to the general situation of Canada. He insisted on certain points which I could not yield, although on several occasions I would gladly have done so. I should have desired that he remained at Quebec. I have always considered his departure for Montreal a misfortune. Had he remained in Quebec how many troubles and political broils we might have avoided! I always recall with satisfaction my conversations with Mr. Papineau, in which he expressed sentiments and opinions which reflected the highest honor to his intelligence and to his heart. If you meet him, kindly express to him my best regards, with my remembrance of him, should you think it would be agreeable to him to receive them."



L. J. A. PAPINEAU.
(The present head of the family.)

Another document, written in 1835, which throws a great deal of light upon the condition of affairs in Lower Canada in the fourth decade of this century, is a letter written by Mr. T. Fred. Elliott, who was sent out by the British Government as secretary to the Gosford commission, to his friend Henry Taylor of the Colonial office, (afterwards Sir Henry Taylor). The secretary of the commission evidently obtained a clearer knowledge of the situation than the commissioner. Lord Howick, the war secretary of the time, wrote of Elliott's letter as decidedly the best paper on Canadian affairs he had ever read, and asked that it be shown to Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, and to King William IV.; he also requested permission to use the information contained therein in preparing a statement of his views as to what the Government's policy towards Canada should be. Mr. Elliott, who was a nephew of the first Lord Minto, described the several factions, as the Official, the English, and the French classes; the first named being composed chiefly of place-holders, dull and interested, fond of privilege, but almost devoid of influence. The English party was composed of merchants and

landowners, wealthy and intelligent. Yet Mr. Elliott said he did not like the English party, regarding it as "fully as ambitious of domination as the French party, and prepared to seek it by more unscrupulous means" He expressed the opinion that the English party would be first to cut adrift from the Mother country, if such a step became expedient, as they were "by far the best disposed to sympathize with Republican principles, and most capable of wielding Republican institutions. Of the French party, Mr. Elliott says:—"The Quebec leaders, I have learned, flatter themselves that they act from prudence, because, as they argue, while they are outnumbered by the Montreal members, who are under Papineau's more immediate influence, it would be an unjustifiable disturbance to insist on any but fundamental differences of opinion. Others again hug themselves with the notion that Papineau is the instrument. Heaven help their wits. He is in truth their master. Their natures crave support, and they will always seek it in characters more vigorous than their own. I never saw any one who seemed better versed than the Canadian Speaker in the arts and demeanor by which one man wields dominion over the minds of many, and he is daily becoming more confirmed in his sway, as they are in their obedience. The truth is that Papineau, with all his faults, is rather a fine fellow. I dare say we shall find him perverse and suspicious, and that if he ever quarrels with us he will be coarsely abusive. Still, the good points of his character are not to be denied. He seems to be irreproachable in his private life; in social intercourse he is mild and gentlemanlike, and if in politics he is too hot and unmeasured in his proceedings, I do not find that reasonable men accuse him of being dishonest. Whatever else he be, it is impossible to set eyes on him and not perceive that he is by nature, as much as by the station he has now won for himself, the first of the French-Canadian race."

Between 1830 and 1837 a subservient Quebec grand jury found true bills against John Neilson, a Scotchman, and Charles Mondelet, a French-Canadian lawyer, for seditious writings. The accused were never tried, and Mondelet afterwards became a judge of the Superior Court. It was in 1834 that Papineau prepared his 92 resolutions setting forth the grievances of his countrymen, and after supporting them in the assembly he went through the country urging the people never to cease agitating until they were adopted. Dr. Tracey, and Mr. Duvernay were imprisoned in 1832 for calling the legislative council "a nuisance." One legislative councillor charged the whole French-Canadian population with attempting to establish a republic. Militia officers were dismissed for sympathizing with Papineau in his agitation. These occurrences served to irritate the people greatly, but the assembly remained firm, and Papineau always counselled moderation. During the four years 1832-36 the assembly left the government without supplies.

Lord Gosford, who arrived and assumed the governorship in 1835, opened the session of parliament in 1836 with a speech which showed that no attention had been paid to the public grievances. This exasperated the assembly. Twenty years of neglect, prevarication and procrastination had exhausted the public patience; and the assembly replied to the address, declining to deliberate until His Majesty's government should commence the work of justice and reform; and stated that until grievances were redressed no supplies would be voted. Gosford prorogued parliament at the end of thirteen days. A resolution was introduced in the British House of Commons by Lord John Russell, authorizing Governor Gosford to pay up arrears of government expenses with money from the Lower Canadian

treasury. It was that resolution that precipitated the insurrection, though it was never acted upon. The news of the adoption of this resolution, which deprived the assembly of control of public money, reached Canada in April, 1837, and at once indignation meetings were held throughout the Province. The agitation became so hot that Lord Gosford asked his Attorney-General to issue warrants for high treason against leading men. The judges would not grant warrants, but subservient magistrates did, and many arrests were made, while some of the accused escaped to the United States. Only three men organized armed resistance to the Governor's proceedings. They were Dr. Nelson, who led the insurrectionary forces at St. Denis; Thomas Storrow Brown, who commanded the patriots at the battle of St. Charles, and Dr. Chénier, who led a very poorly equipped lot of habitants in the fight at St. Eustache. The insurrection was quickly suppressed. Twelve of the leaders were hanged in Montreal, and a tall monument has been erected to their memory in Cote des Neige Cemetery, near the top of Mount Royal. Meanwhile Papineau, the most prominent figure of the whole insurrectionary movement, had not been captured, though a reward had been offered for his head. He and E. B. O'Callaghan had escaped to the United States, nearly losing their lives while crossing Lake Minisquoi on the ice. The insurrection, though not by any means a success from a military point of view, had drawn the attention of the British government and the world to the grievances of Canada and compelled their redress. Consequently it is to Papineau and other patriots of 1837, in Upper and Lower Canada, that Canadians owe the liberties they enjoy to-day. The attempt of American sympathizers to aid the Canadians in 1838 ended in failure. Papineau, though residing in the United States



THE TOMB OF THE PAPINEAUS.
(*Mausoleum in the Park.*)

at the time, did not approve the expedition which met with disaster at Windmill Point.

There was, at the time, among the Democrats of the north, a strong feeling in favor of invading and, if possible, annexing Canada, but the South would not hear of the addition of another tier of anti-slavery States to the north, and President Van Buren sided with the slave-owners. But Papineau visited Washington, while negotiating with the United States government, and on that occasion the *Democratic Review* (of June, 1839) spoke of him thus:

"In this place we take pleasure in recording a passing tribute of admiration to the distinguished accomplishments of a gentleman who has been made the object of a great deal of flippant and ignorant abuse by the English portion of our American press. Our readers need not be told to how large a proportion of the Whig Press, this designation is properly applicable. We refer to Mr. Papineau, who by

common consent may be regarded as the representative of the French-American population. From some considerable opportunity of knowledge and personal judgment, we are fully justified in saying that Mr. Papineau is one of the first men of the time. Amiable, polished, and courteous, his manners are on a par with his eminent natural power and capacity of intellect It is difficult to start a subject of conversation on any topic of literature, science, or politics, on which he does not seem practically qualified to shine, and that, not by the slightest seeming effort or desire for display, but as luminous bodies shine, in all directions, because such is their nature. His language is (in the English, as much as in his native tongue) remarkably eloquent, precise, forcible, while perfectly easy and natural; rendering him, with his vigorous clearness, the tide of thought which flows transparent through his conversation, one of the most eloquent and persuasive of speakers. When to these attributes we add great simplicity and kindness, both of character and manners; a perfect purity of domestic life; a rare generosity and philosophic candor towards his opponents, as remarkably transparent in his conversation, under circumstances little calculated to foster such a love of sentiment; an earnest patriotism; an incorruptible integrity, both of private and public character: all the severe virtues (to quote an expression of one who was no blindly partial judge) of a Cato, with a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of the liberal political philosophy of the age, we shall not be surprised in what Lord Durham styles 'the extraordinary influence' such a man has been able for many years to exert in the Assembly of Lower Canada; though it by no means follows that these qualities which have made him so continued a parliamentarian should make the same individual exactly the man for a physical revolution. It was the remark of a distinguished American Senator, founded on acquaintance dating many years back, that he has never met with a foreigner so thoroughly conversant with the history, the literature, the principles and the men of our American politics, as Mr. Papineau, and we may here allude, in passing, to the fact that Mr. Papineau's opinions fully sustained and sympathised with the general policy of the late and of the present Democratic Administration, with which he is very familiar, and especially in the great struggle for financial reform, vitally important to the best interests, moral and material, of the country, in which the same have been so deeply engaged."

After a short residence at Albany and other points in the United States, Mr. Papineau visited France, where he remained for eight years, devoting himself to literary work and studies. A *nolle prosequi* had been entered in the Montreal courts in his case in 1843, unsolicited by him. This enabled him to return to Canada, the reward offered having been withdrawn; the whole proceedings amounting to an acknowledgment that there never was any just ground for his prosecution.

Papineau had been driven into exile, a price being placed upon his head, only to be told at the end of six years that he was an innocent man. On his return to Canada in 1847 he received four years of undrawn salary due to him as Speaker of the legislative assembly, and was elected to the parliament of the United Canadas by the County of St. Maurice shortly after his return. But the conditions had changed. The rights and privileges for which he had battled had been won, and instead of finding himself surrounded, as of old, by disinterested men struggling for popular rights, he was among "ins" and "outs," the dividing line in matter of principle not being defined. He did not take kindly to the idea of having a North-American country governed upon the monarchical plan, so he soon lost interest in the parliamentary proceedings, and began to devote himself

to the improvement of his long neglected seigniory on the Ottawa. He had demolished the bureaucracy and secured for the people representative government. If they failed to profit by his labors it would be their own fault. True, his triumph over misrule was only acknowledged during his exile, and he entered the new parliament chiefly to please others, for while he did not approve the plan of government set up by his successors in the leadership of the assembly, he did not thought more of him than of Cartier; for while 1,000 pounds had been offered for his (Papineau's) head, only 500 pounds had been offered for Cartier's.

It was in 1854 that Mr. Papineau abandoned political life, and retired to his chateau at Monte Bello. But he still took a lively interest in the affairs of his country, and on December 17th, 1867, when eighty years old, delivered, before the Institute Canadien, in Montreal, a remarkable address which has been styled his political last will and



THE CHATEAU FROM THE RIVER BANK.

wish to disturb what the people had accepted.

Curiously enough, one of the leaders in the reconstructed parliament was George Etienne Cartier, afterwards Sir George Cartier, whose monument is the only one yet erected on the Ottawa Parliament grounds. Cartier had been a "rebel," and had borne arms at St. Denis, and Papineau, in his later controversies with his old lieutenant, used to say that the Crown evidently testament. He vigorously condemned the scheme for the confederation of the British North American Colonies, which had just been carried into effect; pointing out that it was in some respects a backward step, inasmuch as the Upper House would be composed of life members appointed by the Crown—an abuse against which he had battled for so many years. Many of the difficulties which he had predicted would be experienced in the

working of the new system of government have now to be grappled with by Canadian statesmen, but in his farewell address, Papineau exhorted his countrymen to cling to those principles of justice and equality by which alone popular liberties can be preserved, and to endeavor to build up a nation based upon true democracy.

All through his speeches and writings there breathes that spirit of disinterestedness and devotion to the welfare of his countrymen, which were his prime characteristics. He was loyal to his friends, hospitable, and generous to a fault. In the course of a warm discussion in the assembly in 1834, he made a remarkable prophecy. He said, "My honorable friend boasts of his attachment to monarchy, and thinks that it can be perpetuated on this continent. I will venture to say to him that instead of Europe giving kings and kingdoms to America the day is not far distant when America will give presidents and republics to Europe." He was a warm admirer of the constitution of the United States and the Fathers of the Republic, as is evidenced by the fact that at his death, "The Life of Washington" and "The Life of Jefferson" were among the books on the table near his bedside. Papineau retained all his faculties up to the end and never required glasses to aid his eyesight. His closing hours have been described by Thomas Storrow Brown, the "General" of the insurrection army, in a brochure published in 1872. Papineau, trusting too much to his physical strength, went out in his dressing-gown and slippers on a cold day in September, 1871, to give instructions to some laborers who were at work in his beautiful thousand-acre park, in which he took so much pride. He caught cold. Chills followed. Soon, congestion of the lungs set in, and the aged patriot found it difficult to breathe. For five days and nights, unable to recline in bed, he sat up on chairs, seldom sleeping, but showing his giant spirit in cheerful resignation. His mind was clear as ever, his courage and self-possession complete, while he discussed his approaching end with his family and sorrowing friends. He explained the provisions of his will, drawn by his own hand, and counselled his children with lessons of charity, patience and good will in all relations of life. In taking his medicine, he would say :— "All this I must do to please the doctor, but he knows as well as I do that it is useless." When his chair was drawn to the window overlooking garden and river he remarked sadly : "Never again shall I see my garden and flowers." At last his mind seemed to wander, and he was heard to say, "What a stupid thing for me to be sick here while such tremendous events are occurring, and the affairs of England and France are so entangled." On the evening of the 23rd of September, at half-past eight, he called his physician, and taking his hand said : "Everything that science and the kindest care could do for me has been done, but to no use. Adieu, my dear doctor." Half an hour later his spirit passed painlessly away.

Thus died Papineau, who some Canadians describe as a "rebel," but whom the majority revere as a patriot. History will proclaim him a friend of his race, and a great man.

PANDORA.

BY E. YATES FARMER.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I saw him last he was standing with folded arms by the side of a new-made grave, in a quiet church-yard near the Indian reservation of the Mohawk tribe in peninsular Ontario. It was a beautiful part of the country, far removed from the din and turmoil of life. The silence of the place was mournful in its stillness, and all around was solitary.

It was midwinter, and the weather was very rough. The ground was hard with frost, and a cold north wind swept over the hills, sobbing and sighing through the trees, moaning and mourning among the tombs, in a low, melancholy voice. It never seemed to rest.

A few flakes of snow were hurried before the blast, and the dead leaves that were thickly strewn upon the ground shivered and fluttered hither and thither in uncertain movement.

Evening was quietly stealing into night. The man seemed as though he would linger until darkness prevented him seeing the ground upon which his eyes were bent.

No tomb marked the place where his dead lay: it was only a very small mound, standing quite alone, and covered with brown clay.

I had come to visit this grave; for all I had loved in the world was buried beneath that sod; and my secret, there, lay hidden too.

I spoke, but the man heeded me not, and while I waited for an answer to the words with which I had addressed him, I watched his form and countenance.

He was tall and handsome; haughty in bearing; the expression on his face was sullen and morose. Although he was still in the prime of life, his hair was gray.

I spoke to him again, and he slowly raised his dark expressive eyes to my face. A look of anger and contempt passed into them.

"Begone from here, Molan, you fool; why do you follow me about to disturb my thoughts."

"To save you," I cried, "to save you from yourself."

"Begone, begone. But hold! one word I would say before you leave me. When I am dead, see that I am buried here." He stamped his foot down on the grave on which he stood.

"Here I will be laid by the side of the woman whom I loved and hated, who scorned my love and dishonored me, who made this earth to me a heaven, and by one act of hers turned it into a very hell."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Carlton was the rector of a small country parish in the vicinity of the reservation.

His family consisted of his wife and two children—a son and a daughter.

He was in the habit of leaving the house early in the morning for his day's expedition through the reserve, and sometimes he would not return until night

One evening he was very late in coming home, and when he entered the house, we saw that he was carrying something in his arms. Mrs. Carlton hurried forward with eager curiosity, and on drawing off the cloak which enshrouded the bundle, she saw in her husband's arms a beautiful little Indian girl, small featured, dark skinned, black eyed; and there was a

strange, half timid, half wild expression in her face. She was slender and delicate looking; her bare feet were small, and shapely, her arms were beautifully moulded.

"Where did you find her, and what are you going to do with her?" Mrs. Carlton asked, as she took the child from her husband; whereupon the little one began to roar and kick, and clung to the rector's coat, so that he was compelled to keep her in his arms until he had quieted her.

"She has no home now," the rector said. "Her mother has been dying for many months, and to-day she breathed her last. I promised to take the child and care for her; she is a little delicate thing, you see."

Something small and dark flew in through the open window, and fluttered round and round the room. "'Tis a bird," said I,—"a bad omen; it means ill-luck, and death." But no one heeded my words, and what I had taken for a bird, proved to be naught else than a bat.

The rector called her Princess Pandora, a name which clung to her throughout her life, for she might have been a princess, with her haughty ways, and commanding air. She ordered everyone in the house about, and did nothing but what pleased her. As she was full of moods, her disposition seemed ever changing. She was either gloomy and silent, or passionate and haughty, or at times wild and stormy; she was one who would either love or hate, and was very affectionate with those who showed her any kindness. Sometimes she would rush into the house, breathless from excitement, and embrace us all around, and then take a fit of laughing, for she had no control over herself.

The children took wonderfully to her, and she to them. They would take long rambles together, wandering along, hand in hand, heedless of the hour; so engrossed were they in their innocent prattle.

Stanway was her constant companion, and when they got away together from Lucy's sweet influence, they were both reckless and daring. I believe she loved Stanway and Lucy, and yet from the moment she entered the nursery there was an uproar for which I think Stanway was partly to blame; being a headstrong, determined lad, and possessed of much spirit he would be governed by no one. Very different was Lucy; being a gentle docile child, she would try to please us all. Still it was the little Princess who won her way into all our hearts, although she plagued us from the time she came down in the morning until she went to bed at night. Her tongue was always going, and her feet taking her hither and thither. At the best of times she was naught but a wild savage, afraid of nothing. She was bold and saucy, and, not knowing right from wrong, acted as her own heart dictated, whether it was evil or good; and yet she had the most winning ways, tenderest heart, and sweetest smile. One evening I heard her say to Stanway, as they both leaned out of the window: "I wonder and wonder, until I am quite tired wondering, what is away beyond there in that green hollow. Some day I am going to see." The next morning, she and Stanway started off in a run from the front door in high glee, and shrieking at the top of their voices. They were not missed until evening, when a search was made for them, but they could not be found. Late that night Stanway returned alone. They had gone to the Indian reserve, and Pandora had refused to come home. The rector was very angry with his son for not taking better care of the little girl. "What do you mean, sir," he said, "by scouring the country and taking that child with you? You are a wicked boy." The rector then started for the reservation, and about midnight returned bringing Pandora. She brought back with her an Indian dress some beads and trinkets; and hardly a day passed that she did not

dress herself up in costume, and go through wild antics, in imitation of the war dance, much to the amusement of Stanway and Lucy.

The following spring, Mrs. Carlton took ill and died.

In the autumn, Stanway was sent away to a college in Toronto; and a governess was engaged to help Pandora and Lucy with their lessons. Pandora was quick and intelligent, and in a few months gained more knowledge than most girls of her age. Her manners, too, were much improved, for she had learned to respect and admire herself.

When the spring came she grew tired of being shut in, and in spite of the rector's commands and the entreaties of her governess, she would study no more; the sweet scent of the spring air, the song of the birds, and hum of the bee, the sunshine and shadows, seemed to entice her away. As was her usual wont in summer, she would rise early in the morning, and go away, not returning until evening, when she would enter the house, laden down with ferns and flowers, a bright smile on her winsome little face, and her dark eyes sparkling with animation.

It was about this time that I learned to love her.

Being ordained in the winter, I had returned to the parish, as curate under Mr. Carlton. Before that time I was his lay reader. I intended to marry Pandora in a year or so. The thought of her refusing me, had never for one moment entered my mind; therefore the disappointment, that came upon me like a shock, was doubly hard to bear.

One day when she was standing by the open window in the dining room, gazing out upon the deepening twilight, I seized the opportunity of telling her of my love. She stood mute before me as I spoke; I think I had never seen her so erect and haughty. When I had finished speaking, her face flushed with color, her eyes blazed with anger. She turned upon me with fury, and, clinching her fists like a mad thing, she gave me a stinging blow on the ear, which knocked my eye-glass to the floor. "Your love," said she, with such scorn and contempt, that I hardly knew her voice; "I want none of it!"

I, the curate, endowed with tact, mental ability, and presence of mind, was overwhelmed with confusion, and before I could gain my equanimity, I saw her flourishing in the air a chair that I had been sitting upon. "The Lord deliver us!" I ejaculated, and hurried from the room.

Chapter III.

When Stanway returned home for his summer holiday, he brought a college friend with him—Ned Ormiston. He became very much interested in Pandora, in Indians and Indian life. I think he was taken by her beauty and vivacious manner, and she had a sweet, low voice when she spoke. He was a gay, intellectual youth, but I think Pandora took his good-natured mirth as an insult, for she disliked him from the very first. Perhaps, too, the curiosity which he displayed in looking at her had something to do with it. He did not mean to be rude, and a less observant person would not have noticed his inquisitiveness.

A week after he came, he and Lucy were sitting in the drawing-room together, talking, when the door opened and Pandora entered. Ned Ormiston rose from his chair, with a low bow, and with some words of gallantry on his lips. He offered the arm chair that he had been sitting in to her. Whether she fancied she detected sarcasm, which he was much given to in his speech, or whether she thought he was mocking her, I do not know. She gave him some curt reply, adding, "I don't want your chair; I can get one for myself."

She remained haughty and self-absorbed for the rest of the evening,

and when he spoke to her she neither turned her head nor answered him, much to Lucy's mortification and Stanway's displeasure.

He was a high-spirited young man, and fond of a joke, and when for the first time he saw Pandora in a fit of rage, and watched her tossing every thing in the room about, he laughed outright. She rushed at him and struck him over the face. "What do you mean by laughing at me," she cried; "How dare you do it. I hate you; you are odious to me. Move out of my way, for I can't endure you."

The scene terrified us. We thought that she was going mad, for she was in a perfect frenzy. Just as she was in the act of hurling a book through the air, Stanway entered the room. His face was deadly pale and an oath was upon his lips. The book fell from Pandora's hand to the ground. Her eyes followed it She was subdued at last. There was a long pause, until I, the curate, feeling that I had been contaminated by the scene just witnessed, said in a loud voice that they might all hear, "The Lord have mercy upon us," and I left the room. But my curiosity getting the better of me. after a half hour's reading in my room, I went down stairs. All was quiet; through the window I could see Ned and Lucy pacing the lawn, arm in arm. Then I entered the dining-room. Stanway and Pandora were sitting together; all harshness and anger seemed to have left him; only a look of great sadness was in his handsome face. Pandora was very sorrowful and pale. I took a book and seated myself in a window opposite, under the pretence of reading.

Then I heard Pandora say, between her sobs, "You hate me, Stanway; you do hate me. Oh! I am miserable, miserable." She laid her head down upon his coat and cried.

"No, no Pandora, I do not hate you; I could not; I am only sorry; so sorry and so ashamed."

"You do; you scorn me," she went on; "you have the greatest contempt for me; you despise me, and think me worthless."

"No, dear, I love you; I will always."

"It is naught but pity," she interrupted him. "I do not want that. You do not know how to love; you are cold, indifferent, unfeeling. You keep your heart where no one can reach it, and your thoughts are hidden, too; you give little and are satisfied with little; while I am burning with love; it is here, and here, and here." She placed her hand on her forehead, to her chest and heart. "All you wish is to see me beautiful, to know me to be good and perfect."

A great tenderness came into Stanway's face; he took Pandora in his arms, and talked to her until he had her quieted and happy again, and she promised him that never again would she lose control over herself, or give way to her temper; and to my knowledge she kept her promise.

In the autumn Stanway returned to college, and a few days later Pandora disappeared. We searched for her night and day, and each day the clue seemed less and less hopeful. A mystery lay over her fate. Years went by, and still no tidings were obtained as to her whereabouts. As a number of Indians had left the reservation for the North-West about the time of Pandora's disappearance, we surmised that she must have joined them.

Lucy grew from childhood into a beautiful girl, and after her governess left, she took the management of her father's household upon herself, and became a most dexterous little housekeeper.

It was about this time that the great loss and sorrow of her life came upon her. The rector took very ill, and we knew that he would not be spared long to us. He lingered for weeks between life and death. Stanway was sent for, and very soon returned home. He nursed his father throughout the illness, was a great comfort to Lucy,

and a help to us all, for we felt that we had some one to look to, and lean upon.

One night we were sitting by the rector's bedside. He was quietly sleeping. Stanway was leaning over him; Lucy was caressing his hand, and I was reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures aloud.

Suddenly the door flew open, and Pandora rushed into the room. In her Indian dress, we did not at first recognize her. She was all excitement, breathless, and wild. Her dark hair streamed about her shoulders, and was dripping with water. Her eyes were full of tears. There was something very fascinating in her pensive beauty. By her appearance she must have travelled a long distance. She was wet from the rain that had been falling, and shivering from cold and exhaustion. She looked quite bewildered, as she stood gazing at each one in turn; what she saw in their faces to affect her so strangely, I do not know. With a heart-rending cry, she sprang to the bedside, and, taking the rector's hand in her's, she fell on her knees and wept wildly. The rector was moved by the sight; he drew his hand from Lucy and passed it very tenderly over the dark hair of the Indian girl. His eyes were moist; he was too weak to speak. He took Stanway's hand and laid it on the girl's head. beneath his own, and looked into his son's eyes as though he would ask his care and protection of her.

That night the good rector died, and when morning dawned, Pandora had left us as suddenly and mysteriously as she had come. After the funeral, Stanway went away again, and we were left alone.

I was now the rector of the parish, and tried to fill, as best I could, Mr. Carlton's vacant place.

CHAPTER IV.

Lucy for a time was very sad, and seemed to droop and fade. If I had known Stanway's whereabouts, I would have sent for him. A few months later, a letter came from him saying that he was coming home, and was bringing a wife with him. After that we were all very busy preparing for his return, and Lucy gained much of her strength and activity in the pleasure she took in decorating the house, and making the old rooms look fresh and bright for the bride. She wondered many times what her new sister would be like, and was all impatience to see her.

Late one evening a carriage drove up to the door, and Stanway sprang out. He had changed in his absence; I think I had never seen a more noble face, and there was an air of strength and pride in his bearing.

He lifted his wife from the carriage, and we saw in the dusk that she was a tall, slight, graceful person, and wore a silk dress, feathered hat, and was much muffled up in furs.

When they entered the lighted hall, her face and figure seemed familiar, and then I heard Lucy cry, "It is our lost Pandora come back to us again," and the next moment they were laughing and crying in each other's arms.

That evening, Stanway sat in his father's arm-chair by the fireside; Lucy sat opposite with her work, looking brighter and happier than I had seen her for a long time.

Pandora sat on a low ottoman by her husband's side, her head resting against his arm, they were looking over some magazines, and when she thought that none of us were observing her, I saw her kiss Stanway's hand that was laid upon her own.

She loved him with all the intensity of her fierce nature; indeed I think she worshipped him. He seemed to be the only one who had ever gained any control over her, for he was always resolute and determined; his love for her was deep and tender, and he kept a lasting hold on her affections. Life went smoothly for them both, and they were happy.

Lucy was disappointed that Pandora

took so little interest in the house; the tables and chairs might be upside down, and the stove on end for aught she cared.

She would wander about the grounds in an aimless fashion; sometimes sitting on the grass, in the warm sunshine, doing nothing but watching the birds, and listening to their chirruping,—thinking and dreaming. Other times, she would gather flowers and twine them into wreaths. After a time she took to solitary rambles which would keep her out all day, but this her husband forbade, and close confinement she could not endure.

When winter came she would sit a whole evening at her husband's feet by the fireside, staring at the burning logs; but what she saw there to fasten her thoughts so strongly, no one ever knew. Her face would kindle and glow, and her eyes light up with spirit as she watched the bright blaze She seemed very happy and contented, and although she was passionate when provoked, she displayed a generous, fearless disposition, and showed great affection towards us all.

In the summer, Ned Ormiston again visited us; he wished to say farewell before sailing for the old country. I think Pandora did not like him any better than in former days, but she had learned to control her feelings, and therefore he did not notice her dislike to him.

He was a contributor to some newspapers and periodicals. He went to the reserve and learned something of the Indian ways and manners and wrote about them. From Pandora he tried to draw an account of her life, and seemed to take a great interest in her. He managed her admirably, for noticing that she disliked frivolity and lightness of speech, and took rather to grave, quiet natures, he put away all gallantry and flattering words when he was with her, and became serious; in this way he gained from her what information he wanted. But after a time a great change came over her; she would talk to him no more, and say little to any one else. A restless weariness took possession of her; she was melancholy, and absent-minded, and would sit for half an hour at a time motionless and dumb, and when her husband would enter the room, she would fling her arms around his neck, and cover him with kisses; she would cling to him, and seemed loath to release him from her embrace. Sometimes she would steal away by herself, and cry, and, although she seemed to be suffering from some hidden sorrow, she never complained.

The evening before Ned Ormiston left us, he was sitting at the dining-room table writing. Pandora entered the room and sat down on a chair opposite. Folding her arms upon the table, she stared at him for fifteen minutes, never moving her eyes from his face even when he looked up at her. I know he thought her behavior strange. I did not understand whether it was his bonny face that attracted her, or whether it was in absent-minded thought; for she sat half the day sometimes watching a sunbeam, or looking into the fire in much the same way.

"Are you going away to-morrow?" and "Do you love Lucy?" were the only words she addressed to him in all that time. To the first question he answered "Yes;" to the second, he made no reply. Then she arose quickly and went out into the garden, and paced up and down upon the green turf beneath the window where I was seated. I thought her very fascinating in the simple white dress and straw hat. After a little, Stanway joined her, and they walked about the garden together. I heard her say to him, "I should like to be riding over yonder fields, and climbing the hills; I'm tired; oh, so tired." Quiet tears streamed down her cheeks. I heard her husband promise to take her, and I heard her thank him, as she raised her wonderful eyes, that could be so soft and tender at times, to his. When

I looked out again, she was down upon her knees gathering some flowers. "The little things are starved," she said; "they are like me, hungry and cold. The garden is too small; they cannot breathe; they feel suffocated."

Her husband insisted upon her coming into the house.

That night Ned Ormiston bid us all good-bye; in a few days he would be a long way out at sea.

The next morning Stanway found a note on the drawing-room table signed by Pandora, saying that she had gone away; that a search would prove useless; she would never return.

Stanway acted like a madman; he locked himself in his room, and no one saw him for many days; he could neither eat, nor sleep, but walked the floor all night long, and would admit no one. Then he took to wandering through the rooms, and seemed to linger long in the apartment that had once been hers. Everything was changed now. When his eyes fell on the empty stool where she had been accustomed to sit in front of the fireplace, he was much affected. He drew his hand across his eyes, saying, "Leave me, all of you."

Then Lucy fell ill, and we thought that she would never recover.

When she grew better, Stanway took her travelling with him, and they did not come back to the rectory for three years. Lucy returned as a bride. Ned Ormiston was the bridegroom.

The next morning, Stanway went away in search of Pandora; he found her; but she never entered her home again.

When Stanway returned, he was alone; he was in mourning, and wore a crape band upon his arm.

Chapter V.

A cold, blue sky; a full moon, and a rustle of withered leaves. Tall pine trees waving to and fro, and the wind moaning through them. The echo of footsteps upon frozen ground, then silence. The sound of a deep, low voice, full of sorrow, and a soft, sweet voice, full of woe.

I stood still and shivered in every limb; I looked and listened outside a rude tent. Within, a blanket was stretched upon the ground; on it lay a beautiful Indian woman, and she was dying.

Her dark eyes were dim and heavy her face was haggard and pale, and her form was wasted away with fever.

"Why did you leave me?" Stanway was saying. There was great haughtiness in his face and scorn in his voice; he was standing with folded arms, looking down upon her in judgment. There was something strange and powerful in the gaze.

She was watching his face with wild intent, and her eyes were deepened by thought and sadness. She raised herself upon the blanket with the little strength that remained to her, and said in great excitement: "I went away, dear, because I loved you too well to lay the burden of my life upon you. I felt that it was right to go."

"Your feelings, what are they?" said Stanway, with great contempt in his voice. "They are nothing more or less than mad impulses; you should not have been governed by them. But did it never occur to you, Pandora, that I was suffering from your loss?"

"It was to save you from misery I went away, Stanway; I thought to have been nothing to you any more."

"That is all you know about love. It is a thing that burns itself into one's very soul, and leaves a brand on one's life. When not returned, it is the greatest curse that can enter into a man's heart; it is like knocking one's head against a hard stone wall. The humiliation, the anguish—!" he bowed his head down upon his hands in grief.

Then Pandora gave him an account of her life since she had left him, and he listened in silence, until she had finished. It was a straightforward,

honest, fearless life, and her example was followed, her blessing and influence felt, by the rude people about her. They loved her for her goodness, and her loyalty towards them.

"You have brought your life to an end by your mad act; you have ruined mine; it is of no more use to me."

"Have I done that?" she said with great sadness, "and I thought to have brought happiness to you, and to my people, in acting as I did. I wronged you in joining my life to yours, and I knew at the time that I was doing wrong. It was a terrible temptation that had come upon me, and I yielded. I was nothing better at the time than a poor waif, far, far beneath you and unworthy of your goodness; even when I was least worthy of you I loved you well. I loved you above my freedom, even better than the green fields, and woods, and sky,—aye, better than my own life, which was in the flowers and fields. I loved you in my soul and in my heart, better than the Power that guides me, and in one mad moment I yielded to your love. I married you and went with you to your home, and then repentance came upon me, knowing I had wronged you and could not fulfil the promises I had made. While I was living in comfort, I thought of my people, and a great sadness came upon me; for they suffer; they are hungry and cold at times. I could not bear being shut up in a house. I was like a caged thing, and the close confinement was nearly killing me; I had no life or feeling; I longed to escape and be free; after knowing what liberty was I hungered for it. The world looked so bright and sunny out here, and every night I dreamed of the fields and woods. But your love held me in iron chains; I could not escape, however hard I tried. If you could only see as I see, feel as I feel, you would understand. And then I did not know how to manage your home; Susan was always complaining; Lucy would look at me with her great eyes, and even you would look annoyed at times. Everything seemed to go wrong, and your love seemed to grow cold; I could not stand that, so I went away."

She paused to gain strength, for she was trembling with weakness; and then she entreated to be forgiven. "It would not be worth your while to refuse forgiveness, and I know you will not, for you never in all your life hurt me; you were never unkind, or harsh; and last night I dreamed I was sleeping the last sleep, that I was laid away quietly under the green sod: the spring had come, the flowers were growing above my grave, and I was one with them."

As he leaned over her, she extended her hand, and drew her fingers through his soft brown hair; and he thought of the life that might have been; and the arms that were folded loosely about her tightened, and a half sob broke from his lips. His sorrow had sunk deep, and his face was as deathlike as the form he held in his arms. It would all be over so soon,—this meeting and this parting.

"How can I bear it, Pandora, my life? If you had not done this thing you might have yet lived." A wet cheek was laid against his own; she was content to lean her head against his breast, and feel his arms about her. Her face was calm, peaceful and holy.

"Now I shall die happy;" she whispered. Then there was silence between them—not to be broken this side the grave.


A SERENADE.
Over the water's rim
Sinketh the sun away;
Night, dusky Seraphim,
Hideth the garish day;
List to the lute and song
Under thy lattice, greeting:
"Life is brief, Love is long,
Bliss all too rare and fleeting."
Stars in the azure sky,
Cloudlets that float afar,
Soft winds that pause and sigh,
Fragrance of June's simar,
All the night's melody,
Crescent moon, lone sea and shore,
Crave precious glimpse of thee,
Sweet Sovereign-Queen Lenore!
Reppell Stanley



GEORGE ST., NASSAU, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE BEAUTIFUL BAHAMAS.

BY HON. DONALD MACINNES, SENATOR.

DURING the early part of the winter of 1893-4, the writer, after an illness brought on by a severe cold, was advised to try the mild climate of Nassau. He ventures to hope that the following brief sketch of the Bahamas may not be wholly uninteresting to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Columbus, after he landed on these islands in 1492, found an aboriginal Carib population. Writing to Ferdinand and Isabella, he described the country and natives as follows:—

"The country excels all others, as the day surpasses the night in splendour. The natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling, so gentle, so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Royal Highnesses, there are no better people in the world."

Columbus, appreciating the goodness and gentleness of their character, treated these helpless natives with the magnanimity belonging to such heroic natures as his, and earned their admiration and gratitude; and, after a brief stay, passed on in search of more discoveries. The inhabitants of these islands were fated to receive a very different treatment to that which was accorded to them by Columbus, from the Spaniards who came after him. A few years later, they were enticed away from their native islands, by means of deception and treachery, to work in the mines and pearl fisheries of Hispaniola, where gold was found; and the thirst for it and for gain, drove every other consideration from the minds of their task-masters. These helpless natives were made to labor so mercilessly, and under so much cruelty, that their numbers were decimated, and these unhappy people sank by thousands until they were finally exterminated.

For a period of about one hundred and fifty years from the time of Columbus, these islands remained uninhabited. In 1612, they were nomin-

ally attached to Virginia, and may thus be considered to have formed a part of the English coast colonies on the North American Continent, until the Revolutionary War of Independence, when these colonies became United States territory at the conclusion of the war in 1783.

In 1646, settlers from Bermuda found their way in considerable numbers to Eleuthera, and some years later to New Providence.

The latter island and all others between 22 degrees and 27 degrees N. latitude, were granted by Charles II. to a proprietary body in 1670; and Captain Johnston Wentworth was appointed Governor. No regular system of government appears to have been established, however, and New Providence continued to be a shelter for pirates and lawless people. It was laid waste by the Spaniards in 1680, and in 1703 the French and Spaniards combined, annihilated the settlement. After this it became a regular rendezvous for pirates, who were finally extirpated by the English under Captain Woods Rogers, and a regular administration was formed, and colonists introduced. In 1781, the Bahamas were surrendered to the Spaniards, and at the conclusion of the war, were re-surrendered to Great Britain, and have since then remained British possessions.

The islands comprising the Bahamas, are 29 in number, and some of them are of considerable size. They stretch a distance of 600 miles from St. Domingo to the eastern coast of Florida.*

* The principal islands comprising the Bahamas, are: New Providence, Eleuthera, Andros Abaco, San Salvador or Watling's Island, Acklin's Island, Crooked Island, Grand Bahama, Fortune Island, Mangua Long Island, Rumcay.

The whole of the trade from North America and Europe to the Gulf of Mexico passes by the north of these islands, and the trade from North America to Cuba, St. Domingo, Jamaica, and the Gulf of Honduras, and the northern coast of South America, passes southward and to windward of the group. The return trade, and all the European trade from the same countries, passes to the north. These islands, therefore, lie in the track of the two great streams of trade.

The formation of the islands is, without exception, of the same character. Composed of calcareous rock of coral, shell-hardened into limestone,



THE SPONGE EXCHANGE.

the surface is more or less stratified, and is generally honey-combed and perforated with innumerable cavities. For a few inches in depth the rock is as hard as flint; underneath it gradually softens. This formation accounts for the soil being thin and sparse, appearing only in the honeycombed cavities of the surface.

It is abundantly rich and productive, consisting chiefly of vegetable mould. The porous nature of the rock and formation supplies the vegetables with moisture from below, as well as from the surface. Oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, grape fruit, and other tropical fruits, flourish on this formation; pineapples are also grown

but not on all the islands. These fruits, along with sponges turtles, etc., have hitherto been the principal exports.

The initiation of the sisal fibre industry by His Excellency Sir Ambrose Shea, the Governor of the colony, is destined greatly to augment the value and volume of the exports, and promote the prosperity and progress of the Bahamas. The sisal is a plant indigenous to these islands. It was well-known, but looked upon as a useless, ineradicable weed, much the same as the thistle in more northern climates. The attention of His Excellency was attracted to the commercial value of its properties. Its fibre is found to be equal to manilla for the manufacture of rope, twine and cordage, and, when prepared by means of suitable machinery, is capable of being made into textile fabrics. Sisal, the name by which the plant is called, does not convey a proper idea of its properties. Bahama flax would be a more appropriate appellation than that by which it is at present known. Through the untiring exertions of the Governor, English and American capitalists have become interested, and have embarked in the industry. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the well-known member of Parliament for Birmingham, and also well-known as a successful capitalist, has recently purchased from the Government twenty thousand acres. His plantation is on the island of Andros. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, his youngest son, is in charge, and is developing the property with energy and intelligence. Other capitalists have made purchases in Abaco, and some of the other islands: local capital is employed in its development in New Providence.



SAUNDERS & CO.'S SPONGE YARD.

From a carefully prepared and conservative statement recently submitted to a select committee of the House of Assembly, it is estimated that the value of the exports from these islands will be increased within the next few years, by this new and staple industry, from the present annual value of £130,000 stg. to about half a million, a surprising achievement, the result of the foresight and observation of the Governor.

"This earth is one vast storehouse, fitted with compartments and containing everything that is necessary for our use, and we are given the key to unlock them, when they are wanted and not before."

We see here the truth and wisdom of the above remarkable dictum exemplified in the conversion of what was looked upon as an ineradicable weed into a staple industry, giving employment to the people, and affording a source of wealth to the colony. As a consequence, its population must multiply and increase through immi-

gration and otherwise; its trade and commerce will expand the purchasing power of the people, and their ability to pay will be augmented.

The Government of Canada has given a subsidy to a line of steamers trading between Halifax and Jamaica, and the Bahamas are on the route. To make Nassau a port of call would not entail any serious loss of time or additional cost, and it may be the means of securing to Canada a portion of the trade of the Bahamas, destined to grow to considerable dimensions. Canada has a surplus to spare of produce and other commodities which the people inhabiting these islands need and require, and thus a new and growing market may be made available.

The present population of the Bahamas, white and colored, numbers about 50,000. Of these, New Providence contains about 12,000, of whom 10,000 live in Nassau and its suburbs. The remainder occupy the "out islands."

Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas, and is situated on the island of New Providence, one of the smallest of the islands. This island possesses the best harbor of any of the islands, and this is doubtless the reason for its having been chosen as the seat of government. Its dimensions are, 21 miles in length from east to west, and its breadth 7 miles from north to south. The other islands are termed "out islands." The most important of them, and possessing the largest area of cultivable land, are Andros, Eleuthera, and Abaco; many of the others also have considerable areas of arable land and are more or less inhabited. San Salvador, or Watling's Island, is noted as having been the first landing-place of Columbus. It may be remarked that Columbus never reached the mainland of the American continent, a fact generally overlooked. The date of his first landing on San Salvador was the 11th day of October, 1492, and, pursuing his voyage of dis-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE FROM GEORGE STREET.

covery, he visited the island of New Providence on the 17th day of October, in the same year. He named it Ferdinando, in honor of Ferdinand, King of Spain.

Nassau is resorted to in winter by invalids and seekers after a mild, genial, and healthy climate, and by tourists from the United States, Canada and elsewhere. It is situated in latitude 25°05′ north and longitude 70°20′ west. The average temperature in winter, from December to April, is 70°67: after these months, that is, from April to December, the heat is unpleasant and relaxing.

New Providence was so named by Captain William Sayles, who was saved from shipwreck on his voyage to the Carolinas in 1667, by running into its harbor in stress of weather. Out of gratitude for his safe deliverance, and to distinguish it from Providence on the mainland of North America, he named it New Providence.

Nassau became famous during the American Civil War—the War of Secession in the United States—as the great rendezvous for blockade runners. It was the most convenient port of call for steamers with cargoes for the blockaded ports of the Southern States. The following figures will convey some idea of the extraordinary volume of the trade at Nassau.

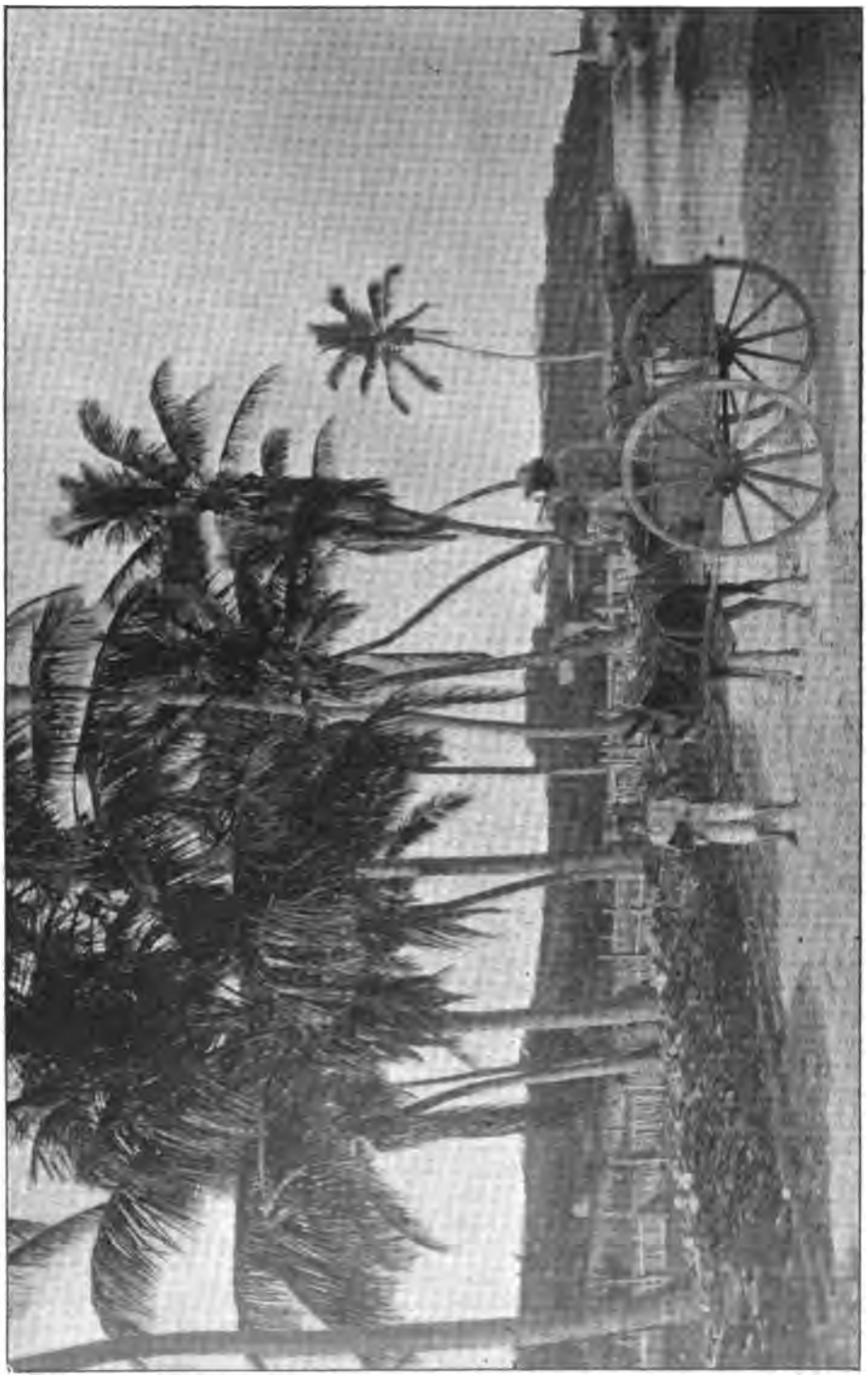
	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
1860	234,039 Stg.	157,350.
1861	274,584	195,584.
1862	1,250,322	1,007,755.
1863	4,295,316	3,368,567.
1864	5,346,112	4 672,398.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU,

It will be remembered that the blockade of the Southern ports was first proclaimed in April, 1861. 1860-61 show the normal volume of trade of the colony, and the later years the abnormal increase consequent on the commerce created by blockade running. When peace was restored, and blockade running ceased, the business of the colony soon relapsed into its ordinary channels and volume.

Nassau is very accessible from New



ON THE ROAD TO FORT CHARLOTTE, NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

York. There is a line of steamers—the Ward line—which makes fortnightly trips to and from Nassau and Cuba. The distance to Nassau is about 950 miles, and the length of the voyage three and one-half days. The accommodation on board these steamers is most comfortable, and the sail is, as a rule, an agreeable one.

Our steamer, the *Santiago*, arrived off the harbor at about eight in the evening. The harbor is formed by an island, named Hogg Island, which serves as a natural breakwater. An arm of the sea, about 800 yards in width, runs in between it and the port. This arm makes a safe anchorage for vessels or steamers of light draught, but is not of sufficient depth for steamers of the size of the *Santiago* to enter, and, therefore, we anchored outside at the western end of the arm. The tender, a light-draught steamer, was sent out from the port to take off the passengers and their luggage. There was rather a high sea running at the time, and the appearance of the tender rocking up and down, her deck crowded with colored people, the lights on board making their forms visible at a distance, reminded one of the "Brocken" scene in Irving's play of "Faust." The landing was crowded with the inhabitants, mostly colored, intermingled with the colored police, who had been brought from Barbadoes to take the place of the British troops, when they were withdrawn from the colony. Good order was observed, and the new arrivals were treated with civility. After a nominal examination of their baggage at the custom house, the passengers were driven in open cabs to the Royal Victoria Hotel, a large, commodious, and handsome structure, the property of the Government of the Bahamas, and built in 1860, at a cost of £25,000 sterling. It is surrounded on three flats by light, graceful verandahs, such as are eminently suitable to the tropics. The rooms are fresh, airy, and remarkably clean.

A characteristic of Nassau is its cleanliness. The formation of the island, as has already been observed, is coral hardened into limestone. The roads and streets, laid out on this limestone formation, are always clean, and when rain falls on their hard surface, their face is washed and made cleaner. There can be no mud, and these roads and streets are as smooth as an asphalt pavement—a paradise for bicycles. There is no smoke, for fires are not needed unless for cooking purposes. The fuel is wood, and hence freer than other fuel from dirt.

The town presents a very attractive and picturesque appearance. The ascent of the streets is gradual from the arm of the sea in the front to the summit of the ridge, which stands back some distance from the harbor. The business portion of the town, and the residences of the more opulent classes, occupy the space between the harbor and the summit of the ridge. The town is several miles in length from west to east, and is crested by a succession of mansions. The most remarkable of these are, Government House, the Priory—formerly the residence of the Earl of Dunmore—the Academy of St. Francis Xavier, Villa Doyle, the Royal Hotel, and Fort Fincastle. The houses of the well-to-do stand below the ridge, with avenues leading up to them, lined with cocoanut, orange trees, palms, etc. The less pretentious residences are crowded round with tropical fruit trees, planted irregularly, growing luxuriantly, finding a place for nourishment for their roots in the crevices and fissures of the rocks, Most of them have pretty gardens, abounding in a variety of flowers, and carefully and well kept. Behind the ridge are the suburbs—Lancy-town, lying westward, and Bain and Grant-towns, lying eastward and in the rear of Fort Fincastle.

The present Government House, an elegant tropical mansion, was built in 1801. Its site is on Mount Fitzwilliam, a continuation of the ridge al-

ready described. There is a long flight of steps leading up to it, and about half way is placed a statue of Columbus, modelled in London. (Washington Irving, who was then in London, interested himself in its preparation.) The site is very fine, overlooking the town and harbor, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.



SILK COTTON TREE, WINTER.

Fort Charlotte, the foundation of which was laid by the Spaniards, and completed by Lord Dunmore, stands below Government House and the other mansions at the extreme western end of the town. Fort Montague is on the extreme eastern end, and Fort Fincastle is in the centre. These three forts were built at various periods as a protection in the tumultuous and troublous times of the past, and being no longer needed, are dismantled, and serve no other purpose than being objects of interest. The only use to which they are now put is the signalling of vessels at sea, entering the harbor, or passing by.

The drives over the smooth, coral limestone roads are most pleasant. They pass groves of orange and cocoanut trees, laden with fruits, and fields of sisal planted in rows, and looking like small palms, and growing spontaneously out of the fissures and crevices of the rocks, and needing no other care than that of the first planting.

The principal amusements of the place are bathing, boating and deep sea fishing. The bathing in the surf is superb, the sand on the shore being entirely free from stones, and soft and pleasant to the feet. The temperature of the water averages 75°. The boating is most enjoyable. Marine gardens lie below, and the water is so clear that objects at the bottom, when looked at through a glass-bottomed boat prepared for the purpose, can be seen as plainly as if they were on land The following description of one of these sea gardens is taken from a book called "The Land of the Pink Pearl:"

"These marine gardens are made up of the most exquisite submerged coral bowers and grottoes, rivalling the choicest productions of the vegetable world in form and color. One can hardly believe one's eyes when all their unexpected beauties are revealed for the first time. The madrepora or branching coral is very abundant, as are also the astræa or brain coral alcyonoid polyps (delicate coral shrubs), and algae, all of which are of fairy form and attractive in color. Gorgonias and sea fans, much diversified in size and color, and clusters of purple sea feathers, wave gracefully in the clear water, like flowering shrubs in the wind."

It would be impossible to imagine any situation better for the thorough examination of a sea garden than that in which we found ourselves on this particular morning. Our vessel was

not going fast enough to interfere with the most minute investigation of every object on the sea bottom, and yet was just moving sufficiently to enable us to see fresh forms of coral beauty every minute, each more lovely than its predecessor. Into deep alcoves and recesses, under shelving masses of coral, did we peer with wondering eyes, almost looking for some Lurline or sea nymph basking in the sunlight that seemed to penetrate right down into this glorious submerged coral world. The fish that dart about or lie sleeping in these coral caves harmonize well with the general beauty of the scene, for their coloring is gorgeous, and their motions are extremely graceful. Some are yellow, some emerald, some are a rich scarlet; some silver and satin, others ringed, striped, fringed, tipped or spotted with all the colors of the rainbow.

The deep sea fishing is interesting and amusing; the variety of fish is great, and they are of the queerest shapes. Their coloring is well described in the above extract. Sharks and a species of a large, voracious fish called the "Barracuda," abound, but with ordinary care no danger need be apprehended. One of our party, when on a fishing excursion, hooked an ordinary sized fish, but from the strain on his line he thought it must be of enormous size. The explanation was that the Barracuda had seized it by the middle, when being hauled up; but as soon as the gunwale was reached, the Barracuda bit off his half and cleared out with it, leaving the other half on the hook,

The visitors to Nassau are mostly American citizens from various States, and as a rule are travelled people whom it is pleasant and agreeable to meet. The Government of the Bahamas is that of a Crown Colony, and its model that of the government of Great Britain. The colony, for some years prior to the appointment of its present Governor, made no progress; but under the administration of his Excellency Sir Ambrose Shea, new industries have been initiated. A cable has been laid, connecting it with the American continent, and a joint stock bank has been established at Nassau. The developments now in progress will doubtless so promote the prosperity of the Bahamas as to warrant Nassau being made a port of call for the steamers at present trading between Halifax and Jamaica.

The experiment is worthy of a trial. That it is an experiment should not militate against it, for great enterprises of commerce were, at their inception, experiments. The great Cunard line of steamers, the Atlantic Cable, the Canadian Pacific Railway with its line of splendid steamers on the Pacific ocean trading to the East, all of which enterprises have been so eminently successful, are notable examples. Direct communication with Nassau, aside from its attractions as a winter sea side resort, will be the means of opening a new market (not large at present, but its future possibilities are encouraging) to the farmers and manufacturers, and a new field for the enterprise of the merchants of the Dominion.

DEATH'S SOLILOQUY.

(Suggested by a Picture.)

I have sat at many a festal board,
A hated, unbidden guest;
To some—I have come their only friend,
My home - their only rest.

In a city's grimmest, saddest haunt,
I watched full many a day
A face and form growing pinched and gaunt,
As life slowly ebbed away;
And yet—'neath that broken, skyward roof,
Of skill, nay of genius, lay many a proof.

I waited—hunger and cold were there,
And a weary, aching heart;
There was courage, too, that strove to bear
For the sake of a cherished art;
One more effort—his last, his best,
Then the tired spirit sank to rest!

The soft, warm flesh shrinks back with dread
From the icy hand of death,
But here was no change to mark the dead,
Save that the flickering breath
Had fled from those pallid lips away—
There was none to weep or bid it stay.

He was mine! But now hurrying footsteps came
Up the steep, broken stair,
She entered at last, whom men call Fame,
Then paused with bewildered air;—
"Too late, alas! yet even now,
Fame's immortal wreath shall deck his brow."

While yet she spoke, another stood
Before the half-open door;
She gazed at the walls so bare and rude;
Rich gifts in her hand she bore;—
"Ah! genius hath ever an early doom,
But his ashes shall rest 'neath a marble tomb."

Men withhold the kindly word and deed,
While yet they have power to bless;
They turn from the sorest living need,
Nay, add to its bitter stress,—
But when they have passed beyond mortal ken,
To the *dead*, come the gifts and the praise of men.

—W. J. K.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

THE love of out-door sports in Australia amounts to a national passion. No other people in the world give themselves up so thoroughly and enthusiastically to racing, cricketing, football and contests of all sorts on land and water. This arises from two causes in chief: First, a climate which interposes no obstacle at any time of the year, and second, the demand for luxury and entertainment, which goes with enormous wealth. On the *per capita* basis there is more money in Australia than in France, England or the United States, and the idle rich, vigorous and adventurous, make up a considerable proportion of every community. They must have amusement; and following the tastes and instincts of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, they have taken to horse racing and to cricket, in particular, as their chief sources of recreation. These they go in for with their whole souls. Men, women and children, regardless of station or circumstances, give themselves up to the controlling excitement of these sports with a ready cheerfulness which is surprising to one accustomed only to the sturdier ways of North America.

To understand the extent and high character of the racing, it is necessary to realize something of the Australian's love for horses. It costs very little to keep domestic animals in that great country of pasture land and perpetual summer, and horses, being numerous and cheap, are very common property. There are relatively more saddle horses in Australia than in any other country under the sun. No [illegible] feels so poor as not to be able to

Boys and girls are taught [illegible] nanship as we teach our children to swim, and everyone knows and loves a good horse. In Ralph Bolderwood's stories of Australian life, his readers must have noticed how effectively he makes heroes of his horses. Should the Antipodeans ever drift into idolatry, there can be little doubt that their deity would take the form of a long and slender thoroughbred, mounted by an equally slim and elongated jockey. Even now they cherish for their horses a worshipful regard which the visitor soon learns to be both genuine and natural. The names of the high bred, aristocratic animals of Australia are household words; their records are familiar to the masses; and every other person you meet has his opinion as to their chances in any of the great events which interest society at large.

When I say "interest society at large," the words are intended to have more than ordinary meaning. In a country where racing seems to concern everybody, the great annual meetings are, in a very broad sense, national affairs. Not only do a very large proportion of the people talk of nothing else for weeks and months ahead; but they flock to the contest by tens of thousands. It was my privilege to see the great racing carnival at Melbourne in November last, and on what is called "Cup Day," there was an attendance of 110,000. This "Cup Day was only one of a series of four racing days within a carnival period of eight days, and in one other year, at least, it is officially asserted, that 200,000 persons saw the contest for the valuable Melbourne Cup prize. When I saw the races it was near the end of a year in which the Australians had been humbled by one of the most

terrible financial crashes that had ever come upon any country. They were humble, for the reason that no one there had expected Australia to do ought but grow in riches and her people to be always gay. Yet, poor and depressed as they felt, 110,000 turned out to see a day's racing, and of that number at least 45 000 cheerfully paid $2.60 for a seat. They were willing to make domestic sacrifices by way of antidote for the hard times; but to miss seeing the Cup run for was like being deprived of an actual necessary of life. They had grown up to regard it as such, and scepticism had not come with the whirlwind of general disaster to shatter this inbred notion. The cost was wholly a secondary consideration, and on the score of right and wrong I did not meet a person in Australia who doubted that the sport was regularly and properly ordained.

It would be impossible, except at the sacrifice of much space, and the presentation of many details, to describe the character of the racing week in each November, or the completeness of the arrangements at the Flemington course, just outside of Melbourne. It is questionable whether a grander spectacle can be seen anywhere in the world than at Flemington on the day of the Melbourne Cup race. I have measured the meaning of these words after considerable observation. The English Derby, on the whole, does not equal it. A larger number of people may flock to Epsom downs, than have gathered at Flemington; but the stakes are not as large for the Derby as for the Melbourne Cup, and the accessories and appointments of the course are in no way comparable. The prizes for the four days' racing exceeded $110,000, and the smallest attendance on any one of those days was 45,000. The course is by far the finest in the world—the largest, the best equipped and the most artistic. It has ample accommodation for 125,000 people, and on important days provides luncheon at $1.25 a head, for perhaps one-third that number. There is no track in the United States which makes equal provision for the comfort and convenience of its patrons. "Cup Day" is the event which no one wishes to miss, and poverty does not stand in the way of gratifying this desire, since those who do not wish to pay may see the races for nothing. When the land was alienated by the Government, it was made a condition that the entire portion inside the oval should be free; but it is illustrative of the Australian's pride that no one enters the paddock who can scrape together 4s. 6d.—the lowest admission fee—for a place on "the hill."

The disposition to bet on the races is universal, and to be without some interest in any of the great events is to be decidedly peculiar. The sweepstakes which have for years been associated with the race for the Melbourne Cup, have yielded wonderfully rich prizes, and there are very few households in the colonies which do not have some share in the annual drawing. The first prize, until last year, had always stood at £30,000, with £10,000 for the second prize, and relatively tempting figures down a long list. In November last a poor woman in Sydney drew first prize in one of the sweeps, and suddenly found herself with a fortune of £18,000 as the result of her speculation. On the whole, however, the feverish passion developed by these lotteries has come to be regarded as a national blight, and legislation has been recently passed to very much reduce their scope. The spectacle of a score of persons winning very large sums of money every year had led to a wholly unhealthy interest in such schemes—which result could scarcely be surprising in any community, much less among the sport-loving people of Australia.

The extent of the betting—which is carried on by bookmakers under

special and well considered regulations—may be best illustrated by an incident, quite apart from the race meeting, which came directly under my observation. I was dining at the home of a wealthy sheep and mine owner in Melbourne one day, when the value of a greyhound in one of the kennels was being questioned by a member of our visiting party. "Do you mean to say you paid £85 for that dog's mother?" asked the visitor with incredulous surprise. "That was the figure," said the Australian quietly. "Well," came the rejoinder of his guest, "I think such a payment fairly illustrates the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted." The owner of the dog laughed a low and suggestive laugh as he took his party into the house and said: "Do you see those pieces of gold plate in the glass case? They cost £500. My dog won them as first prize in one coursing contest;" and then turning to his banker, who happened to be conversing near by, he asked: "Murchison, how much was it I won in wagers on that dog race?' The reply was: "I do not remember the exact sum; but I know it was between £10,000 and £11,000." "And then," continued the host; "I sold the dog four years later for £125; so you see I was not such a fool after all." Here, then, was a winning of over $55,000 on a single coursing event, and from this it may be surmised what vast sums are won and lost on the great horse races, in which everybody has an in ense interest.

With respect to cricket, the fame of the Australians in that regard is world-wide. But to thoroughly understand the extent to which the game is played, one must visit the Antipodes, and see how much it is made a part of the national life. It is not to be wondered at that this great English game has such a foothold in the colonies, when it is realized that 95 per cent. of all the people were either born in Great Britain or have British parents. In the course of a Saturday afternoon drive in Melbourne—which afternoon is generally observed as a half holiday by all classes—I am well within the mark when I say I saw 200 cricket matches in progress. It is the literal truth that wherever a plot of grass large enough for the purpose could be found in that great and widely extended city, there a match was being played, and the players ranged all the way between seven year old boys and gray-bearded men. At half-past four one Tuesday afternoon I tried in vain to buy some stationery in Melbourne. All the stores were closed. I asked an acquaintance the reason, and he replied, "We always close our stores at half-past four." Why? I enquired. "To play cricket," he exclaimed, with an emphasis which indicated how much he was surprised by my ignorance of Australian sentiment on that score All the boys and men play cricket, and they play it the year round, and year in and year out, without ever tiring of it. And as they play cricket, so they race their yachts, and race in rowing shells, and hunt kangaroos, and shoot rabbits and ride after hounds—with a hearty and unrestrained enthusiasm, and that effervescent gayety which characterizes the rugged colonist in all he does.

THE CHANGED GRAVE.

The following lines were suggested by a incident that occurred in a northern Scottish town, where, on the sale of an old church, for business purposes, several young men of the congregation met by night and removed to the new cemetery the body of a beloved pastor, buried under the pulpit.

Oh, what are they doing at dead of night
In the old Kirk by the sea?
As they stealthily work by shaded light,
And eagerly dig with anxious might,
'Neath the damp stone floor, with its tombstones hoar,
Of this sacred sanctuary.

No hardened faces in rough disguise
Bend over their treasure-trove;
But reverent hands and moistening eyes
With tenderness touch and survey their prize,
As they tenderly raise from their resting-place
The ashes of one they love.

For long did his voice through these holy aisles
The tidings of love proclaim,
And hearts that he lured from the tempter's wiles
Are spreading the news in earth's utmost isles,
And the souls they win will for ever shine
In the Saviour's diadem.

But this message will never go forth again
From the old Kirk by the sea;
For the ruthless trader, in greed of gain,
Has changed to a mart this hallowed fane,
And the rocks by the shore will echo no more
Its heavenly melody.

The old stone walls may lowly be laid
By the spoiler as he may,
But over the grave of the saintly dead,
No reckless foot of the scoffer shall tread
By the stars' pale light, through the silent night
They fondly bear him away.

Where the last soft rays of the sunset glow,
And the birds their welcome sing;
Where the river murmurs a requiem low,
To the distant waves, as they ebb and flow,
They've laid him to rest, till he wake with the blest,
At the coming of the King.

J. S. McADIE,
ST. ANDREWS, QUE.

IN NORTH-WESTERN WILDS.

(The narrative of a 2,500 mile journey of Exploration in the great Mackenzie River Basin.)

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

IV.

FORT NELSON was nearly swept away by a flood in the month of June, 1891. It began on the 5th and attained its maximum height on the 7th, and remained so for three days. The river bed is about 200 yards wide at the post, and the banks are from twenty to thirty feet high; beyond this, on both sides, there are many extensive flats reaching to the foot of the valley slopes. Some idea of the extent of the flood may be formed when it is said that not only was the river bed filled to the brim, but the water rose so high over that, that at the post only the roofs of the buildings were above it. The Roman Catholic Mission Church was carried bodily down the river, and finally found a resting-place on the bank of the Liard River. The missionary's residence was also carried away. The Hudson's Bay Company's buildings, being on high ground, remained, but the water rose to the loft floor, and when the flood abated nearly two feet of mud was found on the ground floors. Some of the people said that it would have been easier to build new houses than clean the old ones. The height of the water could easily be traced along the river by observing the coating of mud on the trunks of all the trees, which had not yet been washed off by the rains, also by the drift wood caught in the lower limbs in many places. The people had to flee to the higher lands in the vicinity, and remained there for many days. The rise was so sudden and unexpected that they lost many articles of furniture and many books and records.

The waters of this flood came down a stream called the Sicannie River, which joins the East Branch River about two miles above the fort. The Indians ascend this stream, they say, a long distance into the mountains, and aver that at one part of its course it is quite close to the Liard; but it may be the Turnagain or Black River they mean. Lately they have taken to its head waters as their hunting-ground, and from there they have visited a trader situated on a river that flows, they say, into the sea.

It takes them several days on foot to reach this place from the head of Sicannie River They described the Sicannie as always swift, with no rapids of consequence, and always a gravelly bed. From their account of its length, it must pierce the Rocky Mountains, and it, no doubt, was gorged, at the time of the flood mentioned, by an unusually heavy rainfall, or by hot weather in the mountains.

One old Indian, a resident at the post for many years, who will be referred to again, said he recollected hearing in his childhood the people talk of a similar flood, but he does not think the water rose so high. As the post was not then in existence, there is no other record of it.

There were two very old Indian women living at the post on such food as they got from the company's employés. One was totally blind and the other very nearly so. A half-witted Indian boy cut their wood and attended to their wants, and by way of compensation they shared their food with him. No one knew their age, but they had lived a very long time for natives, as was evidenced by their

wrinkled faces, lustreless eyes, and toothless mouths. Their clothing was very scant and very dirty; their tent a thing of shreds and patches, little better than none; their food was often scant, and their fire low. You fancy them utterly miserable; but they were not. I called on them daily with some food, a bit of tobacco and a few lumps of sugar. This would put them into wonderful humor; especially the sugar. The blind one would hold her sugar in her hand, occasionally licking a lump, and exclaiming *eh shugow* (sugar) in a tone which bespoke complete ecstacy. The feast always wound up with a jocular discussion by those ancient dames as to which of them would secure me for her sweetheart They invariably appealed to myself to decide between them, each meantime affecting all the airs of a pronounced flirt, displaying her charms with the most ludicrous poses, which convulsed me with laughter. The manner in which I parried these requests for a choice between them amused them highly; and who could refuse to brighten the lives of such poor old creatures with a little harmless pleasantry. Once the blind one, through the aid of the interpreter, told me her life story; how she had lost several husbands and all her children by death, had now no friends alive that she knew of, and was waiting patiently to join the lost ones in the great beyond. Her poor old wrinkled face and sightless eyes bespoke acute sorrow during the recital, especially when she expressed her desire to lay down the burden of her life. I have never elsewhere seen such squalid poverty accompanied by such childish cheerfulness.

The old man referred to as telling of a previous flood was believed to be nearly ninety years of age. He was still able to do a little trapping and shooting, by which he managed, with a little help from the people at the post, to eke out a living. He had the reputation of being a *seer* or prophet, and if stories told of him are true, or only partly so, he must be a clairvoyant. As this class of phenomena is now receiving much attention, I will give some details. First as to his *modus operandi:* When asked to see and tell of absent ones, he generally has an hour or so of serious reflection alone. He then sits down with a tom-tom or drum, which he beats with all his might, singing in a low tone which gradually increases in force until he is shouting. As this proceeds he becomes excited, and jumps and leaps around, all the time beating the drum with all his might. This naturally exhausts him, and he falls apparently in a faint. After a little he begins to talk, and tells of whatever he has been asked about. Mrs. Christie, the wife of the clerk in charge of the post, related to me an instance of his power, or faculty.

A boat goes every year down to Fort Simpson for the year's supplies for the post As this boat requires ten men to man it, and the resident clerk has to accompany it, it pretty well strips the post of all males during the time of the voyage. The journey down—three hundred and fifty miles—can easily be made in a week, but the return takes from sixteen to eighteen days, and with delays at Simpson and Liard, extends the entire absence over a month. In the summer of 1891 there was considerable delay at Simpson, waiting for the steamer *Wrigley* to arrive with the outfits; and as soon as the party started up the Liard, the water in the river began to rise until, at the rapids already described, high water prevented further progress. There was nothing for it but to wait for the flood to abate, so they went ashore and camped. But the waters continued to rise and drove them out of their camp. They went higher and camped, again to be driven out. The places where they camped were on the side of an easily ascending, willow-covered slope. After a wait of two weeks, the water fell sufficiently to allow them to pro-

ceed, and they reached home nearly three weeks later than they were expected. Mrs. Christie, the clerk's wife, naturally felt uneasy after the usual time had expired; and after ten or twelve days had passed, requested the old Indian to make medicine—as it is termed—and see where the boat was. Now this lady had no object in deceiving me, or telling me anything but what she believed to be the truth, and she told me the old man detailed to her the delay at Simpson, waiting for the outfit; he then related the story of the detention at the rapids by the flood, described the ground they camped on, the number of times they had to change camp, and finished by telling where the boat was at the time of speaking, all of which was verified when the party got home. She assured me further that the old man was never known to be farther down the river than Fort Liard, so he could not know from personal knowledge anything of the ground and rapids he described. That such a lengthy detailed statement is a coincidence is possible; but how probable I leave every reader to judge for himself. The evidence as to this would I think be classed good by the "Society for Psychical Research." I have heard several equally reliable accounts of instances of the possession of this apparently occult power by other Indians. Similar phenomena accompany some of the phases of hypnotism, and it is possible the clairvoyants were hypnotized themselves.

I was anxious to make a trial of the old man's powers, and I got Mrs. Christie to ask him to make medicine for me. He objected, saying that my object was only to make fun of, and laugh at him. He said, "That white man has come a long way, has seen everything, and knows everything, and why should he want to see me make medicine? What does he want to know that I can tell him? Ah, he only wants to laugh at a poor, simple, ' ' man like me."

Mrs. Christie told me his objections, and said I would have to invent some excuse to satisfy him; and it occurred to me that to ask him to describe the route I was to pass over on my way to Peace River, and give an account of what would happen on the way, would be a satisfactory reason to him, and a very good test of his power.

Mrs. Christie explained this to him; it seemed reasonable, and he consented, in consideration of some bread, sugar, and tobacco, to make medicine for me, and let me know what I wanted. The time was set for nine o'clock that evening; the place, the old man's tent; and Mrs. Christie and her sister were to interpret. The old man felt so proud of my patronage that he let all the Indians know the arrangement, and most assuredly they would all be listening. Now, to them this man is simply infallible; so if he predicted undue hardship or difficulty on the way, I would not have got a single Indian to accompany me, and I thought it good policy to break my appointment, paying, however, the old man his bread, sugar and tobacco.

Before he could be convinced that my non-attendance was not a slight, and a new subject for investigation could be thought of, I had to leave. I understand the old man declares he is unconscious of all that takes place after he faints, and cannot recollect a word of anything he may have said. This, if true, connects this phenomenon with hypnotism.

Another Indian at this place poses as a prophet; but he is a Christianized one attached to the Roman Catholic mission. He appears to be a much better listener, and remembers better the portions of Scripture he hears read than any of the other Indians, and from these portions he conceived the idea of becoming a prophet on Scriptural lines. His source of inspiration is dreams, which are all apocalyptic. Sometimes he records the images of his dreams, if he has them at all, in rude drawings; one of which, which I saw,

was said to represent the way to heaven, as he saw it in a vision. There was no road, or way at all, represented, but the whole picture was a collection of beasts of formidable and uncouth appearance, over which hovered an immense bird with great green wings and eagle-like head. There was nothing in the picture representing, or even suggesting, humanity, and I could not learn the idea intended to be represented, if indeed any idea was associated with it. It may be the idea was to represent evils which the Christian has to overcome; but the thought at once suggested itself to me that he had heard part of Revelations read, and fashioned his visions accordingly. The conception of the beasts represented may have been obtained from pictures I have seen at some Missions, representing the tortures of the damned, in which horrible dragons and serpents are portrayed playing with lost souls in a fiery pit.

The student of natural religion would find much interesting matter in such things, for it is easy to imagine this man and his people, removed from all further influences of civilization, developing a new religion from their garbled understanding of what may be termed unchristian teachings; for just as a non-artistic eye will only see the high colors in a work of art, so those ignorant people see only the more realistic aspects of religion, and in many cases much that is not religion at all is presented with terrible realism. The spiritual beauties, very few of them can even faintly discern. To grasp these beauties will require, it may be, generations of culture and development.

The Indians pay great attention to his harangues, and he, at any rate, is not a "prophet without honor in his own country."

Much interesting and valuable "folk-lore" might have been collected by missionaries and traders in the territories, if they had intelligently set themselves the task of doing so. But, alas! the great majority of the latter thought only of getting a few pelts, which was, of course, their primary duty. Very few of them collected even curiosities in an intelligent way.

The missionaries generally taught the natives that anything pertaining to their own religion was of the evil one, who they brought very vividly before the savage mind. As a consequence, they are afraid or ashamed to speak of their original beliefs, and it would take a long intimacy with them to disabuse their minds of the idea that any white man had any more interest in those questions than the missionaries. With the Indians in our North, it is now too late to collect much reliable knowledge of their original beliefs and myths, as very few of the generations possessing it are alive. No doubt much has been gathered, but liberal-minded, systematic missionaries might have accumulated much more.

This post was built about the year 1864, and as it was only an outpost, not much was done in the way of agricultural experiment. It is surrounded by dense, high forest, and as the clearing around it is only a few acres in extent, much of the sun's warmth is lost during the day, so that any operations conducted here are not a fair test climatically.

Barley has been tried several times with success, and potatoes were always grown. The crop of 1891 was destroyed by the flood, and vegetables had to be brought up from Liard and Simpson. The journals kept at the post previous to 1887 were at Simpson, which I did not know when there, or I would have examined them. The only notes of interest I could glean from those at Nelson were:

1887—River frozen over, 23rd October.

1888—Ice started out of river, 7th May; first drift ice in fall, 19th October; river frozen over, 31st October.

1889—Ice started out of river, 10th April; first drift ice, 30th October; river frozen over, 10th November.

1890—Ice started out of river, 30th April; planted potatoes, 17th May; took up potatoes,

18th September; first drift ice, 23rd October; river frozen over, 4th November.

1891—Ice started, 22nd April; planted potatoes, 18th May.

From the west bank of the Liard and East Branch Rivers it is not very far to the mountains, consequently the area of land which might be utilized agriculturally is not very extensive on that side. On the east bank the same character of surface holds, I believe, from the Liard eastward and southwards to the Peace; that is high, dry ridges with intervening swamps and lakes. Many of the swamps are very extensive. This is as it was described to me by some Indians, and one or two whites who have made trading trips into it. The soil on the ridges is all fair as far as I saw it, and there is no reason why this part of our country will not support a population as well as a great part of Europe. The latitude is not any greater, and the summer isotherms will compare, I think, in our favor.

On the morning of the 22nd September we and the three Indians who consented to accompany us to Fort St. John bade farewell to all the people at the fort and started up the river. The Indians were in great glee, anticipating a fine time on the way, and lots of good things at St. John. One of them, an ill-tempered, cowardly beast, had just lost his wife, whom he used to beat unmercifully, until one day another Indian interfered, gave him a severe thrashing, and took his wife from him. She was nothing loth to make the change. This fellow pretended to be overjoyed at leaving a community where he had been so ill used, and he looked forward to getting lots of wives at St. John. He affected great gaiety on leaving, simply, I believe, to provoke his wife into relenting and joining him again. If this was his object he signally failed. As our canoe ran much easier than any they had ever been in before, they paddled with great spirit, and from what we could make out from their gestures and the few words we understood of their tongue, they intended to make great time all the way and surprise the folks at St. John by breaking all previous records, an easy task, for there was only one to break. Half a mile above the post there was a ripple about one hundred yards long in which the river rushed over a gravel bar, falling two or three feet in that distance. I gave the word to rush at this and mount it with the paddles alone; this surprised my Indians, but when they saw Gladman, the Professor and myself essay it, they too struck in and we got up without landing, a feat which brought out from the people and Indians at the fort murmurs of applause to which my three Indians responded with a yell of exultation. No Indian had ever gone up here in the canoe by paddling, and the experience was new to them. I don't think the canoes the natives used here would be strong enough to stem such a rush of water.

As there are no birch trees large enough to furnish bark of the requisite strength and size for building the familiar "birch-bark canoe," those people have to make their canoes with spruce bark. They find a spruce tree of suitable size and as free from knots as possible In the spring and early summer months, the length necessary for the required canoe is cut around the tree at top and bottom, a slit made down the side and the bark peeled off After the sap has dried, the bark will not peel readily, and it is loosened somewhat by beating with a club; and then gradually worked off with the aid of an axe used as a wedge. The bark off, it is sewed together at the ends with roots, in the same manner as the birch bark is, the inside being turned out. A willow gunwale is then sewed to the edge of the bark; willow ribs are put in and joined to this gunwale; any cracks or knot holes are filled with gum in the ordinary way; some branches are laid

along the bottom for flooring, and the craft is ready to be launched. It is easy to see that no large canoe can be made in this way; the largest which I saw were the two the chiefs came to Nelson in, and they would carry no more than four men each. These canoes are never used going up stream, for more than short distances, as they will not stand knocking on the bottom and against the shores, as boats going up swift streams have to do. When leaving the trading posts in the fall for their winter hunting grounds, the natives have to march overland, carrying all they possess on their backs. It is not uncommon for men, women, children and dogs, to start out with all they can support; but as they never go very far in a day, but hunt and trap along the way, they do not endure much hardship at such times. In the winter they make sleds to move about with, and if at all practicable, they all come in to the post at Christmas and New Year's, where they get a holiday dinner from the company. To miss this feast is almost a crime, and I believe they would sacrifice more to get to it than some of our fellow-subjects would to attend a court levee or state ball. After the feast and some necessary business, they all betake themselves to their hunting again until spring, when they make their way to some streams, on the bank of which they make their canoes as described, and descend to the nearest trading post. Here they abandon the craft, which are generally utilized as coverings for buildings by the people at the fort. Many fine groves of spruce are being destroyed by the natives in this way; for as soon as the bark is stripped off, the tree dies. Only the largest and finest trees are used. Dug-out canoes are quite common in other parts of the territory, and are generally made of balsam, poplar or cottonwood, but no attempt has been made to make them here, though there are some magnificent trees all along the stream.

After losing sight of the post, the ardor of our Indians cooled down; and after dinner they had apparently made up their minds to take things easily. The one who had lost his wife assumed a defiant air, and laid down his paddle; he also apparently took command of the other two, and in whispers advised them not to work. I ordered them to paddle, and they paddled until he interfered again. When I ordered him to go to work, he gave me to understand by signs, that he had simply come to show us the way, not to work. I did not wish to assert myself too sternly, lest they should leave us, but I made them understand they had to work just as we had. In this way we made only sixteen miles the first day, up a generally strong current. Though the water was at fall stage—low—the *Grahame* or *Athabasca* could easily make way here. The junction with the Sicannie river, about two miles above the post, leaves the East Branch about the same size apparently as it is below. On the 23rd we did a little better, making nineteen miles, and in this day's work, too, I found no place too swift or too shallow for either of those steamers to ascend.

The country, as seen from the river during those two days, is hilly, with many extensive areas of open woods which almost might be classed as prairie; but I take this openness to be the result of forest fires. To judge from the growth of grass and herbage, the soil is good. Except at a few points, we saw only the immediate valley of the river, but where we could see any distance, the appearance was generally the same.

The third day out I thought it safe to make our Indians understand that they would have to work more than they had been doing, and we profited so much by their increased endeavors that we made twenty-five miles. Early in the evening we saw an Indians' camp at which we called. Here they had lots of fresh meat, and

a kettleful was at once put to cook for us. I donated some tea and my three Indians had a glorious feast. The Indian at this camp had a long talk with my Indians, and then set himself to work to persuade me to return by the way I came. By signs and a few words of English he told me the way ahead was very bad, with many bad rapids in which we might all be drowned; in fact, if we persisted in going ahead—well, he shook his head and gazed at me with a most serious expression, as if words failed him to represent our doom in a proper manner. My Indians watched the expression of my face closely, and when, in reply to his exhortation, I smiled and pointed south they all lit their pipes, and smoked in moody silence. I then learned from this man that none of my Indians had ever been over the route that I was taking; that all they knew of it was from hearsay, just as I knew myself. You can imagine my surprise and chagrin, for they most positively made me to understand at Nelson that two of them had been through to the Peace. He again renewed his efforts to induce me to return, and told me he had been through once many years ago, but the memory of it—ah well! Again I refused to turn back, and I asked him to make me a map of it, which he essayed to do, but failed, simply, I believe, to scare me.

The following day, after a mysterious adieu between the Indians, in which much whispering was indulged in, we made good progress, for we were now getting beyond the limit of the snow storm I have already mentioned, which indirectly hindered us by reason of the many fallen trees along the beach, which often prevented us taking advantage of good tracking. At sunset we had made twenty-four and a half miles, and camped; and were now eighty-four and a half miles from Nelson. I was looking forward to making better time than heretofore, for I fancied my Indians were now committed to the journey, and I intended to make them work better than they had so far done; but in this, it will be seen, I was reckoning without my host. The evening being fine, immediately after supper I took latitude and longitude observations.

They were anxious to see all the details of this, but as they were only in my way and would not keep still I told them to leave, which they did rather sulkily. Whether they thought I was, to use their own term, "making medicine" or not, I cannot say, but they did not seem to appreciate my conduct. Contrary to their usual habit, they this evening built their camp fire quite a distance from our tent, and seemed rather gloomy. During the day, I noticed that they very often held whispered conversations with each other, which I would interrupt by looking at them and assuming a listening attitude. This, together with their unsociability in the evening, made me suspicious of them; still I never thought they would desert us, but attributed their suspicious conduct to sulkiness. I had the men secure everything well, and bring all the provisions into our tent; the canoe was fixed so close to the tent, that it could not very easily be removed without awaking some of us.

I did not sleep very soundly that night, and at 2.20 a.m. I heard a noise. At first I thought it the Indians poking their fire, but it continued too long. I coughed and it ceased. I waited listening some time to hear some more; but no sound came; so after a little I got up and looked out, but could not see the forms of the men though some of their clothing was hanging by the fire drying. I went over to the fire and found that they had fled. I listened for a time for some sound to come from the woods where I thought they had gone, but none came. The moon was shining brightly, and I could see

quite a distance down the river, but I saw no sign of any living thing. At last it occurred to me that if they meant mischief and were concealed in the woods, I was a very conspicuous target for their three guns, as I was standing in the moonlight literally *sans culotte*. Under this impression I cautiously made my way back to the tent; you may be sure, keeping a sharp look on the edge of the woods not more than twenty paces distant; but I saw nothing. In the tent, I dressed myself and called up the Professor and Gladman. The Professor was astounded. "What! Gone? Whar to? What for?" Gladman sat up, smiled, and ejaculated "Lightning!" We all went out and looked at the deserted camp, I taking my rifle in my hand, feeling that if they were of hostile intent they would flee to the ends of the earth from that gun if they saw it in my hands, for they believed it could kill anything anywhere. We found they had gone so hurriedly that they had not had time to gather all their property; for they left some deer-skin shoes, some gloves and their drinking cups behind. Doubtless my awaking had hurried them off.

The Professor entered into a very lengthy discussion of the aspect of our present position, and why they had gone, but I cut him short by suggesting a good sleep on it. Gladman seconded my suggestion and we retired, not awaking again until 8 o'clock.

To give an idea of the thoughtlessness of those people, I will state that they started back to Nelson, as we ultimately found—a distance by the river of eighty-five miles, and in an air line not less than sixty—without any food, and only one charge of powder and shot each, each having a gun, and half a dozen bullets. On the way up they fired at everything they saw the first day, so I only allowed them a couple of charges each every morning afterwards. They had no cups to drink out of, and had no tools but their knives. I afterwards learned that they reached the fort in two and a half days, when they created quite an anxiety as to how we would get along. The story of their desertion quickly spread from post to post, and my many acquaintances were anxious until they heard by the northern packet, the following spring, of my safe return.

Each of the deserters had a different explanation for their conduct, one stating that they were afraid I would kill them, another that they were afraid we would starve to death on the way, or that we would be caught by the winter and perish. They were treated with scant courtesy at the post, and accordingly soon departed for the winter hunt.

After breakfast I discussed the position with the men, telling them frankly what I believed to be the difficulties before us; that I was determined to go ahead, but at the same time would like to feel that they did not accompany me reluctantly. The Professor responded: "You do what you think is right in the sight of God, and I'll follow you till death," and Gladman quietly remarked, "Lightning! we won't turn back now." So about 9 o'clock we got under-weigh, and at noon reached the forks, seven and a half miles from our camp of the previous night.

We will rest here awhile and I will give a description of the surrounding country and water system, as it was presented to me by some Indians at Nelson, and the three who deserted me. The latter pointed out to me a small river which joins about forty-five miles above Nelson, from the west side. It is not more than thirty yards wide at the mouth. The current is swift, and there is a considerable volume of water in it. My Indians delineated its course for me, which shows it to flow in the same general direction as the East Branch, out of quite a large lake, which they said was not very far from the main river. I

understood from them that they could cross, and often had, from the East Branch in less than a day. I understood also that this lake was a good hunting and fishing ground. I could not learn its name or extent, but I understood they called it simply their lake, and it was ten or fifteen miles long and nearly as wide. As I could not understand their language, nor they mine it was difficult to get any definite information fr m them.

Above the forks, the easterly and smaller branch is known as the Nelson, or East Branch, the larger and westerly one as the Siccannie Chief River. My course lay up the latter. From an Indian I met at Nelson, and who had been much on the East Branch mentioned, and also on the head-waters of Hay River, I got a good deal of information concerning both. Regarding the so-called Nelson, or East Branch of this fork, he says he has been up it to the head. He describes it as very shallow, except in spring; so much so, that it is only in spring that there is water enough to run a canoe down it. At the head, it is wide and full of gravel bars, which in summer time absorb all the water, so that the channel is dry. From the head of canoe navigation on this stream down to Nelson occupies about three to four days in high water, and makes a distance of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty miles. He says he once made a trip to Peace River from the head of canoe navigation on this stream, and described his route as being southerly for one day to a lake of considerable size, thence from the lake to Peace River three days on foot, which probably would make it from fifty to seventy miles from the head of the stream to Peace River. Between the lake and Peace River he crossed a ridge of hills, which he designated mountains, but they were all heavily timbered. His object was to trade at a post on Peace River, which was probably St. John, but he did not know the name of the place, or of any one about it, by which it might be identified.

This man frequently crossed from Fort Nelson to Hay River. He described several routes, the first of them direct from the post in a south-easterly direction to a pretty large lake, out of which a stream flows into Hay River. The distance from Nelson to the lake it about sixty or seventy miles; the lake, as he described it, is about twenty-five miles wide, circular in shape, and distant about thirty miles in a straight line from Hay River. His distances seemed to me excessive, or, rather, the time taken to travel over them from which I inferred them, but he insisted that they were correct. He has frequently gone down Hay River to what is locally called the "Horse-track," that is, the portage from Hay River to Peace River, which latter it touches at Vermillion, but has never been farther down. A short distance below the creek which drains the before-mentioned lake, a small stream enters Hay River from the south-east, which he called Con-ne-taze, or Dry River; it appears to be unimportant. A short distance below this, Hay River enters a large lake called Hay Lake, which cannot be less than thirty-five or forty miles long, if his account of the time taken to travel from end to end of it is reliable. The width, too, would appear to be considerable, as he said the woods appeared blue in the distance on both sides when you were in the middle of it. This would imply twelve to fifteen miles at least in width. He described the lake as shallow and sedgy, with much hay around its shores.

Not far below this lake, a stream of considerable size enters from the south-east, which he called Chin-cha-gah River. He could not give any exact idea of the time taken to travel from Hay Lake to the Horse-track, as he apparently had never gone directly down it, having always hunted on his way.

Another route is to follow up the

east fork a short distance above the forks to where a stream enters from the east; up this we go a half day or so, when another half day overland will take us to Hay River. This appears to be the route the Indians generally follow when going from Nelson to Hay River, as many of them appeared to be familiar with it, and advised me to take it in preference to the route by which I came. Some considerable distance above this on the east fork, it and Hay River are so close together that that there is only a half-day portage (about seven miles) from one to the other. My informant had never been above this on Hay River, but had often been from here down to the Horse-track on it, and described that much of it as being perfectly clear of rapids or bad water. This must be considerably over one hundred miles.

The second day out from Nelson, the appearance of the country changed, the valley narrowed, and the banks steepened in many places into cliffs two hundred to three hundred feet high, of clay shale, with coarse-grained sandstone on top. The dip appeared to be to the south, and the river soon rose to the level of this sandstone. I could find no trace of organic remains in either formation. After the second day, the current became stronger, with many gravelly bars, where the water was shallow.

The *Grahame* or the *Athabasca* could get up to the forks in high water, but at the stage we ascended in, though they might get up, they would have difficulty in doing so. The surface of the country also presented a more rugged aspect. The timber is smaller and thinner, and the vegetation more scanty. Near the forks we appear to have passed this condition, for the banks are lower and less steep, and the valley wider, with better timber and herbage.

Above the forks we went up the western branch known as the Sicannie Chief River, and camped on the evening of the fifth day from Nelson seven and a half miles up the stream. As we did not know how our deserting Indians would behave, we made everything secure, so that if they had followed us, they would not have found us unprepared. But at this time I suppose they were trying to put as much space as possible between us.

Just above the forks there is a rapid of considerable extent; it would be dangerous, through the number of large rocks in it. This afternoon we passed many extensive flats covered with beautiful spruce trees, many of which had been killed by the Indians making canoes of their bark. The valley is quite wide, and clothed with fine timber for a distance above the forks of about thirty miles, when the valley again contracts, and the banks are high, with many steep, clay escarpments. About 4 miles above the forks, we found an old cache, which was evidently erected by white men, and around it were many traces of work done by tools which Indians do not generally possess. This cache I believe to have been erected by Harper and Hart, two miners, who went down stream in 1872. They had been mining on the Upper Peace some time before, and concluded they would try new fields; so they came across the mountains and down to Half-way River, which joins the Peace twenty-five miles above St. John. They went up it, and crossed over to the river I was on; came down it to Nelson, thence went to the Mackenzie, and down it to the Delta; thence they crossed from Peel River to Bell's River, went down it to the Porcupine, and down to Fort Yukon, whence they went up the Yukon River to White River, which they ascended for fifteen days.

The journey of those men is certainly worthy of note, when we reflect that the two men were not many months from Europe, were without guides, without a chart of the country they were passing through, without that instinct which a study of geogra-

phy and travel develops in a man, without anything which an explorer considers absolutely essential, and without any certainty of how they would be received by the natives. We must, at least, consider their names worthy of record. Both of those men I met on the Yukon in 1887-8. They had heard that gold had been found on the Mackenzie, and determined to test the matter; so they made the journey with that object in view. They found colors in the Liard and Lower Peel, but nothing that would pay, so continued over to the Yukon, where they are at present.

The route they came by was the one I was trying to follow, and I believe they were the first whites who ever came through by that way. I understand two others followed their tracks a few years after, after which none passed until myself and party journeyed over part of it in the opposite direction.

One of them, in a letter written a decade afterwards, in reply to queries about the journey, explained (I will give the true distances in brackets after his) that they went up Half-way River in canoes about 40 miles, continued with sleds 60 miles, then crossed a portage of about 25 to Sicannie Chief River, and sleighed down it about 60 miles, where they stopped about April 15th, and built this cache to store goods in. On the Yukon, Harper had told me about the cache, but I never thought, while listening to him, that I would ever see it. Here they made a canoe, and when the river opened, renewed progress in it about the 2nd of May, reaching Fort Nelson in four days, about 500 miles (105). From Nelson to Liard River they were about three days, 300 miles (112), down Liard to Fort Liard, about 300 miles (57), from Liard to Simpson, about 500 miles (182), which they reached about the 1st of June. They certainly were generous in the proportions assigned to the country they travelled over, but as they were entirely unskilled in surveying, and had no method of checking their estimates, we cannot wonder very much at them.

For a distance of thirty or thirty-five miles above this cache the valley continues quite wide, with good timber in the bottom and sides. The soil along the river bank is generally a good clay, supporting a heavy growth of timber and herbage. At the date we were there, September 27-8-9, there were no signs of any very heavy frosts, and there was no trace of any such fall of snow as we had had at Nelson ten days earlier. One hundred and thirty miles from Nelson, a stream nearly as large as the river we were on joined from the south-east. None of the Indians had mentioned or described it, but the water evidenced its coming from a swampy region, while the Sicannie Chief showed a mountainous origin. A few miles above this the valley narrowed and became canyon like. At first a clay-shale escarpment would rise sheer from the water's edge several hundred feet on one side; soon a similar bluff would be on the other, as the river meandered from side to side of its narrow valley. The current quickened, and soon became a mountain torrent. I may say that above the forks no ordinary steamer could make her way up by steam alone. With the aid of lines, as in many other swift streams, ascent might be accomplished, in moderately high water, up to the foot of the canyon-like valley, or say for one hundred and forty miles above Nelson.

Up this canyon we toiled for seven days; we would haul our canoe over gravel bars where we had to wade waist deep among the stones, while the canoe was rubbing on them; we would launch her again in a pond-like basin; then, again, portage her and all our goods past chutes which we dared not venture; we would carefully work our way among great masses of sandstone rock, often dreading lest others equally as large would come crashing down on us. Working late and early,

we made 70 miles—10 miles a day—less than a mile an hour. One day we made only 4½ miles. Several times we had narrow escapes from losing all we had. Once, when ascending a nasty place, full of great masses of sandstones, the line by which we were hauling broke, but fortunately the canoe was got into an eddy below a large rock, and the canoe, at least, was saved.

Once we came nearly going into a boiling rapid filled with great rocks, whence none of us would likely have come out alive. At this point there was a sharp curve in the river, and a sudden drop over a sandstone ledge. On the inside of the curve the descent was over a comparatively easy slope, while on the outside the descent was very swift and rough, the water rushing against a sandstone cliff several hundred feet high and the channel being filled with fragments of this cliff amongst which the river foamed and leaped with great force. Had our canoe gone in there, it would in all likelihood have been reduced to splinters, and had we been in it only a miracle could have saved any of us. The Professor and Gladman remained in the canoe while I hauled her by the line up the inside of the curve. About sixty yards above the rapid, further progress on that side was stopped by several huge blocks of rock which had fallen off the overhanging cliff, and we had to make a crossing. The river was about sixty yards wide here, with a rushing current down to the rapid we had just passed. Now the Professor was anxious throughout all the journey to show us that he was second to none in handling a canoe. Needless to say neither Gladman nor myself agreed with him. As he was in the stern of the canoe while I was hauling her up, and he saw a risky crossing to be made, he decided to remain there while we crossed. The canoe was drawn into the eddy below one of the rocks, while I clambered into her; which done, Gladman anxiously remarked, "I think you had better get into the stern, Mr. Ogilvie." I replied, "I think so too;" but before I had time to move the Professor turned her head across stream into the current and round she swung, head down, quicker than thought. Gladman and I seized our paddles and pulled for life. The width of the river is about the same as the distance down to the chute, and it was simply a race between us and the current. The Professor did not get her head up, and Gladman yelled, "Lightning! Get her head up! Thunder and lightning! Get her head up!" "I can't," came in feeble tones from the stern. For the rest of the way I know two men who paddled against time and beat the best on record.

The bow run on shore, Gladman jumped out, caught and held her, while the stern hung over the chute, —a close call, as five feet more would have lost us all. I jumped ashore, helped to see the canoe out of danger, and stood panting and looking at the Professor, who seemed thoroughly scared for once in his life. Now Gladman is not at all excitable, nor does he use strong language, his strongest expletive being "lightning," occasionally emphasized by "thunder;" but on this occasion, as soon as the canoe was pulled out of danger, he seized his rifle, which was in the bow and looking at the poor Professor, his eyes glowing and his whole air that of a man consumed by fury, he addressed him thus: "Oh, you —— * * ! ! —— * * * ! ! ! —— —— —— * * * * —— ! ! ! ! —— ! * * * * ! ! ! If ever I see you in the stern of that canoe again I'll blow the head off you,"—which he meant, small blame to him; for if we had gone over and any of us had escaped, — which was unlikely, — we would have been alone in a wilderness and one hundred and forty miles from the nearest post, and without arms, clothing, shirts or food, without fire or means of making any, and that, too, in the most disagreeable season of

the year. Under the circumstances the choice between drowning and escaping would be a matter of taste as to the manner of exit from life. The Professor crawled ashore, pale, panting, and scared, with not an atom of conceit left in him, and meekly remarked, "Well, I guess I ain't the man I thought I was; and I'll let 1500 weight canoes alone after this." Poor fellow, that object lesson, lasting less than twenty seconds, was worth more to him than a twenty hour lecture; so I did not add to the measure of his confusion, and remained silent.

The last twelve miles we made was in a canyon twelve to fourteen hundred feet deep. For six or seven hundred feet above the water the accumulation of debris made a steep slope up which one could climb with difficulty; but above that was precipitous sandstone cliffs six to seven hundred feet high. Our progress was so slow, and the work so difficult, that I determined to abandon the river route and make our way overland to St. John, taking what we could carry on our backs and caching the rest. Gladman and I spent one day trying to find a way out of the canyon and get a look at the country on top, but we failed and had to go farther up. At noon, on the 6th of October, after making a mile and a half that day, we came to a small creek flowing down a ravine on the east side. I determined to find if exit could be made by this, and after dinner sent Gladman and the Professor to examine it, while I went to a point about a mile further up where I fancied I could see a way out.

About 750 feet of this canyon consisted of clay shale, the upper part of a soft yellowish sandstone, very massive. In places it was of a grayish color, finer in the grain and harder. In this canyon the bed of the river was much obstructed by great blocks of this sandstone which had become loosened and had tumbled over and rolled hundreds of feet into the river. This occurred so frequently that at no place in the canyon was there more than a hundred yards of the stream free from such obstruction; at one point we saw where a block which would measure at least thirty feet by fifteen by twenty had rolled down the slope, sweeping bush and trees before it for seven or eight hundred feet, and, stopping in the middle of the stream, stood on end like a pillar. From the fresh appearance of the fracture it had made in the timber, I would judge the fall to have occurred only a few days before our arrival. At many points we saw similar masses, all ready for such a plunge, and while musing thus were not a little anxious lest some disturbance should start them down on us.

For several miles I noticed bits of lignite coal in the river, and kept a look-out to find the vein in the shale above, but did not until my climb on the afternoon of the 6th when I found it well up in the shale, not more than one hundred feet below the sandstone or say five to six hundred feet above the river; but the seam is only a few inches in thickness, and therefore practically useless.

Before resuming our journey, I wish to call attention to the similarity of the geological features here to those seen on Peace River at the Ramparts, above Vermillion, and on the Athabasca, from Grand Rapids down, but more especially between here and Peace River. All the way from Nelson up, the lithological character is generally the same as that on the Peace from Vermillion up, excepting in the absence of fossils on the East Branch and Sicannie Chief.

Finding my fancied exit impassable, I returned to camp, when, in a short time, I was joined by my companions.

"Well, what did you find, boys?"

"Oh, we got up; but——"

"Well, that will do; I did not. We will set to work on our cache at once."

So, selecting four trees standing in the form of a rectangular oblong, we cut them off about eight feet high, and

built a frame work on top, on which we piled everything we could not take, and then put the canoe on top upside down to keep off rain and snow, all was securely lashed together, and our cast-off clothing hung around to frighten away wild animals, should any come. Some dried meat, which we could not take away with us, was tied to the top of a tree which we bent down and then let go, thus raising it some twenty-five feet from the ground, and out of the reach of any large animal, as we thought, as none such could climb such a small tree. This was put some distance away from the cache to remove temptation as much as possible. All our bread, tea, sugar, salt, bacon, beans, and a necessary outfit of cooking utensils, were then gathered and weighed with a small spring balance which I had. For instruments, I took along a six-inch reflecting circle, a mercurial false horizon, my small camera, charged with a dozen plates, and a telescope. My rifle was selected to take with us, as it was light, and the ammunition for it was not very heavy. I started with 87 rounds I also carried a pocket Smith and Wesson 38 calibre revolver, for which I had 50 or 60 shot cartridges that would knock a partridge over at ten paces. When this, an axe, a change of undercloth-ing, and our neces-ary bedding was weighed, we found we had nearly 80 pounds apiece. This was all we believed we could get along with, and so were compelled to leave many things we fain would have brought along. Among other things I had to leave were 84 exposed photographic plates, including views of scenery along the whole way.

I also had to leave all my rock specimens and curiosities. my double-barrelled shot gun, my transit, and many other things of value and interest. My intention was to get Indians at St. John, and send them back at once with my two men for this stuff, but more of that in another place.

In the morning the stuff was so divided that each had, as nearly as possible, the same weight, and we bade adieu to our good canoe, which had borne us safely from Athabasca Landing to Simpson, 1,066 miles down stream, and from Simpson to here, 551 up stream—in all 1,617 miles. We had expected to make 2,200 miles in it. Unused to carrying heavy loads more than a few yards at a time, we found our loads fatiguing at first, more so as we had to climb up 1,200 feet in less than three quarters of a mile.

It took us four hours to reach the edge of the valley, where we yet had 200 feet to ascend to reach the level of the plateau. When about half-way up I very nearly had my foot cut off or badly broken. As it was out of the question to clamber up the side of the slope with our packs on our backs, it being thickly wooded and brushy, we had to follow up the bed of the creek, which had worn for itself, in the soft sandstone, many a little basin into which it tumbled in tiny cascades. Into one of these, about seven feet deep, I got, and seeing a block of sandstone about twenty inches square and three feet long, and weighing about 1,300 pounds, projecting a few inches over the edge, I clambered up by the fissures in the sides and caught hold of it to help myself up, but the weight of myself and pack started it sliding on the smooth surface, and down it and I came together. Fortunately, in coming down I kept my hands on it, and pushed myself away from it, but as it was it fell on the smooth floor below, on the edge of two of its faces, only three inches from the toe of my left foot, rolled over and bruised the skin of my shin bone. Had it fallen on my foot, it would either have cut it off or bruised it so badly that it would have been as bad a case. You may be sure I was more careful after that about trusting my pack and myself to any loose rock for support.

At the top we had dinner, and con-

tinued southwards about two miles, through scrub spruce, and tamarack, and sinking every step up to the knees in moss. Beyond this was a ridge, covered with banksian pine, on top of which we camped. It was early yet, but we were tired, and abundance of good wood and good water convenient invited us to rest. From the top of this ridge we could see the river valley for miles each way. We now saw that the valley, about two miles above where we left it, turned sharply to the west, and from our position, being in a line with its axis, we were looking directly up it.

With my telescope I could see that it was almost one continuous rapid as far as my glass would carry. All the Indians who knew anything of the matter told me the portage by which we would cross the Half-way River left Sicannie Chief River a short distance above a high falls on the latter. From here I could see no sign of any such falls as they described—about 200 feet high—and I could see at least ten miles. The falls were spoken of as being near the mountains, and we could see the mountains at least thirty miles away.

The evening was delightfully clear and calm, and the prospect grand. To describe it, and convey the impression it made, one would require the pen of a Scott. The deep, narrow valley of the river could be seen both up and down for many miles. The opposite side at many points presented the appearance of gigantic castles frowning grimly on the river below. The many rapids in the river roared till the noise —even at this distance of two miles— fell on the ear loudly. Away to the westward the towering snow-clad mountains, fringed with a golden aureola, gleamed white through a crystal medium which imparted to their whiteness a purple tinge inimitable by art. I have seen many paintings in which it was attempted to give this effect, but I never saw any succeed. In art the snow is colored, and the effect is unnatural; in nature the snow is white, and you are looking at it through this coloring. The effect is unspeakably beautiful, yet harmonious; in the picture the effect may be beautiful, but does not appear natural, at least not to me. The artist cannot be blamed, for how could he produce the natural effect, when the color is all laid on the same surface.

The morning of the 8th of October was as beautifully calm, clear and serene, as the preceding evening had been; and the scene, while not producing the same effect (in the evening the sun shone behind the mountains; in the morning in front of them) was, if possible, more beautiful. The mountains looked like silver castings set in perfect crystal. Scientists tell us there must be an all-pervading ether in space to produce the phenomenon of light. It would not be difficult for one to persuade himself that he was living in it on this morning, for every detail of scenery was as sharply outlined as if vapor, dust and smoke were things of another world. The effect reminded one of looking at beautiful images set in matchless crystal, only infinitely grander.

Soon after breakfast I put my pack on my back and started alone, leaving the other two to clear up the breakfast things and follow. I had not gone more than a fourth of a mile when I heard something crashing in the woods ahead. I stopped, listened, and knew from the noises it made that it was a grizzly bear, and soon found that it was coming towards me. Now, though I had often wished to, I never saw a grizzly on its native heath, so to speak. At last here he was; was I to kill it? I must say, without any vaporing, I had no other thought. What a magnificent test for my new rifle! Perhaps the reader may not believe it, but I felt an exultation I cannot describe—as though the acme of all my hopes had at last been attained. I never thought of what the result might be to myself. Had I done so, I would probably have

sought at once the company of my fellow travellers.

I filled my magazine with cartridges —eight—and put one in the barrel, and awaited his or her bearship. The scrub timber was so thick that I could not see in it more than ten or twelve paces, but just where I was there was a small windfall, about twenty yards long by ten wide. I was at one end, and the bear seemed to be heading for the other; thus my first view of it would not have been at more than twenty-five or thirty yards. So it must be death to the bear at once, or myself torn to pieces in a very short time, for it is hardly necessary to say that very few animals are more ferocious when angered, more powerful, or more tenacious of life. It was approaching the opening. Thirty yards, —twenty-five,—twenty! I raised my rifle, ready at the first glimpse. Fifteen,—ten,—and no sight yet! All this time I could hear Gladman and the Professor approaching, and they were now not more than a hundred yards away. The bear did not hear them coming, he was making such a noise himself. Wishing to know where I was, for they could see no distance, the Professor lifted up his voice and delivered astentorian "halloa." Confusion —the bear stopped. I whistled as a signal to keep quiet, but they did not hear it, and both together delivered a halloa that would almost startle the dead. I replied, and called to them to keep quiet. They did so, but kept coming on. On coming up I explained the position, and pointed out where I thought the bear was, when it again started, but changed its course, and passed beyond the opening a few yards, too far to catch the least glimpse of it, though we could see the small tree tops sway as it pushed them aside in its passage. This was the nearest I have ever been to a grizzly at large. Upon reflection I saw that the animal had taken the wisest course, both for itself and us, for even had I killed it, I could have made no possible use of it, loaded as we were, and it would have been a simple case of slaughter for slaughter's sake.

All this day we travelled in a south-easterly direction through very close scrubby timber, which made our progress so slow that at sunset we had not made more than seven miles. The last two or three miles of the distance was through a brulé. The limbs had been burned to fine points, which caught in our clothing and packs, and tore them, and provoked us so that we almost swore. I hope the reader will give us due credit for not swearing, when he thinks of the provocation we had. We camped in a small opening, near a little stream. In this opening there was much herbage and grass, and they did not shew signs of any severe frost yet. The most of the soil seen to-day was light and sandy, and the timber attested it. I am afraid that at least part of the country is not valuable for agriculture. The altitude, about 2,500 feet, too, is against it. On the following day, the 9th of October, the surroundings were about the same during the first half of the day, after which there was a marked improvement in the soil and timber. The surface, too, became more undulating, rising into great billowy ridges, from the top of which we had some magnificent views. Observation this evening shewed us we were in latitude 57° 23′, and as the point of our departure from the cañon was in latitude 57° 31′ 30″, and 122° 46′ west longitude, we were only about ten miles south of that point, but about sixteen east of it; thus we had made less than nineteen miles in an air line (at least twenty-five miles distant by the way we had had to travel), in three days. The distance from our starting point to St. John is one hundred and seventeen miles, as the crow flies. At this rate, it would take us nineteen days to make the journey, and we had provisions for only twelve. But our loads were getting lighter every day, and we looked forward to

better travelling. On the evening of the fourth day it snowed a little, and our spirits went down below zero, for deep snow meant to us, beyond doubt, starvation, unless we could get game. The sky soon cleared again, however, and the following morning the snow melted away. Early in the morning we ran onto an Indian trail, well tracked, and cut out for horses. Our spirits rose to summer heat, and we started out on it as fresh as if we had just commenced our journey. We indulged in all sorts of fancies. Would we run across the Indians, and secure the services of their ponies to pack for us? Would we be able to get some food from them? If not, would we find this trail all the way to St. John? It was going in that direction; the Indians who made it must trade there, and the tracks on it were quite recent.

About three miles after we found it, it ran into a piece of prairie, across which we could not find any trace of it, nor, search as we might, could we find where it made its exit. I was averse to spending too much time looking for it, so, with our hopes considerably dashed, we again took across country. One hope remained to us; we were now in the country frequented by St. John Indians, and might chance to meet some of them any day, which meant a good deal as we were situated.

That evening we ran onto the same trail, or another one going in our direction. This one was much older, and had not been travelled on lately. It was a great assistance to us, for it had been cut out for horse packs, and it allowed us to walk along without hindrance from the brushwood. That evening we came to a shallow, swift river, one hundred yards wide, which we forded, and camped on the south side. I afterwards found that this was "Pine River of the North," which joins Peace River about twenty-five miles below St. John, and that all the streams we had crossed since leaving Sicannie Chief River flowed into it. This showed that the water shed was only a few miles from the latter river. Just above where we crossed, it bifurcated. Both branches were of nearly equal size, and sixty or seventy yards wide.

The valley is about two hundred feet deep, and there are many sandstone cliffs exposed, very similar in appearance to those seen along the Sicannie Chief and Peace Rivers. On two of the creeks we had crossed, I saw exposures of the same rock. In one of the cliffs, where we crossed the main stream, I found a seam of lignite coal, six inches thick. I could not find any trace of fossils. My observations this evening showed us to be in latitude 57° 14′, only about twenty miles south of our cache yet, but we had made about twenty-six east. We were thus less than thirty-three from our cache, and had made only a little more than one-fourth of the total distance to St. John in five days, a rate which would bring us to our destination in nineteen days, though we had started with provisions for only twelve days. On the morning of the sixth day, we found, after a short search, where the trail left the valley. Of all places, it was the least likely, in appearance, being the face of a steep slope. Once out of the valley, it took a north-easterly of direction, away from our home point; but as the bush was very thick, with much windfall, we were fain to follow it. It kept in this direction for about four miles, and I was on the point of leaving it, when it suddenly turned in the right direction. Hurrah!

About eleven o'clock we ran into a morass, whence, search as we might, we could find no trace of it. I had the Professor prepare dinner, while Gladman and I searched, but without success. We resumed our march, travelling all afternoon through a tangled windfall and brule, and near sundown came out in a prairie, and, marvellous to relate, here was the trail again. But just how it got there, we could not make out, for it began where we

first saw it, but back of that we could find no trace of it.

This prairie fringed a large creek for several miles, and we went down it, finding a well-beaten track in the rich prairie grass, and the sites of numerous Indian encampments, which had been recently abandoned. Would we come on the Indians this evening, to-morrow, next day, or not at all?

We saw many prairie chickens, but without any gain to our larder, for they were wild as deers, and the nearest I could get to any was about two hundred yards. We required some of them badly, for, sparing as we tried to be, and though we generally rose hungry from table, our provisions were disappearing in an unpleasantly rapid manner.

At the start I could have killed scores of partridges, but as we could not very well carry them, I killed only a few in the evening for supper and breakfast. But now, when we could and would carry them, we could get nothing. Tracks of moose and deer were abundant, but we never caught sight of any, even on the prairies, where we could see for long distances.

At supper we ate sparingly and retired early, intending to make a long tramp on the morrow, for we now expected to have the trail all the way into St. John, it was so well marked, and there were so many signs of recent travel on it. Early in the morning we resumed our journey, but did not go half a mile when the track again disappeared, and we had to continue without it. The course of the creek soon changed too much to the east, so I struck across it to the south, and early in the afternoon ran across the trail in an open pine and spruce wood. In the evening we came out on another prairie and creek, along which we followed until the trail again disappeared. This hide and seek conduct was getting monotonous, and I determined for the future to follow it when it went in our direction, and to lose no time in looking for it. We continued down the creek, but found, in a few miles, that the prairie ended in a tangled, burned slush which was impassable for us, and the creek valley narrowed to an impassable gorge.

Here we camped. An observation early in the evening made our latitude 57° 03′. We were so sparing with our bread that the principal article of our food was now dried meat. This is nearly the color of, about as palatable, and nearly as durable as, India rubber. It was nicknamed by some of the traders in the north, "leather," and well the title befits it. The expression, "Take a slab of leather and go to your work," has often been heard in the land. The only way we could cook it and retain any of its substance was to boil it, but as it took several days to boil it soft, we could not much alter its toughness with the few hours—generally all night—we could afford in boiling it. To make it taste like anything one could eat, large quantities of salt had to be put in the water, but our stock of salt was small at the start, and we could not afford this, so had to eat it in its native purity.

The effect of several days' diet of this kind on me was to render it imparative that I should take some pills.

Soon after dark it clouded up, and rain began to fall, clearing with sleet. As we had no tent nor shelter from this, our beds soon became unpleasantly moist.

In the morning we arose unrefreshed by our rest, as we did not sleep very soundly. I was sick, for the pills had failed to act as I desired. The sleet was falling, rendering it extremely disagreeable to move through the grass or in the woods. The Professor went off after breakfast and found some marks an Indian had made in the woods, and we started. Now, I was seriously indisposed, to put it mildly; had I been at home, I would have been seriously sick, but indisposition does not count in such emergencies, and I had to shoulder my pack and march. But I had not gone more than three

or four miles through the woods when the trees were laden with sleet, until my clothing was saturated with snow-cold water, and I was absolutely—sick as I was—unable to proceed any farther. We selected some dry trees, made a big fire, and all dried our clothes, or what now did duty for them, by standing as close to the blaze as we could without blistering our skin. For dinner we had each a small piece of bread and a patch of "leather." In the evening the snow was fairly well fallen off the trees, and we made a few miles more. The next morning was unfavorable, being cold, with a nasty raw wind, and there was a little snow under foot, which soon melted and made disagreeable walking.

Two hours in a south-westerly direction brought us to an old trail deeply trodden into the earth, and running in the direction in which we wished to go, and we followed it. It must have taken years and years of travel to wear this down as it was. At first sight I thought it was a buffalo trail, it so much resembled those I had seen made by that animal on the prairie, and, as I saw an old buffalo skull and horns lying beside it, I am not sure but that buffaloes may have had something to do with its creation. This trail ran parallel with a large creek, bordered by many extensive acres of good prairie land, covered with rich grasses and herbage. In this were many prairie chickens, but out of them all I got only one—one which was sitting on top of a tree upwards of a hundred yards away, and probably thought it was safe. We kept this trail for two and a half days, when it crossed the creek or river to the west side, and took to the woods again. The creek soon turned sharply to the east, and the valley was now very deep and contracted, and its bottom and sides became a jungle of large trees and underbrush. The trail soon resumed its old habit of vanishing, but we had no time to look for it, so we kept on in the right direction; in time we would stumble across it, or another like it, in the most astonishing manner.

The evening of the tenth day, after a hygienic supper, we weighed our remaining provisions, and found we had six pounds of bread, *sans* tea, *sans* sugar, *sans* "leather," *sans* everything, and as our latitude was 56° 46′ 45″, we were still by estimate thirty-five or forty miles north of our destination, but what the actual distance was none of us knew.

That night we were encamped in a fine forest of spruce and banksian pine. Now, one peculiarity of many of the northern spruces is, that great quantities of moss develop on the limbs. This, on many of the older and larger trees, gives them a very venerable appearance, as it hangs in long, hairy-like branches from every limb. This moss is exceedingly inflammable and burns with a bright light and fierce heat.

Many trees, literally hidden in this moss, were around us, and it occurred to me that I would fire some of them and see if we could not signal any Indians who might be near, to come to us. I did, but beyond enjoying the grandeur of the tall column of flame shooting skyward many yards above the tops of the trees, and making the forest around us take on a weird aspect in the unnatural illumination, we benefited not.

I made the cook divide our stock of bread into four equal portions by weight, and assigned each portion to a day. All in addition we got by hunting, consisted of seven partridges, two squirrels and two muskrats.

A laughable incident occurred while the squirrels were being prepared for cooking. Gladman was carefully skining one, fearing to lose a particle of meat. The Professor picked up the other by the end of the tail, and laughingly remarked, "Well; she aint a very hearty meal, no how." Just as he said this, the tail gave way and the body fell into a kettle of boiling water, and before it could be got out,

it was scalded so that the hair all came out easily. Happy accident! in this way we had the squirrel cleaned, and we saved the skin for food. This one gave us twice as much food as the other, and anything tasted well in those days.

If our provisions were reduced to a minimum, so were our loads, which were now about fifty pounds apiece, and though we were down to fighting weight, but not conditions, we were now accustomed to carrying and did not feel so badly as we did during some of the days at the start. We found ourselves weak in the legs, when making our way through windfalls, or attempting to rise from a sitting posture, but otherwise we did not suffer noticeably.

Subsisting on homœopathic meals, we arrived at St. John in the early evening of the 21st of October. We ate our last crumbs of bread at dinner, and along with it we had a boiled muskrat, which I shot in the morning.

During the last three or four days, we passed through much better country than previously. The timber was larger and more open, and the herbage richer. About half of the time we had a trail to walk on; but at several points we had much rank grass to make way through, and the march was excessively fatiguing.

At noon of the last day we ran onto a broad, well-marked, recently travelled trail, which rejoiced us; but you could not fancy our disappointment when we saw the valley of "Pine River of the South," some twenty miles ahead, and fancied it the valley of the Peace, which at the time was only about one mile away, though we could not see it.

The last two miles we travelled over north of the Peace, was fine prairie land with a rich, black loam soil equal to anything I have ever seen. Now this prairie, instead of falling towards the Peace, rose towards it, being drained by a creek some five miles north of the river. In this way the valley of the Peace is hidden until you are on the edge of it; and the descent to it is as abrupt and well defined as a flight of stairs.

I was a few hundred yards in advance here, and in no very pleasant humor, for I looked on the Peace as being another day's march distant, when I saw a break in the prairie ahead. I quickened my walk, and a few hundred yards further on there opened on my sight the magnificent river rolling nearly a thousand feet below me. A few steps more, and I saw the buildings of St. John, a mile away, but apparently only a stone's throw.

"Hurrah!" Up went my hat into the air.

"What's that?"

"St. John."

"No!"

"Yes?"

"Thank God! We'll have our supper."

Very few times have I been affected as I was then. Here we were at our journey's end, after fifteen days' wandering through a tangled wilderness, aiming for a point none of us had ever seen, nor been near; whose position on the maps showing it, might be correct or might be many miles astray. What mysterious intelligence guided and decided us to take the path we did, for we afterwards found that we could have followed a trail that would have brought us out twenty-five miles below St. John, in which case we would have been a hundred miles above Dunvegan, to which we would have to go on a raft, involving three or four more days without food! But by following many paths, and losing or leaving them, here we were *at home*; my mission successfully accomplished; my instructions carried out; and no mar to my pleasant reflections, as we sat on the top of the lofty bank and surveyed with pleasure, quickened by the certainty of creature comforts, the marvellously beautiful scene before us —the mighty river rolling placidly on its way, more than two thousand miles,

to the ice-bound ocean which has baffled man for centuries, in a valley deep and wide enough to carry the mind back to a period when Time was young.

The smoke from the many Indian lodges, and the trading houses, calmly curling cloudward, the tinkling of many bells borne by the cattle and horses around the post,--what a change in our position! Verily life has some moments of joy and peace.

After silently gazing at this scene —even the Professor forgot for the time the glacial period—we descended to the post. Had we suddenly dropped from the clouds we could not have more surprised the Indians than we did. They were all in for their fall trade, preparatory to their winter hunt. Where had we come from?—for our clothing bore testimony to a long journey. How did we get here? They followed us in a body,—man, woman and child,—to the door of the clerk's residence.

Gladman and the Professor remained out of sight, while I summoned entrance by rapping at the door. Now, I had been acquainted with Mr. Gunn, the clerk in charge, for several years, and expected a Hudson's Bay Company welcome—which was all I desired—from him. But, lo! a white woman came to the door. I did not know that he had been married the previous summer to a braw Scotch lassie, who had braved an ocean voyage, and crossed a continent, to join him here. Call me rude if you will, but I felt like flinging my arms around that kindly-faced woman, and kissing her there and then. I did not, but if the will goes for the deed, I owe my friend Gunn an apology. Her face might have been copied for an interrogation mark as she gazed at me. I asked for Mr. Gunn. He was very sick in bed. I was sorry, but could I see him? Then,

"Oh, you are Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Yes."

"Oh! come in! come in!"

"No, thank you, I would like to see Mr. Gunn first."

So my arrival was announced to him. I was ushered into his room, and found him unable, owing to quinsy, to speak. After a cordial greeting by hand, I told him our condition, which in my own case he could see; but the others, especially the Professor, were much worse. I don't think a company of Highlanders would have tolerated his costume. His only excuse for a pair of nether garments was the ragged, frayed remnants of a cotton sack, in which we had put our bread at the start.

The keys of the store-house were handed to me. I got the others, entered it, locked the door, and we proceeded to make ourselves as respectable as the wares on hand would permit. After this, and a good wash, we were at home with Mr and Mrs. Gunn.

(To be continued.)

GABLE ENDS.

CORALINDA.

A SUMMER IDYL.

In imitation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"

At "the meeting of the waters,"
Where the Maitland, slowly gliding,
Meets the passionate embraces
Of Lake Huron, as he hurries
To the trysting place, with gladness
Leaping in his wayward bosom,—
On the shore stood Coralinda,
She, who early learned the uses
Of the rowlock and the paddle.
By her side a nymph of beauty;
Ne'er was seen a form so supple,
Ne'er was seen a face so lovely,
As the youthful maiden Birdie—
As the naiad of the river;
The delight of all the young men.

On the Maitland, Coralinda
Launched a light canoe, for rowing,
And exploring all the channels
And the islands of the river.
At the stern the lovely Birdie,
She, the beauty of the village,
Sat and listened to the murmur—
To the murmur of the river,
As it shyly wended onward
To the bosom of Lake Huron.
And the paddles dipping lightly
In the waters, Coralinda
Glided quickly up the river,
For the wind was in her favor,
And was stronger than the current.
And they laughed and chatted gaily,
As they floated up the river,
'Tween the island and the mainland;
Up the middle of the river,
Where the water was the deepest,
Far away from any shallow.

Then, a sudden cry of horror
From the Birdie, she the lovely—
She the beauty of the village,
The delight of all the young men:—
"Coralinda, we are drifting
On a fence that spans the river,"
But the rower, Coralinda,
Did not realize the danger;
Did not know it was of wire;
Did not know that three strong wires
Barbed, and fearful, spanned the river;
Till the boat was borne upon them.
Then she pulled with all her power,
But the wind it was against her,
And exhaustion fell upon her;
While the boat half filled with water,
As she struggled with the wire—
Struggled with the barbèd wire!
One strand under-caught the boat's keel,
Half o'er-turned it in the water,
While the topmost tore the bonnet
From her crown of midnight tresses,
Loosed her tresses from the arrow
That confined their wealth of darkness,
And they streamed upon the wild wind
As she struggled with the wire,
Caught and held her in the water,
As she struggled with the wire—
Caught and tangled in the wire—
Tangled in the barbèd wire;
Barbèd wire that spanned the river,
Where the water was the deepest.

Little time was there for thinking!
Yet her soul was rent within her
When she thought upon the Birdie,
She, the young, the fair, the lovely,
Only daughter of her mother—
Daughter of a widowed mother,—
Lying dead beneath the water—
Cold, and dead beneath the river:
And 'twas she who lured her on it—
Lured her on to her destruction!

Rendered frantic by this thinking,
Still more fierce became her struggles
To escape the snare that held her.
Oh! the horror of the wire;
How it tore her garments from her,
From the wrist unto the shoulder;
And the flesh was torn and bleeding;
And the blood dropped from her fingers—
Dropped and mingled with the waters—
Dropped and trickled from her fingers,
Where the barbs in twenty places
Pierced the hands that grasped the wire.

Then the lovely maiden Birdie,
Spoke in accents calm and saintly,

"We must pull upon the wire—
Till we draw ourselves in shoreward,
'Tis our only hope of safety."
And they drew them by the wire,
Hand o'er hand upon the wire,
While the barbs still pierced their fingers,
Till they gained the shore in safety.

Thus was saved the life of Birdie,
She, the beauty of the village,
The delight of all the people!
And the restless Coralinda,
She, who wandered by the water,
For the soothing of its murmur.
Never more upon the Maitland
Will her skiff be found at morning,
Or at even, when the sunset,
Burns upon the lake and river;
For the horror of the wire—
Oh! the horror of the wire,
That fell snare upon the river,
It will haunt her days forever.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

CLINTON, Ont.

BOOK NOTICES.

Rational Memory Training. By B. F. Austin, A.M., B.D. *The Journal* Publishers, St. Thomas.

This valuable contribution to educational literature is written by the Principal of Alma College. The chief aim of the author is to show the fallacy of attempting to train memory by any of the so called special systems of mnemonics, and to present a clear method for the natural development of this great power based on true physical and psychical conditions. The book is an admirable classification and analysis of the views of Bain, Ribot, Carpenter, Wundt, Spencer, Delbœuf, Maudsley, Hamilton, Liebnitz and others. The physiological basis of memory is accepted, and Ribot's definition, "a rich and well stored memory is not a collection of impressions, but an assemblage of dynamic associations, very stable and very readily called forth," is taken as correct. On this basis the author proceeds to explain the laws which govern memory, and to state processes for strengthening it. This he does logically and definitely, but in very simple language. One of the most natural but not commonly practised suggestions is that the most defective part of memory needs most practice. The statistical results of experiments made in Germany, England, and the United States, are interwoven so artistically as to be really interesting, and many facts and illustrations enrich the theoretical statements. The author forcibly presents the ethical view of memory, and shows the moral obligation resting on each individual of having a good memory. He shows clearly the bad effects of the school processes that attempt to cram the memory with undigested matter, and with lessons in which the children are not deeply and naturally interested. The relative permanence of ideas received by sight and sound is discussed, and simple instructions are given for the guidance of teachers in testing their pupils. The closing chapter contains practical suggestions, and a few mnemonic rules are given, which may, in the opinion of the author, be used with profit.

The book is worthy of a more enduring form than that in which the first edition has been issued.—J. L. H.

The Medical Profession in Upper Canada, 1783-1850. An historical narrative, with original documents relating to the profession, including some brief biographies, by Wm. Canniff, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., author of "The Principles of Surgery," "Settlement of Upper Canada." Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs, 1894.

The work before us is a handsome volume of nearly 700 pp. The first part deals with the Pioneer Medical men, the second part with the Upper Canada Medical Board, and the third part with biographical sketches of early physicians of the Province.

Under these several headings a vast amount of information has been collected. After a careful perusal of this volume, the conclusion is forced upon the reader that the medical men of this Province have taken a very active part in its settlement and in the moulding of its policy.

Name after name of those who took a foremost part in social and political reforms is found to belong to the medical profession. In the war of 1812, in the rebellion of 1837, in the founding of Upper Canada, in the Union, in the establishment of educational institutions, etc., the names of medical men figure prominently.

It would be quite impossible to give an epitome of this work in a short review. The subject matter is greatly condensed. We think every physician should have a copy of this work. Indeed, every one who takes an interest in the history of this Province should read carefully the excellent matter which the author has gathered together. The style is easy and natural, and the numerous anecdotes are well told. The illustrations are many and good; but we miss one man that certainly should have a place—Joseph Workman. When we saw the faces of Richardson, Hodder, Wright, Widmer, etc., there was a feeling of disappointment that Workman's was absent.

The make up of the book is excellent. It is equal in all respects to the work done by the oldest and best known publishing houses. We heartily commend the work to medical men, and lovers of Canadian history. J. F.



A YOUNG GIRL OF GRANADA. *(From Painting by Albert Aublet.)*

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. AUGUST, 1894. No. 4.

THE MISSING LINK IN THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, OR DERIVATIVE CREATION.

BY HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.

I DO not know that I have done wisely in venturing to discuss a subject which lies within the domain of physical science, to a special knowledge of which I make no claim. It is a subject, however, upon which I, like other unscientific readers, have formed opinions not at all in accord with those confidently put forward by men who may be regarded as best qualified to speak authoritatively. The views of Darwin, of Huxley, and of Wallace, are well known. Mr. Mivart, in a large measure, agrees with them. Perhaps of the eminent scientific men of our day, Professor Owen is almost the only one who has not been drawn into the current, and who has not cut himself adrift from the theory of design, and the doctrine of direct creation, and to my mind, he is the most convincing of the writers I have named.

The subject of the origin of life is, to many, a subject of very great interest; to others it possesses no interest at all There are very many intelligent people who are astonished that scientific men adhere to the hypothesis that man has descended in point of time, and ascended in point of structure and intelligence, from some inferior form of organic life. They cannot help thinking that holding to such an opinion is an evidence of intellectual weakness or of moral perversion. They regard it as an indication of a desire on the part of scientists to place themselves in antagonism to the Christian religion.

I will not say that this opinion is wholly without foundation. Conclusions are sometimes drawn from imperfect data; but I may observe that the theories of evolution and of natural selection, as explanations of the genesis of species, are not so obviously untenable as to justify their immediate rejection. On the contrary, they are very specious; so much so, that to most students of modern science, they appear like truisms.

It is my purpose in this article to bring under the attention of my readers some of the phenomena of life and its environments upon which the doctrine of evolution rests. I purpose also to state why, I think, the conclusions drawn are not warranted by the facts. I shall endeavor to point out many facts which evolution cannot explain. It is safe to say, that any scientific hypothesis, which can satisfactorily account for the facts, which observation brings under our

attention, may be fairly accepted by scientific men; but where large classes of facts are wholly at variance with an hypothesis, it would be a departure from scientific methods to adopt such an hypothesis.

I may also say that there are many missing links which evolution has not discovered; which we know do not exist; which an exact science would lead us to expect, in order to bridge over the immense chasm, which divides the human race, from all the animal kingdom below them. I do not propose to search for hypogriphs and calibans; I propose rather to consider certain scientific hypotheses, which, in the minds of the unscientific followers of scientific men, are regarded as conclusively establishing the proposition that life is a property of matter, from its lowest to its highest form, and does not much differ from the phenomenon of crystalization in the mineral kingdom. Inferences have been drawn from the doctrine of evolution, which eliminate the soul from man, and the Creator from the universe.

I am not going to discuss, at this moment, the question whether or not the creation of the organic world is direct or derivative. The question of a Creator or no Creator, is not involved in the question as to the method of Divine operation; nor can we decide *a priori* how the work of creation is, or has been, carried on. The method of creation is a question which science may or may not solve, but which so far, from my point of view, it has not solved—at all events, I do not see that its deductions, as presented in evolution, are at all conclusive in favor of the theory of derivative creation.

All science consists of two elements, facts and inferences—observation and reasoning on the facts observed.

The tendency, of late, has been to extend the domain of science into regions which lie wholly beyond its own domain. But such regions science cannot expect to hold. They must be surrendered whenever its right of dominion is, in such regions, fairly contested.

Some people see in the material world about them, and in the phenomena which it presents, a sufficient cause for all that is. They observe a certain uniformity in the operations of nature, in modes of existence, and in the sequences which they denominate, laws of nature, and they think a personal Creator unnecessary. To them, a belief in uniformity is exclusive of a belief in a Creator. There are others who admit that a Creator is necessary, at the beginning of things, to establish certain laws for the regulation of matter in time and space; to endow it with certain properties, amongst which are organic life, growth, and appetency, and this being done, He has no need to give to his work, either supervision or care; and that, for all purposes of science, He has practically withdrawn himself from the universe.

Let me say that science knows nothing of the eternity of matter, or of the eternity of natural laws. Let me suppose for a moment,—it is possible in supposition, and is not at all an improbable hypothesis,—that the material of our globe was, at one time, diffused throughout space; that it possessed, as it now possesses, the property of attraction; the whole mass would, of course, move to a common centre. But in conception, we may go back to a time when matter came into existence, for we cannot conceive of its existing from eternity in a nebulous state. It is impossible to conceive, along with the notion of eternal existence, a time when the material of our globe began to consolidate, and to pass through these various revolutions which geology discloses. When we examine the crusts of the earth, we find written upon stratum after stratum, in indelible characters, the beginning, the duration, and the end of successive ages, each of

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which carries us back farther, and still farther in time, until we reach a beginning,—no matter whether those epochs were long or short, we get in duration to a point beyond them. If you assume that matter has always existed, it is impossible to explain how it is, that these geological changes which the earth exhibits, did not take place infinite ages earlier; how it is, that all the changes which it may yet undergo, had not already occurred, far back in the illimitable past. There is but one other thing possible in conception, and it is this: that through long enduring cycles of time, the universe was formed into order, from chaos, reached its maturity, was dissolved into chaos, and again reformed. directed by no intelligence, designed for the accomplishment of no purpose. This is no doubt possible in conception, but I hope to be able to show, that the world exhibits so many instances of adaptation and coadaptation, as to make it clear that such a view, is wholly at variance with facts.

Everything in the world about us points back to a beginning. We have at present many forms of life which are comparatively modern, and which the earth, at one time, could not have sustained. There are many extinct forms for which the present condition of the world is not fitted. We can mark these changes, we can trace them back step by step, until we reach a period, when, upon our globe, no form of life could exist. Then it was in a state of chaos,—when the waters covered it, when the atmosphere was loaded with vapours, and darkness rested upon the face of the deep. How came life here? How have the successive forms of life originated? You are aware that some scientific men have maintained that life itself is a property of matter. These men have propounded the theory of spontaneous generation. The scientific world have before them an account of the numerous experiments of Cross, Pasteur, Tyndal, and others, upon this subject. These experiments have borne testimony against the theory of spontaneous generation, and there are few scientific men of our day who hold to the doctrine. Mr. Huxley admits that those who hold to biogenesis have been victorious all along the line. But scientific men are disposed to carry back the work of indirect creation to the protoplasm. They hold that all the variations which we see in the animal and vegetable kingdom have been derived from one or two primordial forms. They maintain that all others have been evolved from these. According to this view, the work of direct creation ended with a protoplasm; that at this point derivative creation began, and that each successive type has been evolved from that which stands next below it. We have, say they, many forces operating to produce evolution amongst them, the survival of the fittest, and the influence of natural selection.

The doctrine of evolution did not spring up suddenly. We have had several theories as to the derivation of species, put forward at different times. A work was published nearly half a century ago, entitled "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." In this work, the writer pointed out that life, in the most highly organized animals, always began at the lowest point in the animal kingdom; and he inferred that this was the primitive form of all life; that by a law of nature, development at long intervals, passed by sudden strides into a higher species,—into one having a more complete organism, and a higher degree of intelligence, until animal life finally assumed the human form. This work was attributed to Mr. Robert Chambers. It produced a very great sensation at the time, and before it had wholly fallen into neglect, another theory of derivative creation was put forward by Mr. Charles Darwin. Perhaps I ought not to say creation, because Mr. Darwin does not know whether there is a Creator or not. He maintains, however,

the derivation of species. He holds that variations in the forms of life have been produced by environing influences, operating for thousands of years, causing slow and imperceptible departures from the original type. According to this view the physical forces which operate upon successive generations, through long periods of time, must produce numerous divergences which become grouped into sub-kingdoms, and life in one case becomes a molusc, in another a reptile, in another a bird, and in another a mammal.

There can be no doubt that important modifications are made, both in plants and in animals, by climatic changes. The character of a plant may be greatly modified by the soil from which it grows, by moisture, temperature and light; and important modifications are produced in animals by the variation of the food upon which they subsist. The plumage of birds changes its color with changes in its food; and the gizzard has, it is argued, been sometimes changed to a stomach, by the substitution of animal for vegetable food; but these variations are confined within certain limitations, which I shall discuss later on.

We may suppose a low section of country near the sea-coast, upon which certain plants grow luxuriantly. Should such a coast be suddenly elevated to a considerable height, these plants would probably perish. But if, instead of this, the elevation of the land, or the subsidence of the sea went on very slowly, like the shores of the Baltic, where the elevation does not exceed two feet in a century, the plants might become acclimated to the changes to which they would be subjected. They would have a colder atmosphere, with less moisture; and the vegetation would undergo certain modifications, to adjust itself to its altered environments. There can be no doubt that the flora of the country, after it became elevated far above the sea, would be quite different from the same flora at a lower level, with a higher temperature, and a greater amount of humidity in the atmosphere. A new variety of plants would be produced; but I am not ready to admit that a new species would be called into existence by these altered conditions.

There is, too, what Lamarck calls "appetency"—the result of individual effort and desire continuing through many generations to adapt the creature more perfectly to all its surrounding circumstances. According to the doctrine of appetancy, a hog striving to reach with its snout the overhanging branches of any tree or shrub from which it might be obtaining food, would by its efforts impart to its offspring a tendency to an elongation of the nose, which would modify the appearance of the animal more and more, through successive generations, until some of the swine species would be changed into tapirs and others into elephants. These derived species would be carried still further from the original type, from the universal tendency to over production and the survival of the fittest.

Let me call attention briefly to the rapidity with which the limits of sustenance are reached, and the struggle for existence must begin. I will take a pair of birds to illustrate this fact. "Let me suppose," says one writer, "that a pair of birds hatch four young ones in a year, and that they do this for four years, and that each young pair, at the end of the first year, multiply in the same proportion, and for the same time, this would be a very moderate rate of increase, and yet at the end of fifteen years, there would be two thousand millions of birds." Were there no restraint, the world would, in an incredibly short period, be overrun with every species of creature found in the animal kingdom. But the process of destruction is constantly going forward, and one species of animals is sustained by

subsisting upon some other species of animals. Starvation and disease take away the less fit. The stronger and more vigorous escape extermination. The fittest survive, and may survive, in such a way, and by such means as produce important modifications in the species. The hog that is evolved into a tapir, when the means of subsistence becomes scarce, first devours the appropriate kind of food that is within easy reach; but when this is gone, it is obliged to reach higher and higher, until the means of subsistence is no longer accessible to the smaller animals. These, then, perish from starvation, leaving those that are the largest, and possessed of the longest probosces, as the only survivors and propagators of a race after their own type.

Mr. Darwin instances the appearance of the birds, reptiles, and plants which he observed on the Gallipagos Islands, as illustrations of his theory. He mentions the fact that these islands are five hundred miles away from the coast of South America; that the vegetation, the birds, and the reptiles, all resemble those on the main land, yet they are, in many respects, quite different from them. Besides the modifications produced by the vicissitudes which I have mentioned, Mr. Darwin also mentions the variation by election, among animals which mate.

The microscope and the scalpel show that there are several primitive types of animated creation, the radiata, molusca, articulata, and vertebrata. It would be very difficult, indeed, to show that these different forms of life could be transmuted from one sub-kingdom into another.

There are certain archetypes, or Divine forms, if I may be allowed the expression, around which the various species of animals found in the world, group themselves.

In looking at the animal kingdom you find the external forms and internal structures of several species bear a very close resemblance to each other. Sometimes there is great resemblance in the osseous system, where the external resemblance is but very slight. The skeleton of the horse, the seal, and the rhinoceros are much the same, but the external appearance of these animals is very unlike the one to the other. I do not think that it at all follows, from similarity of structure, that these different species have had a common ancestry. The principles of biology, and the relation of the earth itself to the animal kingdom, may have rendered these resemblances necessary. They may be the result of vital forces that science has not yet taken into account. They may indicate unity of plan in creation, from which no departure is made without a specific necessity. They may indicate one Creator rather than one ancestry.

It was a subject of dispute by the nominalists and realists, whether there was any general thing, apart from a particular species. The realists said there is no such thing as a tree, apart from a species. They said you cannot speak of a rock without its being of some particular kind of a rock. Now, I am not going to argue here either side of this old dispute; but with regard to the animal kingdom, there are whole groups of animals, each species of which is a modification of some archetype, which may not, at any time, have had a living representative. I might take the whole class of felines as one instance, the anthropoids as another, and the pachydermatous animals as a third group. Each of these groups has its archetype, but it does not follow that this archetype is a common ancestor, or that it ever had a real existence.

There are no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand species of animals in the world, but they have all been created after four distinct types, and, within each of these types, or sub-kingdoms, there is a very considerable range of variation. The crab or lobster begins life at the bottom of

its sub-kingdom, in the form of a worm, and it passes through each succeeding stage, until it reaches the form of a perfect animal.

The heart of the highest type of animals is, at the dawn of life, but a single tube. As it progresses in its embryological growth, it consists of two parts, like that of the fish; then of three divisions, like that of the reptile; then of four divisions, like others of its own species. Each specie comes up through the various forms of structural growth which preceded within its own sub-kingdom. Many of those abortive physiological features and organs, which are referred to by evolutionists as proofs of development from lower forms of animal life, are nothing more than the no longer required aids to transformation, during the period of embryological growth, which embryology alone, can satisfactorily explain. The nervous organism of the child is successively that of the fish, reptile, bird, squirrel, deer, dog, ape, and up to the perfect organism of man. While the nervous organism corresponds to that of one of the lower types of animal life, the tendency is to develop corresponding organs, even though wholly unnecessary when existence is perfected. The gill marks appear early, and are abandoned when a higher state of nervous complexity is reached. At a later period the false stomach is begun, and ceases to grow when a higher range of life is entered upon. This does not prove that the human race has been developed from these different forms of animal life, as perfected living creatures. It shows that life, under the creative energies of God, moves, so to speak, along certain lines. These lines are extremely few. In the same sub-kingdom they differ in length, but not in origin or direction. In one class, life moves only from *a* to *b*, in another it continues to *d*, in a third to *f*. There are certain environing influences which develop variations in structural growth—which introduce new forms at that point, where life rounds off and completes existence in those of a lower type.

The animals of North America differ from those of Europe in the same latitude. Those of South America differ from those of Africa. On the Eastern Continent, there is the European in the north-west, the Mongolian in the east, the Malay in the south-east, the African Negro south of the Mediterranean, and the Hottentot in the extreme south. On this continent, the same race peopled the country from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. If climate, food, and environing influences were the forces by which differences of race were originated, we would expect to find the differences on this continent quite as marked as in the old world. We would also expect to find everywhere the same race, where the external influences were alike.

It has been remarked that the Ourangs of Africa are black, and so are the people. The Ourangs of India are chocolate colored, and so, too, are the people. The Ourangs of Africa have long heads, and so have the Negroes. The Ourangs of farther India have short heads, and the heads of the Malays are also short but does it follow that the people of each country have sprung from the Anthropoids? In some parts of the Andes, where the people are living a long way above the level of the sea, and where the air is greatly rarified, they have unusually large thoraxes, and so too have their donkeys, not because the donkeys are the ancestors of the people, but because they are both subject to the same physical influences.

The historical order of creation is undoubtedly one of progressive development, not by the evolution of higher forms of life from those that are below them, but by the successive creation of new species of a higher and more complicated organism.

Doctor Virchow says, that the ancient bog and lake dwellers had heads not inferior in form or capacity,

to the people of to-day; that the more we learn of prehistoric man, the farther we are removed from the theory of progressive development. No doubt we are becoming more civilized. No doubt we are attaining to clearer conceptions of truth and duty, but this has been brought about, not by increased cranial capacity, but by a wider range of knowledge, a higher general standard of attainment, and by greater equality among men.

It will be found that the genesis of species as advocated by Mr. Darwin, when closely investigated, breaks down at every point. Let me take by way of illustration, the relative proportion of the sexes. How is it that this proportion is observed. It is not a mere matter of accident; from the lowest to the highest forms of life the equilibrium is maintained. Here are a dozen of birds' eggs. They are of about the same size. When they are hatched the young brood look very much the same. Soon, however, they begin to develop differences. When they arrive at maturity, the males are nearly twice the size of the females; they are clad in the most brilliant plumage, while the females are possessed of a very sober and plain attire. Mr. Darwin attempts to account for this difference by saying that the more brilliant female birds have been killed off by birds and beasts of prey; and in this way he accounts for the deference between the plumage of the males and the females. With all defference to Mr. Darwin, I must say that this is a most absurd explanation. No one who will reflect for a moment, can fail to see, that if the more brilliant plumaged female birds were destroyed, and only the sober-colored survived, this would produce a deterioration in the color of the offspring generally; the one sex would not be more affected by it than the other. The effect of such an event would be to diminish, generally, the brilliancy of the plumage of the whole species. The female birds, during the period of incubation, except in the case of birds of prey, are more exposed to danger than their mates. In the case of birds of prey, the female is often larger and stronger than the male, and the plumage is not less brilliant; but in the case of other birds, the plain colors of the females, which often correspond to their surroundings, are better adapted to protect them against discovery by their enemies. What is this but coadaptation by the Creator to surrounding environments, to prevent the extermination of the species.

We observe also in the animal kingdom an adaptation of the species to the condition of existence. The web-foot and the feathers of the water fowl, the structure of the legs of perching birds, the spike feathers in the tail of the Chimney Swallow, the barbed tongue of the Wood-pecker, with which it pierces the larva of the borer; the Cross-bill which opens with its beak the cones of the fir trees, are familiar instances. The foot of the Reindeer, the stomach of the Camel, the white fur of the Hare, Ermine, and Weasel during the winter season, are also further instances. The Tiger that lives in the jungle, and among the reeds, is of a tan color, streaked with black, exactly suited to the light and shade of its home, and well calculated to conceal it from its victims; but the Leopard, which is of the same color, and lies concealed among the branches of the trees, is differently marked. It is splashed with black, so that its color is suited to the forms of light and shade where it conceals itself, and serves equally well to hide it from the view of the animals upon which it preys. The Tree-toad changes its color instantly, to suit its surroundings. The teeth of the non-poisonous serpents, which kill their food as they swallow it, are all set inclining backwards. They are the only prehensile organs which they possess, and the more their victim exerts itself to escape, the more firmly is it held.

Poisonous reptiles, on the other hand, kill their food before swallowing it, and they have no teeth except their poisonous fangs. The egg-eating serpents have their teeth in their throats. These are instances of coadaptation. Can any one suppose that it was the eating of eggs through many successive generations, that caused the teeth to grow in the throat of this kind of ophidian reptile? Why are they not grown in the mouth as in the case of other serpents? If you were to ask the naturalist why its teeth were in its throat, and not in its mouth, he would tell you that snakes have no lips, and that if the egg was broken in the snake's mouth it would be wasted instead of being swallowed, but when the teeth are in the snake's throat the egg is broken and swallowed at the same time; in other words, its anatomical structure is adapted to the food upon which the reptile was intended to subsist.

Let us now consider whether there really is a law of derivative creation, which embraces man, and whether the rudiments of mind, as well as similarity in anatomical structure, are found in the lower animals. Let us consider whether humanity, with its aspirations, its hopes, and its fears, is the natural produce of the faculties and instincts of brutes; whether the moral sense is a modified form of selfishness, based upon experience? Can man, physically and mentally, be accounted for upon the theory of evolution? It is very true, that the anatomical structure of man and the Anthropoids is much the same. In fact, all of the mammalian genus are of much the same anatomical structure. The skeleton of the horse and of the rhinoceros are very nearly alike. There is a similarity of blood and of tissue in the whole of the mammalian class; this is shown by similarity of diseases, hydrophobia, smallpox, scarletina, typhoid fever, glanders, pneumonia, and many other affections. The muscle by which a horse moves its skin is found under the skin of the scalp and forehead of many people. Mr. Wood has described the muscular variations in man. He mentions seven in one subject, and every one of these variations was exactly like the normal structure in a certain kind of apes. Mr. Wood says he regards this as representing some unknown factor; that is, latent, except under certain circumstances. According to Mr. Darwin's views, these variations are simply exhibitions of a tendency to return to the original type, from which we have sprung. I do not think they can be so accounted for. No doubt there is a tendency in animals to return to *an* original type, by a loss of those variations which have arisen from domestication. The improved pig, which bears scarcely any resemblance to the wild boar, if allowed to resume his primitive habits and mode of life, will also resume his primitive structure. His color will become the same. His hair will grow thick and long. His legs will grow larger and longer. His head will become much larger, and his tusks will again become formidable, either for the purpose of attack or defence; but this will not be because he is something different from what he was before, but because being operated upon by different environments, there is a different cellular development, and the animal is varied in form accordingly. Some cells have the principles of life inherently within them; that is, they are both germinal and vital. Under certain conditions they may remain dormant, while another class of cells are unusually developed, and thus the appearance of the animal is completely changed. Those are the most active, which are the most favored by surrounding circumstances. In animal life, cells are propagated by self-divisions, or by proliferation; they throw off minute gemmules. These circulate freely, and develop into perfect cells. These cells, or gemmules, may be pangenetic. They are so in the case of the star-fish, which, if cut into pieces,

each piece will grow into a perfect star-fish. They exist, to a limited extent, in the lizard, which, if you cut off its tail, a new one will grow in its place; they exist in a limited extent in the pig's tail, which may, it is said, be grafted into its back. A rat's tail has been made to grow upon its nose. The spur of a game cock has grown in the eye of an ox. Proper growth, physiologists say, arises from the polarity of the gemmules, which, if disturbed abnormally, will produce abnormal growths. Thus hair has been found growing within the cavity of the skull, and teeth within the orbit of the eye. Variations, therefore, from an original type, are confined within certain fixed limits, and are brought about by calling into activity latent forces, or by making latent other forces which are usually active, and are confined by the limits set by cell structure.

I have said enough to show you, my readers, that if there was an evolution of species, brought about by gradual development, there could be neither subkingdoms, nor species, nor genera, but a mob of animals differing from each other by scarcely perceptible degrees, and reaching from the protoplasm up to man.

Let us suppose for a moment that by some freak of nature the gorilla gave birth to a child. What would happen? But few animals take charge of any offspring except their own. How could this child ever reach manhood? The young gorilla neither needs nor receives any great amount of care. In a few months it can take care of itself. Now, abandoning every other objection, how is this first human creature,—this young Adam,—to get on? It must starve, or perish of disease, if not of neglect, or become food for some beast of prey. Let us suppose that this process of humanization, instead of springing into existence suddenly, went on slowly by imperceptible degrees, and thus spanning by two hundred thousand links the mighty chasm which separates the most intellectual of brutes from the least intellectual of men. What has become of all those missing links, that would look so like human beings, and yet would be something less? They are nowhere to be found. There are none such, and yet without them, the chasm could not be bridged.

If in the process of time the irrational animal had reached the border line which separates him from rational and responsible being, and had begun to cross over that border line, he must continue to do so. No matter how long he might be in traversing the immense space to be crossed by the lower forms of life before it reaches the line of man, once the limitary line is reached, and is crossed, the march must be perpetual. Why then do we not see those processes of transmutation going forward? Why have all those animals which stand between man and the gorilla disappeared? All the Anthropoids are four-handed. Professor Huxley says that there are two distinctions between men and apes. The difference in the teeth, and in the great toe. Men, according to this view, at one time travelled upon all fours; ran into their dens; defended themselves, and seized their prey, with their teeth. By standing upright, muscular chances took place, which converted thumbs into great toes, and enabled them to walk with ease upon two feet, instead of upon four hands. Then they used their hands, instead of their teeth, for the purpose of grasping their prey. Tusks being no longer used for their primitive purpose, gradually grew shorter. Instead of protruding across each other from the corners of the mouth, they were gradually shortened down, or up, by disuse, to the line of the other teeth. The long muscle which extends from the lower part of the tibia along the sole of the foot to the great toe, in man, is divided into three in the orang, and extends to the three middle toes, and in the gorilla, to the first,

third, and fourth toes; and in neither case to the thumb of the hind foot, which corresponds to the great toe, in the human race. Upon what process or use could this anatomical change be brought about? But the conclusive argument against the theory of Mr. Darwin is that afforded by the latent powers with which the lowest races of men are endowed, powers wholly beyond their present requirements, and which seem to anticipate a future condition, far higher, and more complex, than that in which they are found. If Darwinism or evolution be true, there can be neither latent forces, nor latent powers. All that we possess in this way are the outcome of appetency, and the tendency to return to the original type, would obliterate in time whatever ceased to be used. How does such an hypothesis agree with the facts? The average cubical capacity of the brain in the Teuton is 94 cubic inches; in the Esquimeaux, 91 inches; in the Asiatic, 87 inches; in the Negro, 85 inches; in the Australian, 80·9 inches; in the Bushman, 77 inches; in the gorilla, 34·5 inches. If we put the gorilla at ten, the savage will be 26 and the European 32. Beginning with the smallest anthropoids, they range from 4 cubic inches up to the gorilla; but the smaller monkeys are not, in proportion to their size, possessed of much less nerve power than the gorilla. Whenever an adult human being has less than 65 cubic inches of brain, he is invariably an idiot. The Australian savage who floats upon his log, fishes with his hands, and sleeps in a tree, does not require a much higher degree of intellect than the ourang. How did he get this excess of brain beyond his actual requirements upon any theory of development, he has not used it? There is no reason to suppose him more ignorant than his ancestors have been for a hundred generations. Why does he not return to the original type? Why does not this excess of brain disappear? Marks may be seen on the tall trunks of trees in the forests of Australia, up which the natives have gone to gather the fruit. These marks have been made with stone hatchets as resting-places for the feet. How is it that the great toes do not again turn to thumbs? The larynx of the negro is adjusted for music, although he has never sung. The negro and the Hottentot when they hear the music of civilized people, have not only the capacity to readily learn it, but they strike out melodies of their own, which civilized men may imitate, but which they did not originate. We see, then, with regard to the capacity of brain, the savage possesses it as a latent force. How came he by it? If we admit the existence of an Omniscient Creator, looking into the future of our race, we have an intelligible explanation, but is not this a standing disproof of evolution? If from the lowest form of life up to the gorilla, you have one hundred and twenty thousand species, that is from zero up to 34·5, how many ought there to be between that and the man with one hundred cubic inches of brain? A wide space no doubt separates a man of culture from the Bushman; but it is small indeed compared to the chasm which lies between the Bushman and the gorilla.

I will next notice some of the latent forces which exist within the animal organism, which can, not only not be accounted for on the theory of evolution, but which are directly at variance with that hypothesis. We have seen that the savage possesses a brain power wholly beyond his needs, and which he does not lose, however long he continues a savage. So, too, we find the recuperative organs, and organs for repairing the animal structure in case of accident, exist, in the case of every animal, from its birth to its death. I will by way of illustration, quote two statements from Paget's Surgical Pathology, the case of a fractured bone and the case of an amputated limb. The provision made in

the case of a fractured bone is wholly different from the process of ordinary growth. There is a method of secreting the bone matter and depositing it about the fracture, which is wholly unnecessary in the natural growth of the osseous system. How came this power to repair into existence? Appetency will not explain it. It will hardly do to say that the ancestor of every living creature that is possessed of a bone structure, for a thousand generations, had broken bones, and from the desires or necessities of each accident, was ultimately developed this latent recuperative force. Every one will see that this hypothesis breaks down, for it applies to every part of every bone, of every vertebrate. The power is universal. Then, too, we have Mr. Darwin's other law—the tendency to return to the original type, by which this power, if acquired, would gradually weaken from disuse, and ultimately disappear. There is but one rational explanation, snd that is, that an Omniscient Creator, who, forseeing the accidents to which His creatures are exposed, implanted in the animal constitution, organs for repairing injuries arising from accidents or other causes, and ultimately overcoming by the process of repair, the consequences of disobedience to certain organic laws.

My second illustration is that of an amputated limb. When a hand is cut off, the natural means of circulation is destroyed. The blood contains within itself certain latent forces, that are at once called into activity, to commence, by a most wonderful process, the work of constructing new channels, and, in this way, to restore the circulation. This work is not a mere mechanical force, but a process of vital growth. At first there is a slight enlargement in the amputated veins and arteries, these grow into blind canals. They push their way unerringly toward each other. As the muscle is tunneled, the new vein or artery is carried forward; the end is closed by an arch, and when these arches touch, the ends are absorbed and the work of repair is completed. "Nothing," says Dr. Paget, "could accomplish such a result but force determining the concurrent development of the two out-growing vessels. We admire the intellect of the engineer, who after years of laborious thought with all the appliances of weight and measure and appropriate material, can begin at points wide apart, and force through the solid masses of the earth, a tunnel, and can wall it in secure from external violence, and strong to bear some ponderous traffic, and yet he does but grossly and imperfectly imitate the Divine work of living mechanism, that is hourly accomplished in the bodies of the least conspicuous objects of creation, nay, even in the healing of our casual wounds and sores." This, no more than the former case can be explained upon any hypothesis of evolution.

But besides these latent powers of recuperation and repair within us, which exhibit a foresight of the vicissitudes to which organic bodies would be exposed, there are others which exhibit coadaptation, and which lie still farther away from any possible explanation that the doctrine of evolution can furnish. Man is subject to disease, and the recuperative forces within him are not always adequate to eliminate the poison, and to restore him to health. He is obliged to have recourse to external remedies. He finds in the mineral and in the organic world, remedial agencies between which, and himself, there can be no co-adaptation as they have a separate and independent existence, unless that co-adaptation has its origin in an intelligent Designer, having a prior existence. By no law of evolution, could this co-adaptation arise—By what law could Peruvian Bark be made a specific for malarial fever? If we admit a personal Creator, capable of foreseeing the disease, and of providing in the constitution of the world a remedy, we have a simple and intelligible ex-

planation. If we reject this, we are left in the most profound ignorance of the whole subject.

But when we come to the moral side of man's nature, Darwinism still more signally fails. There is, says Matthew Arnold, "a power in the universe which makes for righteousness." But what is this power? It is not a line of conduct or a system of philosophy based upon human experience: we may discover it, but we do not create it. Reverence or worship, says Darwin, in man, is analagous to the affection which a dog has for his master, or a monkey for his keeper. It differs from the attachment which one of these animals has for another of the same species, in this, there is besides affection, a sense of dependence and inferiority. In their upward march towards humanity, they take these traits with them. After transmutation they were necessarily continued, and sought an appropriate object for their exercise; and so Deity is called into existence, by faculties created during the progress of the animal race, which demands a superior being upon which it may spend its force, and this it finds in its sovereign, its priest, or its Creator.

Remorse is defined to be the sense of regret which one feels from not having followed a persistent instinct. Can this be true? Whence has come the regard for truth, and the detestation of falsehood? Can we explain it by this doctrine? Some regard falsehood as allowable in war, and as a venial offence in Trade and Commerce. How, then, could such an origin invest truth with sanctity? How could it induce men to value truth for its own sake, and to practise it regardless of consequences? Unless we admit there is a Judge of all the earth who does right, and who has, in the original constitution of man, implanted a moral capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, we have no intelligible explanation.

I have thus far dealt with external remedies for physical ills which fall within the law of co-adaptation; but there are moral imperfections and moral ills to which man is heir. Their existence is as obvious to human observation as accident or disease. Is there no remedy for such? Is there in the moral constitution of the universe nothing provided as a specific for the rooted moral evils? We see in the physical constitution, the recuperative powers are aided by external remedies; that there are germs of disease which no power within us can eradicate, and so we have learned by experience, to seek remedies without. Is the order in the moral world the same? It is at this point that that which is invisible seems to harmonize with that which appears. It is at this point that what Professors Tait and Stewart call the invisible universe would seem to differ but in a slight degree from the visible universe. I have said enough to show that the missing links in Darwinism are far too numerous, and too important, to justify its acceptance as an hypothesis of Creation.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

BY E. P. WELLS.

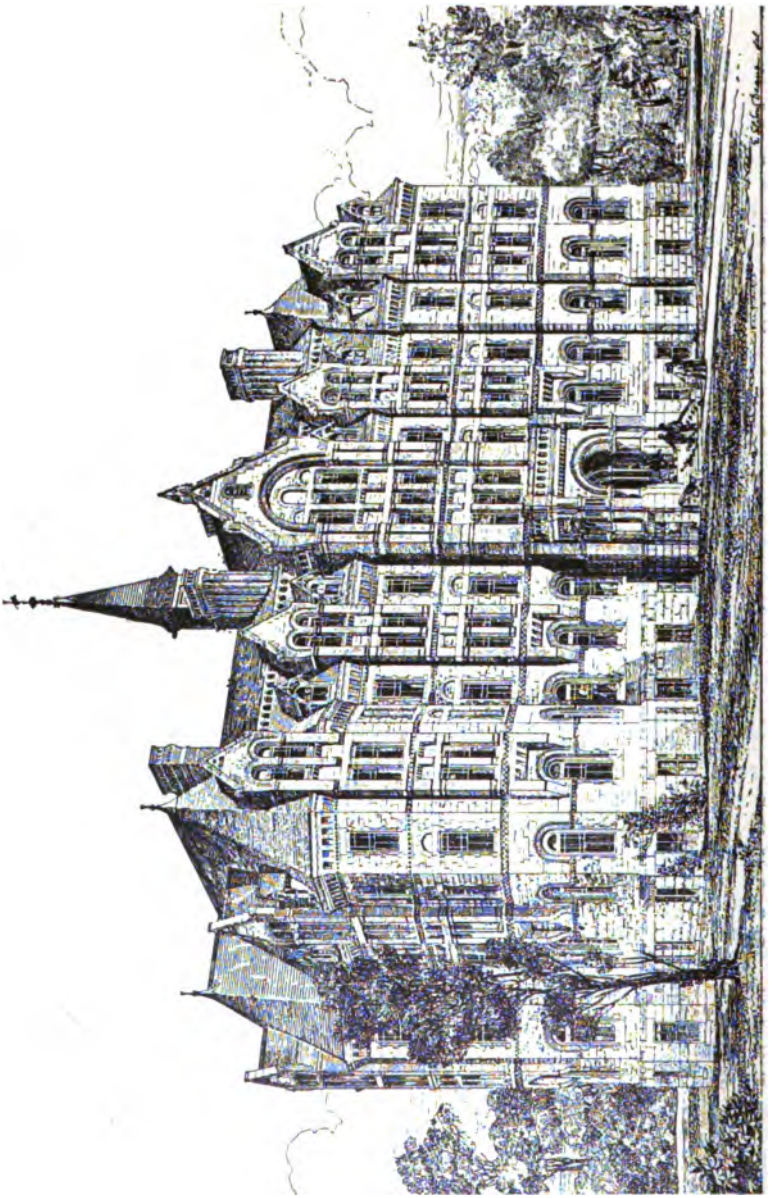
MUCH interest was aroused in educational circles by the first Commencement of McMaster University, which took place in May last. Up to that time, few, perhaps, besides those immediately interested in, or connected with it, were fully seized of the fact, that in the midst of our older and well-established institutions of learning, another, and a vigorous one, if judged by its growth, had recently reared its head. The occasion of its first granting of degrees in Arts was one of joy and congratulation, and friends from all parts of the Dominion came together to celebrate it. Large audiences gathered on the three successive evenings of the Commencement exercises, the first of which was devoted to the reading of graduate theses, the second to a Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. George Dana Boardman, LL.D., of Philadelphia, and the third to the conferring of degrees in Arts and in Theology. Nearly sixty persons were also admitted *ad eundem gradum* in Arts from Toronto, Acadia, Victoria, Harvard, and other universities, who thus embraced the first opportunity of identifying themselves with the fortunes of the new university; while the first degrees granted for the prescribed M.A. courses were conferred upon two ladies, members of the Moulton College staff. The enthusiasm shown by the students, who sat massed in the body of the large assembly, at every turn of the proceedings, showed plainly that they were filled with a spirit of loyalty to their university. A stranger suddenly introduced to the scene must have been impressed with the fact that this infant among Canada's universities had already made good progress, and showed signs of possessing innate powers of development, which promised to bring it early to a commanding stature.

The University Trust is vested in a corporation, whose members are chosen by the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, while educational principles and policy are committed to a composite Senate, in which all departments of the University receive due representation, and wide practical experience is encouraged to give a determinative voice.

One unacquainted with the history of the educational work of the constituency most directly influenced by McMaster University, might naturally ask, "How has it come to pass that in so brief a time, this new university, surrounded by older and well-established institutions, has attracted so large a body of students to its halls, and won praise for its methods and its work from leading educationists?" The answer to the first part of the question is largely found in the history of the origin and evolution of the university; to the second, in the character of its aims, and in its strong professoriate, and in the fact that an earnest and intelligent effort has been made to base its efforts upon sound and important principles of education.

A glance backward over the course of education under Baptist auspices in Quebec and Ontario is sufficient to show that McMaster University is no palace of Aladdin sprung up in a night-time. On the contrary, it has been the product of the slow and more or less steady growth of years, rooted as it is in the life and heart of the people by whom it primarily exists. It may be compared to an oak, which sent forth its first tiny leaf some fifty years ago, in the thought of half-a-

dozen Baptists striving after higher educational advantages for the young people of the denomination. The first permanent outcome of their labors was the building of the Canadian Literary Institute at Woodstock, Ontario, now well-known as Woodstock College. During the thirty years of its history, from 1860 until its incorporation as a part of McMaster University in 1887, no institution can shew a more striking record of progress in the presence of greater obstacles, deeper discouragements, and more crushing burdens. Its aim was to give the young men and women

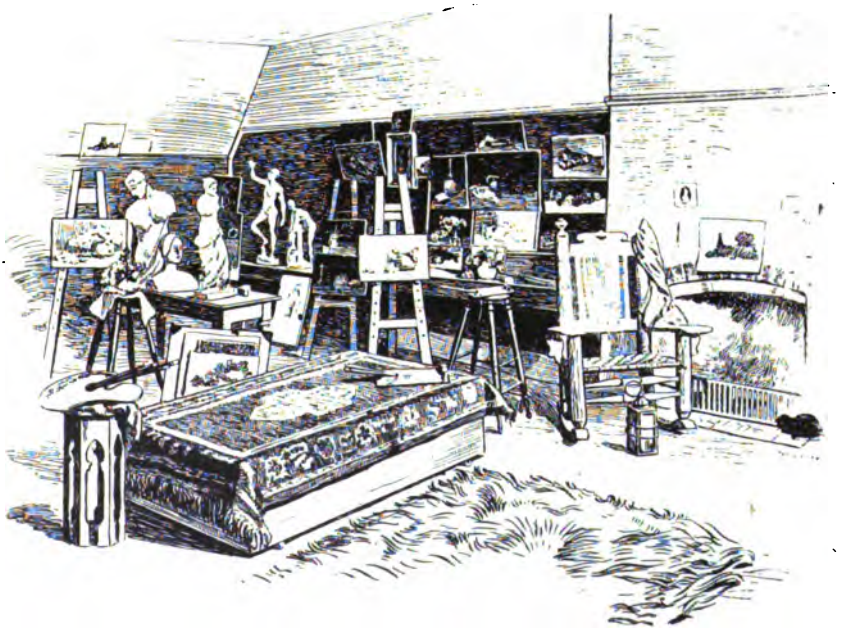


MCMASTER HALL, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

who attended its classes a thorough education under Christian influences, that should prepare them for their life work, whatever that might be, and also to fit those looking forward to the ministry for their high calling, not by giving them a mere veneer of theology, but by first cultivating their minds, and developing their powers, so that they might be able to grasp the weapon of truth in the firmest manner, and wield it most potently. Having become affiliated with the Provincial University, Woodstock College at one period of its history carried students as far as the close of the second year in Arts. Its successful teaching has witnesses in its former students, many of them University graduates, who are to-day filling various positions of usefulness and influence in all parts of the continent.

A marked stage in the progress towards an independent University was the removal of the theological department of Woodstock college to Toronto. This was brought about through the liberality of the Hon. William McMaster, who purchased the site on the Queen's Park and erected the building known as McMaster Hall, a promising beginning for the University buildings which must at no distant day cluster about it.

In 1887, a Bill was passed by the Ontario Legislature, by which Woodstock college became an academic department of McMaster University, for boys and young men, and Toronto Baptist college became the theological department of the University. In September of the same year, through the death of Mr. McMaster, the University corporation came into possession of nearly a million dollars, endowment, for the purposes of the higher education under distinctively Christian influences. In the following year, at an educational convention held at Guelph, it was determined that McMaster University be organized and developed as a permanently independent institution, that the arts department be established in the city of



ART STUDIO—MOULTON COLLEGE.



RECEPTION ROOM — MOULTON COLLEGE.

Toronto, and that Woodstock college be maintained with increased efficiency at Woodstock.

In pursuance of the latter of these determinations, about seventy-five thousand dollars have been expended in improving the equipment of Woodstock college. It has been the first school in Canada to establish a manual training department, solely as a part of its educational work. In addition to its literary courses, it combines intellectual discipline with practical instruction, so as to afford the most useful course to young men intending to enter some practical occupation, without pursuing a university course of study. The students, whether pursuing the matriculation, or scientific, or teachers', or other course of study, are surrounded by those positive influences for good, which are so essential to the highest development of character, and which must of necessity be largely absent in secular schools.

In 1888, the Senate and the Board of Governors established Moulton college, Toronto, as the academic department of McMaster University for girls and young women. This action was made possible by Mrs. William McMaster's generous gift of the McMaster mansion on Bloor-st., accompanied by the means necessary to fit it for the purposes of a ladies' school. No more suitable or beautiful place could have been found for the purpose intended, and its well-filled halls are shewing, year by year, an increasing appreciation of the advantages it is bestowing upon the young women who go there to study. Though Moulton college has more than usually elegant appointments, it is not maintained as a fashionable boarding school, in which mere accomplishments are rated above solid acquirements. The æsthetic aspects of education, both in music and art, are treated as dependent on mind and soul-culture. The truth is emphasized that art and music are not things apart from knowledge and character and aspirations, but, in so far as they are true and worthy, bound up in them and the expression of the highest life which the student is capable of living. University matriculation, and courses requiring an additional year of study, are popular in the literary department proper.

What are the special aims or distinctive features of McMaster University, which are to insure its future success and continued growth? In

answering this query, it should be noted in the first place, that McMaster, though ultimately amenable to the control of the Baptist convention through the appointment of members of the Board of Governors, aims to give not a sectarian but a Christian education. By the provisions of the charter, the university is a Christian school of learning, and the Bible must form a constituent part of the course of study, both in the university and academic departments, and all the teachers, masters and professors must be members in regular standing of evangelical churches, those in the theological department being members of Baptist churches. No religious test is required of any student except in theology, and even in this department, students of any religious faith are eligible to attendance on lectures. The genius of the university is disclosed in these words, taken from the address delivered by Chancellor Rand, on the occasion of the opening of the arts department:—"Christian education, as a conscious process, means the development of a life the cultivation of true and pure tastes, the choice and pursuit of worthy ideals, and the effort to establish a unity and balance of all the forces of one's nature . . . it means mastership through discipline."

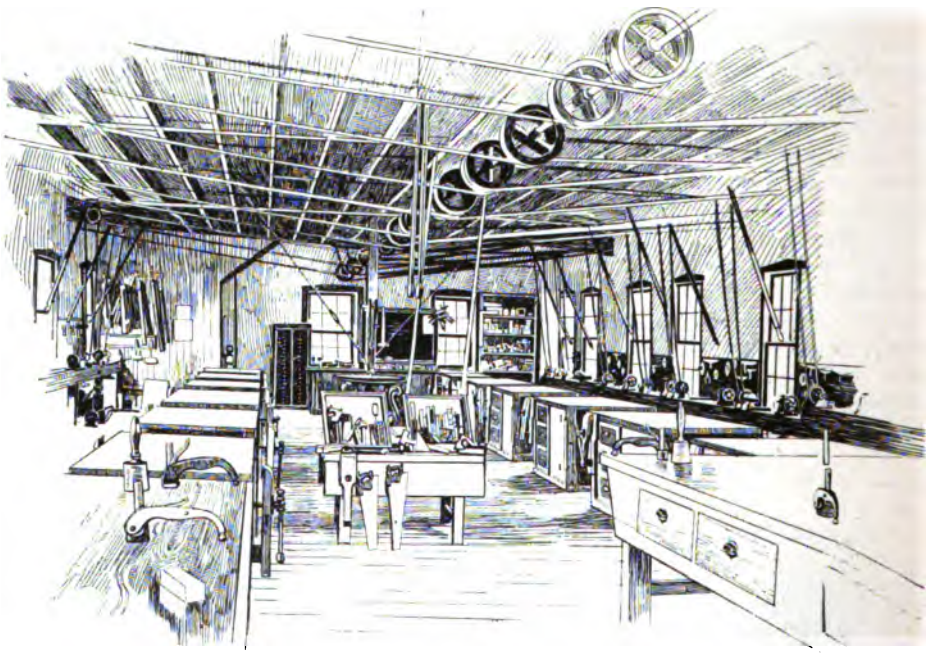
In direct line with such an ideal of education, is the independence with which McMaster has prescribed a broad and liberal general course of study for every student seeking the B.A. degree. Believing that the development of man in the fulness of his powers, should precede the development of man as a specialist in any department, the aim is to give such a measure of liberal culture, to secure such a development of faculty and correlation of function, as shall in the end make the student not less, but more, of a doctor, a lawyer, or a minister, by becoming more of a man. In application of this principle, students are not allowed to take honor subjects until they have proved themselves able to maintain an average of first-class standing in their course. Thus, only the strong, well-qualified student may become a specialist, on the ground that such special work should be the outcome of the superabundance of his



LIBRARY—MOULTON COLLEGE.

powers, after he has exerted them to the full accomplishment of the foundation work of his course. This is on a principle similar to that followed by the architect, who completes the essential portions of a structure before adding the ornamentation. It will be said "the analogy is false; the devoting of one's energies to some branch of study to the exclusion of other branches, is not the ornamentation of one's life, it is the life itself." But it is not the end of education to put a man on the level of a machine adapted to one certain line of action and to no other, adjusted to run in one set path, but unable to cross lots and look over a neighbor's fence! A doctor who has studied next to nothing out of the range of his profession; a minister whose ideas are all derived from theological books,—such men live in grooves, and can hardly come into true touch and sympathy with the world in general for lack of the wide information and culture that would enable them to understand and appreciate other phases of life and thought than their own. One's sphere of usefulness must of necessity be bound by one's own limitations of character and attainments.

Another feature of McMaster's training that deserves to be noted is the emphasis laid upon the study of English. The subject occupies a foremost place in each year of the under-graduate courses, and importance is given to the literary rather than the philological aspects of the study. The discipline which is given by regular and frequent compositions in the first two years, and by the stated writing of theses in the last two years, is at once the handmaid of clear and accurate thinking and the easy command of knowledge. This generous recognition of English as one of the superior instruments of discipline and culture cannot fail of speedy justification in results.



MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT—WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Even more striking is the incorporation of education in the arts curriculum and as an obligatory subject. The history of education, with a knowledge of educational principles disclosed by

physiology, psychology and ethics, and the philosophical study of method, are required; while the study of the principles of school organization and management is provided for those who take as high a standing as that taken by the systematic worker who has regularly prepared his tasks from day to day. It is this co-operation of student with professor, and this direct



"CAMPUS"—WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

desire it. Herbert Spencer would, in this particular at least, find himself in accord with the life and thought of McMaster, and would hopefully anticipate the day when such a training for parental and practical life should leaven the courses of liberal education universally. This chair is filled by the Chancellor, whose many years of experience and of eminent service along educational lines, have specially fitted him to deal with a subject the importance of which is as yet very largely overlooked in our schools and colleges.

It is of special interest to note also that the methods of work advisedly adopted for undergraduates involve regular attendance on lectures, and class-room recitation and discussion. The students' daily work throughout the year is combined with that of the final examination. It is, therefore, impossible, as some have doubtless learned by experience, for a student to "cut" lectures to any extent during the year, and postpone getting up his work until the last month or two, and and sympathetic contact of teacher and taught, that give a small but strongly equipped university influence and moulding power over the students to an extent which is for the most part entirely impossible in a large one. There is no doubt that this plan does much to obviate the tendency to cram, —the great evil of the educational system,—in which written examinations are the sole test of attainment. But more than this,—it provides for the fullest play of the once invaluable factor in education, the personal element,—the trained and cultured mind and soul in living contact with the youthful spirit dowered with its world of possibilities. To turn possibilities into powers, to give one the use of one's self, to engender a loving submission of the life to ethical ideals, ever impelling to earnest service for humanity and for God,—these are educational results which demand the best life quality, in sympathetic, personal touch with both mind and heart of ingenuous youth.

Herbert Spencer has affirmed the

desirability of variety in institutions of learning. It is well in the interests of individuality that there should be as many different systems of education as is compatible with good results. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the test by which each must endure or perish. By the men and women who go forth from the university is its real value to be judged. Any adequate realization of the ideals so unobtrusively yet clearly adopted by this new university, implies, in the judgment of its boards and professoriate, complete freedom and independence. The higher education is too great and complex a thing to be accomplished at its best apart from such conditions. Any earnest and careful attempt to bring yet more fully into the arena of liberal education, forces and principles of proved value and large application, is of universal interest as a distinct contribution to the life of the nation. It should count for something that those whose record from far history to the present has ever attested their love of religious and civil freedom, both for themselves and for all men; who have with united voice affirmed that conscience is a vested right of the individual, that the state is simply a political corporation, and is a usurper when it interneddles with the great things of the human spirit,—it should count for something in the development of this Canada of ours, that a people of such belongings seriously put their hands to the work of university education. Independence opens to their students, without restraint, the pages of history, a boon of surpassing moment in liberal education. It opens wide the sacred Scriptures, and ensures that freedom of philosophical study which is limited only by the reverent and imperious claims of truth.

The first university founded under distinctively Baptist principles and ideals was Brown University; the most recent is Chicago University, unless, indeed, McMaster University may claim that distinction. Acadia University in Nova Scotia has for over fifty years done honor to the denomination under whose inspiration it has wrought in the interests of higher education in Canada, and one can hardly err in saying, that if present building accommodation, now overcrowded, be ere long provided for growing needs, he would be bold indeed who should set bounds to the influence of our youngest Canadian university.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., Ph.D.

LOCKE, long ago, said that all our knowledge came from experience. Kant, at a later date, said that all our knowledge came by experience, but was not all from experience. There is a wide difference between the two positions. I am not going to trouble the reader on the present occasion with any discussion on what the mind is, but rather how the mind acts. by what channels it receives its knowledge of the external world, and in what way the teachings of Locke and Kant have truth in them, by giving a certain amount of credit to experience,

Astrology was very crude astronomy, but it had its value by directing men's thoughts to the stars. Alchemy and the search for the philosopher's stone were crude notions of chemistry; but they have had their place in turning the attention of bygone observers to the properties of compounds and elements. Phrenology was crude psychology, but it too was not without its value, as it had the effect of fixing the keen eyes of many an anatomist and physiologist upon the shape and actions of the human brain.

The gropings of Goll, Lavater and Spurzheim on the brain should not be rejected with a toss of the head, or a wave of the hand. What they thought and said about certain faculties being located in certain portions of the brain was far astray; yet it had the effect of exciting curiosity and stimulating research that swept away their views and replaced them by the later and scientific teachings of Munk, Hitzig, Ferrier and many others. The views held and taught by the earlier observers, that such faculties, or qualities, as love of home, self esteem, veneration, were located in certain parts of the brain, and that their degree of development and activity could be determined from certain bumps, or elevations, on the surface of the skull, have been shown to be utterly false to the facts, and to have no foundation whatever to rest upon; but the later views that a certain portion of the brain is the centre for hearing, another for sight, a third for taste, and a fourth for speech, have taken their place, and now rest on a solid foundation of thoroughly attested facts.

The brain, and the nerves passing from and to it, taken together, constitute the physical basis of knowledge, and are the agencies by which the mind is brought into contact with the outer world. The scientists who deny the existence of brain centres endowed with special powers are now very few and fast disappearing. Their teachings are no longer of any weight, and are treated with a smile of ridicule and contempt, if not actually with pity, by those who have taken the trouble to keep themselves familiar with the advances in the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system of man that have been made since the days of Flourens.

Laying it down as a postulate that the nervous system, and especially that portion of it known as the brain, is the organ of the mind, the next task is to ascertain in what way this nervous system becomes the medium for carrying information, so that the words of Emanuel Kant may hold good, "that all our knowledge comes by experience." This is the task that I have set before me in this article. I shall show how impressions of different kinds reach the brain, to what portion of the brain they are conducted, how these different portions of the brain are linked together, and how disease,

or injury, may derange this delicate machinery, and disturb the outward manifestations of the mind as revealed in thought, speech, and action, or, in other words, in the conduct of the individual.

The child is born without knowledge but with a power to acquire knowledge. This power, day by day, is evolved under the influences of the many experiences that act and re-act upon the child. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, pleasure and pain, light and darkness, are steadily acting as teachers. When the child is born it does not know one voice from another. But the ears are there and nerves running from them to a brain centre. The impulses of the mother's voice strike upon these ears, travel along the auditory nerves to that centre in the brain, and there become, in time, imprinted in such a manner that the child recognizes that voice. Thus, in due course of time, the child comes to have a recollection of the mother's voice. When the mother speaks, the child not only hears the voice, but remembers that it is the same voice that has spoken so often before. Here we have a memory of the mother's voice.

In time the child comes to have a memory of the mother's face. At first the child does not know the mother's face from any other face; but the image of this face is conveyed by the eye and the optic nerve to the brain. This process is repeated over and over until the child remembers the face as it did the voice. Here, then, we have a memory picture of the face, which can be recalled even when not seen.

In like manner, through the organs of taste and smell, new sensations are constantly carried to the brain, and stored away as memories of these tastes and smells. So that when the same taste or smell is repeated, it is at once identified as one already known. Thus, in time, an object can be recognized by its taste or smell. But the brain centres for taste and smell are not the same as for hearing or seeing. It will be seen, at a glance, how crude the old phrenology was, which located memory in one part of the brain, as a faculty or power, instead of in many parts of the brain, as the receptive centres for incoming impressions, through the channels of the nerves connecting the various organs and parts of the body with these centres.

It will thus be seen that the location of brain function, as held by the older teachers, such as Goll, was wholly wrong. Their classification, to begin with, had no foundation in fact. A man may be as conceited as it is possible to imagine, yet there is no part of the brain in which such a peculiarity of disposition can be located. One may have great reverence for law and order, and yet it is quite impossible to put your finger on the head and say: "Here is the spot," or, further, say, "It is well developed, because the skull is prominent at that part." Every anatomist knows that elevations or prominences on the skull do not signify corresponding prominences of the brain matter. The activity of the brain centres, and the number or formation of the convolutions on the surface of the brain, cannot be surmised from any simple, crude, or free and easy method, such as laid down by the exponents of phrenology. The sense of hearing might be extremely well-developed, and no indication yielded by the surface of the skull that would enable. one to predict the same. A man may be very fond of a good meal, but unless he chooses to give this information, no phrenologist can feel his head and say, that because there happens to be a certain elevation on the skull, such is the case. Take, for example, another person, equally fond of a good meal, and no such elevation may be found; or, in other words, the elevations on his skull may be situated quite differently from those on the skull of the first person. Take any two men equally fond of their homes and families, and after subjecting their heads to the most rigid examination

no common formation of the skull will be found to exist. The generalizations and specializations of phrenologists are weaker and less coherent than a house of cards, or a rope of sand. Nevertheless, they afford the means by which quack scientists gull and amuse the public; while, at the same time, they afford the channels by which cunning and unscrupulous persons, filch from the pockets of the innocent, a livelihood.

Because I have condemned the localization of function in the brain adopted by phrenologists, it does not follow that the doctrine of localization of function is wrong. The surface of the brain has many centres upon it, whose functions have been carefully studied. In addition to these centres, there are tracts of nerve matter connecting them with each other, so that an associated or concerted acting of the brain centres becomes possible—indeed is of constant occurrence. One hears the word "Rose" spoken, and immediately the image of a rose is recalled; there is a recollection of its odor, of its color, of its size and shape, and a stimulus goes to the proper centres, so that the word "Rose" may be spoken or written, if it is so willed. It is these tracts or paths of nerve matter that enable the brain to build up our complex ideas. It will be seen, from what has been said, that the word "Rose" carries with it many elements, such as color and shape, learned by experience through the eyes; taste, by the tongue; odor, by the nose; weight, by the hands. But all these qualities of taste, color, odor, weight, etc., go to make up our complex idea of what a rose is. These varied primary, or elemental ideas, have reached the brain by separate channels, have formed memory pictures on the centres, which, in turn, have become associated by means of the inter-central nerve paths into complex ideas.

In addition to the impressions reaching the brain through the nerves of hearing, sight, taste and olfaction, there is a constant stream of sensations pouring into the brain along the nerves of feeling. It has now been pretty well settled that some of the nerve fibres conduct sensations of heat, others of cold, some of pain, and still others that sensation known as muscular effort, or the muscular sense. All these are carried to different parts of the brain and there registered. From this registry, they can be called up as a memory of past experiences. A person lifts a certain object a number of times, and the muscular sense becomes educated to the effort required for the task. In course of time the person can guess closely as to the weight of a given article, by the muscular exertion needed to raise the article. By repeating these efforts, the person acquires the power of judging the weight of bodies, and the muscular effort that will be required to lift them. Some persons have acquired the power to determine a weight of twenty from one of nineteen; or, even, one of forty from one of thirty-nine equal parts.

Any one can see at a glance how vastly different this view of things is from the view of weight, size and calculation, as taught by the phrenologists. The former is founded on sound, scientific facts, collected and collated by the most careful observations and experiments; while the latter is a guess, and a bad one at that. For example, phrenologists place color and size just above the outer angle of the eye; whereas every anatomist and physiologist knows that the visual centre for the perception of color and size is at the back of the brain on the occipital region. As another instance of the absurdity of the old phrenology, I may mention that the faculties of conscientiousness and hope were located on that part of the brain's surface which is known to control the movements of the leg. What a difference! Once more, let me cite an example of the crudeness of the so-called phrenology. By this pseudo-science,

self-esteem and firmness are placed where the motor centres for the movements of toes and knees are known to exist. In like manner, ideality, sublimity, eventuality, patriotism, etc., could be shown to have no existence, in fact, and to be placed on parts of the brain where other well-known functions have their location.

Having thus cleared the ground by removing every vestige of foundation for the doctrine of phrenology, as we hear it from the lips of its exponents, and meet with it in their writings, it remains to explain somewhat further in detail how the brain is the organ of the mind. It is now settled beyond chance of dispute that memories are the results of perceptions, and are therefore localized in the regions of the brain concerned in perception. "These memories, forming the idea of an object, or an action, are distinct from one another." They are found after long experience, and may be lost again by any injury or disease that affects that portion of the brain where these perceptions have been stored, or registered.

Let us return for a while to the organ of hearing. For this sense to be in a sound, normal condition, there must be a healthy ear, a healthy auditory nerve leading from the ear to the brain, and a healthy, normal condition of that part of the brain to which the nerve leads, and in which it terminates. These conditions existing in a given subject, a whole series of memories will be formed of the many sounds with which the person has to do. These memories will become so clear and distinct that the moment a particular sound is heard, it is recognized as a familiar one, or as one that has not been heard before. Between these extremes there are many degrees of more or less familiarity.

But grant that the ear, or the nerve of hearing, or the brain centre of sounds, was defective, then it would be impossible to acquire the knowledge of the external world that is learned through this sense organ. It the defect existed from birth the person would never have heard spoken language, and consequently would not be able to speak, Such a condition would be deaf-mutism. In the case of deaf mutes it is generally the brain centre that has never developed, and therefore the deafness is central in its origin. The brain centre for hearing sounds in general is of wider area than that for hearing words, so that a person may lose the power of hearing words, or spoken language, without losing the power to hear sounds of a general character, such as the noise of a passing vehicle. Such a loss is known as word deafness. In the event of a person sustaining such a loss, either from disease, or injury to the brain, at a period of life after having learned to read and write, he would still be able to read and write, though unable to hear one conversing with him.

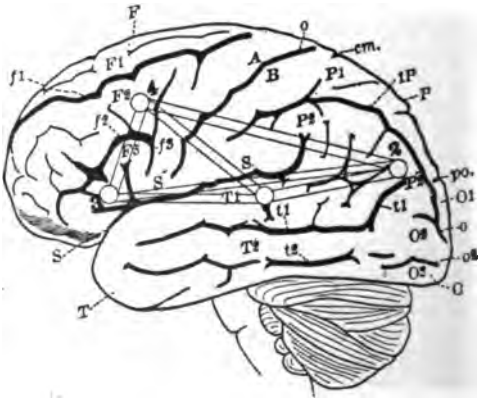


Fig. 1 This figure gives a good notion of the relation ship of some of the centres having to do with language 1. The word-hearing centre. 2. The word-seeing centre 3 The word-speaking centre. 4. The word writing centre

If these centres, 1, 2, 3, and 4, are in a sound, healthy condition, and also the tracts of nerve matter joining them, the mechanism of language is complete. By constant practice, centre 1 comes to recognize a certain sound, as "the," or "and," or "Mary." In like manner, centre 2 learns to know

the same words when written or printed, by their images carried to it by the optic nerve. So also, centre 3 learns to put the necessary movements in operation to have these words uttered, and in course of time the person learns to make the requisite movements to write these words.

Should the seeing centre be destroyed, the person may be able to hear the words, speak, and write them. So it may happen that the power to write them is lost, and the person still able to enjoy his book and his chat.

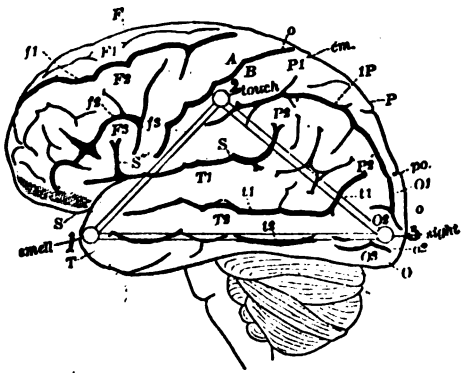


Fig. 2.—Smelling Centre 1, Touch Centre 2, Seeing Centre 3.

In this figure of the brain it will be noticed that the centre for general vision is not situated on exactly the same part of the brain surface as the word-seeing centre in figure 1. This is quite correct. The specialized vision for language is slightly higher up than the centre for general vision. In this way, the word-seeing power has been lost without the entire loss of vision. Taking the above figure as a means of studying the formation of a complex idea:—One smells a flower, and the memory is formed at centre 1. The flower is handled, and the memory of touch is formed in centre 2. In like manner its appearance is memorized in centre 3. These, in turn, are joined together by nerve paths. When the flower is seen, centre 3 is stimulated by the impression coming through the optic nerve. This centre, in turn, through association tracts, stimulates the centres for smell and touch. In this way the memory of its odor is recalled, as well as any peculiarities of its touch. Here we have the physical basis for the association of ideas, and the recalling of past perceptions into active, present memories.

Many may say that this is a very materialistic view to take of our mental operations. As mentioned at the outset, this article is intended to deal with the material side of our knowledge. The electric force is one thing, while the wire along which it is conducted is an entirely other thing. What the mind is in itself I am not attempting to show. My object is only to show in what manner we gain knowledge by experience, and lose it by disease, or injury to our nerve centres. "Though all our knowledge arises with experience, it by no means follows that all is from experience."

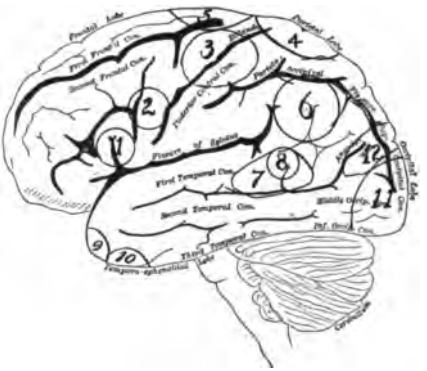


Fig. 3.—Speech 1 Movements of Face 2, Movements Upper Extremity 3, Movements of Leg 4. Movements of Hip and Trunk 5, Muscular sense of Weight &c., 6 Hearing 7, Word-hearing 8, Smell 9, Taste 10, Visual Centre 11, Word-seeing 12.

The above is a surface view of the brain on the left side. It shows where the motor and sensory centres are located. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 are motors. In other words, the activity of these centres results in the movement of that part of the body indicated by their names. On the other hand, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 are sensory, as shown by the figure. No. 6 is not yet very definitely mapped out. So far as present research goes, it is the

centre for the perception of touch, to some extent at least, and of the muscular sense of effort, weight and motion. It will also be noticed that the centre for word-hearing is a specialized portion of the centre for sounds, and in the same way, the centre for word-seeing is a more differentiated region of the area for vision.

For comparison with the above figure of a scientific character, it will no doubt prove of much interest to subjoin the following one, taken from a recent work on phrenology, where the head is mapped out in accordance with that school.



Fig. 4.—1 Amativeness, 2 Parental Love, 3 Friendship, 4 Inhabitiveness, 5 Continuity, 6 Combativeness, 7 Executiveness, 8 Alimentiveness, 9 Acquisitiveness, 10 Secretiveness, 11 Caution, 12 Approbativeness, 13 Self-esteem, 14 Firmness, 15 Conscientiousness, 16 Hope, 17 Spirituality, 18 Venera ion, 19 Benevolence, 20 Constructiveness, 21 Ideality, 22 Imitation, 23 Mirthfulness, 24 Individuality, 25 Form, 26 Size, 27 Weight, 28 Color, 29 Order, 30 Calculation, 31 Locality, 32 Eventuality, 33 Time, 34 Tune, 35 Language, 36 Causality, 37 Comparison, 38 Sublimity, 39 Human Nature, 40 Patriotism.

Did any one ever behold such a mass of absurdity? Conscientiousness, hope, and spirituality are located on that part of the brain which the most thorough investigation has shown to govern the movements of the lower extremity and part of the trunk. Language is located at the eye; but by a glance at figure 3 it will be seen that language depends upon the word-seeing centre at the back of the brain; upon the word-hearing centre at the side of the brain, near the ear; upon the word-speaking centre, at the side and front of the brain; and upon the writing centre, at the front of and halfway up the brain Primarily, however, language is learned by the ear; and, therefore, it is the word-hearing centre that is first called into action and that would form the foundation for language to one who never learned to read or write. In such a case, only the word-hearing and the word-speaking centres would be active. But neither of these is at all near where the phrenologists place the language centre, namely, at the eye. Parental love and friendship are located about where the visual centre should be placed. In like manner the other centres of the phrenologists could be shown to have no existence outside the minds of these men.

Figure 5 is a diagrammatic method of showing the connection between various parts of the brain. The frontal lobe, F, is connected with temporal lobe, T, and the occipital lobe, O. The temporal is connected with the frontal and the occipital, and the occipital in turn with the temporal and frontal. The convolutions are joined together by shorter fibres. In this way the various parts of the brain are brought into close relationship with each other. One centre acts upon another through these tracts, and awakens memories of past sensations. The sensation of the smell of a given object revives in the respective centres a memory of its taste, its color, shape, size, etc.

Figure 6 shows how certain bundles of nerve fibres pass up from the spinal cord to the different regions of the brain. By means of these tracts of nerve matter, the brain is maintained in connection with all parts of the body. Some of these tracts are for sensations coming into the brain from the body; while others are for the impulses that start in the brain and go to the muscles throughout the body, and are known as motor impulses.

It will now be clear that there is a constant stream of sensory currents,

or sensations, coming into the brain from all parts of our bodies. These sensations have their mental accompaniment. When a current escapes from the brain, and goes outward for the purpose of moving some muscle, or group of muscles, there is also a mental accompaniment. It is in this way that we are aware of how we are acting and being acted upon. These constitute states of consciousness. The conscious personality, or conscious ego, is the sum of all the states of consciousness at one time existing.

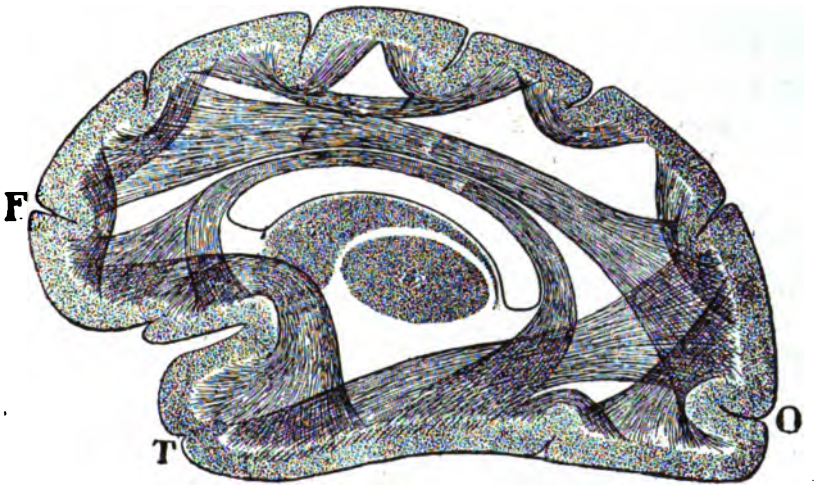


FIG. 5.—The association fibres or tracts.

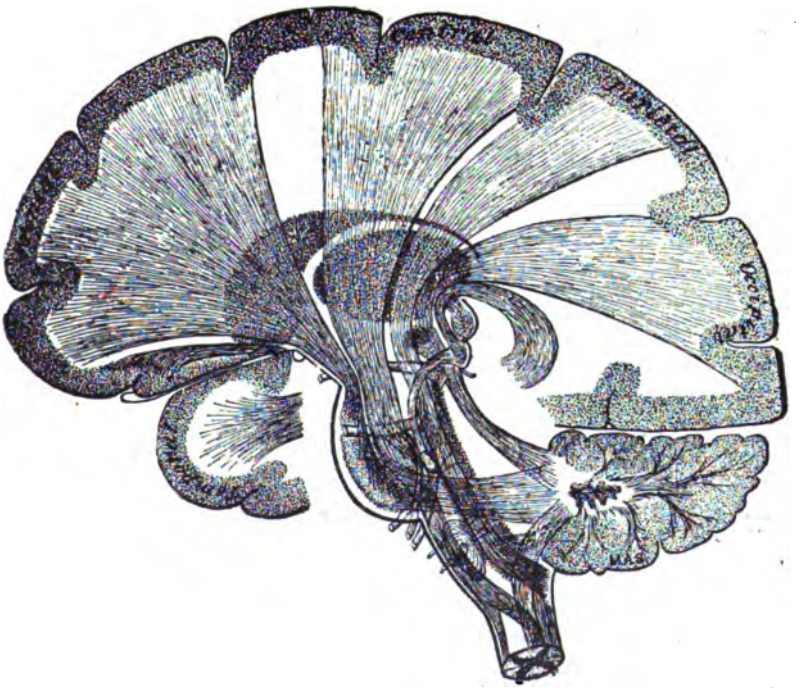


FIG. 6.—The Fibres projecting through the Brain.

From what has been said, the following conclusions can be drawn:

1. Memory is the revival of former memory pictures, or former impressions.

2. We have the power of combining memory pictures into new ones—imagination.

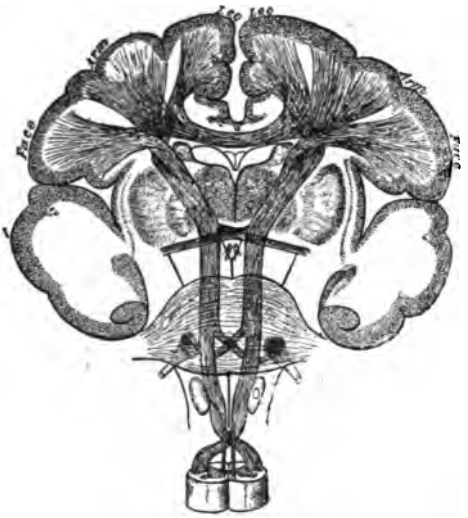


Fig. 7.—Showing the nerve tracts that join one side of the brain and spinal cord with the other.

3. When we pass from one picture to another in a regular manner, we are reasoning.

4. Action is carrying out the impulses revived in memory. Here, then, we see that special memory pictures have a location in the brain, such as in the centre for vision, hearing, touch, etc., but that compound memory pictures cannot have any location, as these are formed from the primary memory pictures that have a definite location. Thus in the case of the general memory of a rose, one might have such a disease, or injury, of the brain as would destroy the visual centre, and yet leave the smelling centre perfectly good. The entire memory, therefore, of the rose would not be lost. The person could remember and know a rose by its smell, touch, taste, though no longer able to see it.

In a moment by disease or injury, a man may lose the power to speak, and yet be able to read and write; or he may be unable to read, and yet hear what is said. Some may have the centre of hearing so damaged that the power for music is gone and still be sound in every other respect. Some again may lose the power of recalling words. They know them when written, or printed; but they cannot speak, because they cannot recall the words needed to express their thoughts.

Enough has been said to show that the brain and all the nerve tracts leading to it, and from it, are the physical bases of knowledge. Derangement in these is followed by derangement in the mental powers. Insanity is only disease, affecting the brain so as to derange and pervert the thoughts, language and actions of the person. This view of insanity has done much good, as it has led to a better method of dealing with insane people. The anatomical and physiological study of the brain shows that it is the organ of the mind: but further observations made in cases of disease and injury of the brain as well as on cases of insanity, go to establish this doctrine beyond all dispute.

It is now fully settled that disease of the hearing centre may cause the sensation of sounds, such as voices, music, etc., that disease of the visual, or seeing centre may originate the impressions of objects, as spectres, etc., that disease of the olfactory centre may produce the belief that there are smells that have no real existence. Hence, as the result of some change in the brain, the victim to that change may become the subject of those false opinions that afflict the insane so frequently. Illusions, hallucinations, and delusions owe their origin to some derangement in the sense organs or in the perceptive centres in the brain. Following upon this, the conscious ego is no longer in its true relationship to its environments, and there is, as a consequence, derangement of conduct, as the result of the physical disease.

LOVE'S TRAGEDY AT SCRATCH'S POINT.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

I.

"WELL, I'll be jiggered, if them oxen don't move faster, if I'll get this plowin' done this side o' Christmas. How my legs do ache, sure enough. Whoa, Buck! back, Brindle! Consarn you, if you aint too lazy to stop."

The speaker was a tall, loose-boned young man, with a freckled face and bright red hair. All that short October afternoon he had slowly and silently wended back and forth at the tail of the rude plow, behind those thin, melancholy oxen, who mournfully chewed their cuds and whisked the flies with their tails, turning over the obstinate soil on that stony hill-side field.

Loosening the chain from the plow to free the oxen, and throwing his rude whip on a dark, up-turned furrow, he sat down on one of the large boulders that loomed out of the otherwise rich soil of the small lake-side farm, and drawing a soiled book from the pocket of a rough jacket that lay on the stone, he opened it and began to read. It was an old copy of the poems of Thomas Campbell, one of the noblest of the old poets, now nearly forgotten, but whose martial, patriotic and religious verses had already stirred a life beneath the uncultured exterior of this rough young Canadian.

As he turned over the leaves, the late afternoon sun reflected a certain manly kindliness in the uncouthness of his face, lit up as it now was by the spirit of the verses he was reading. Now and again he would look up and shout a "Whoa, Buck! back, Brindle! Consarn you animals," at the melancholy oxen, who rattled the chain on the rocky ground, as they browsed the fireweed and other rank herbage that sprang up where the plow had missed the edge of the field.

But evidently his mood for poetry this afternoon was not lasting, for he presently began to turn over the leaves hastily until he came to the fly-leaf, on which was scrawled in a rude crazy chirography—"Elias Gale, his book," and underneath—"Steal not this book for fear of shame, for here you see the owner's ——," then there was a break, and underneath:—

> "Elias Gale is my name,
> Canada my nation;
> Scratche's Point my dwelling plase
> An heaven my destination."

This ran well on to the next page, and then beneath, as if he were practising a copy-plate, was repeated a feminine name, "Lizzie Crandal, Lizzie Crandal, Liz., Liz., Lizzie Crandal," and then:—

> "Rosy's red
> Vilets blue,
> No nife can cut
> Our love in too.
> "Elias Gale."

And underneath, in a scratchy girlish hand, "Lizzie Crandall." This evidently had been written a long time, and was almost obliterated by thumbing and age, but it seemed the one poem of the book for him, as he sat there gazing at it, the words "Lizzie Crandall" repeating themselves in flaming letters all over the page. For Elias Gale, as all the world of Scratch's Point knew, was in love, and that, too with the prettiest girl, and the lightest-hearted, in all the lake country round She had promised, as a light-hearted pretty girl would do, to become his wife some time after the coming new year, and poor Elias' simple, trusting heart was all one dream of happiness and hope. And he certainly had a

right to be happy, for a face like a blossom in fairness had Lizzie Crandall, daughter of Joe Crandall, down at the shore farm. She had shyly and coyly promised this one night some time in the spring, when he had taken her home from a meeting in the log school-house, for she really liked him, as no one could help doing, for his quiet and dogged earnestness and steadfastness, and his goodness to his widowed mother, with whom he lived alone. But it hardly could be said that Lizzie was in love with him, or, if she was, she was not aware of it.

Ever since that time Elias and his mother had been getting all ready for the wedding. He had worked unusually hard this summer, and had added certain new comforts to the rough but cosy little farm-house. He had been more than particular as to the fattening of the two hogs, and in the laying up of butter from the single cow, having even stinted himself for the purpose. And often in the evenings, when he and his mother would talk things over, she, in her rough, motherly kindness, would say, this or that "is for you and Lizzie," and then honest but bashful Elias would blush up confusedly and go out under the dusky stars that blinked in the dimness of lake and shore, and dream over his great happiness. He looked forward to the time when, in the mid winter, he would hitch up Buck and Brindle and carry Lizzie on his rude sledge through the long woods to the nearest village, where they would be married,—and then the trip home again, the party at Lizzie's home, and then how he would bring her up here to his own home to happiness and love. And the glad, innocent joy all this gave him made the summer and early autumn go as a dream. He was the one human figure in the bleak wilderness of the landscape as he sat dreaming this beautiful, old, yet ever new, poem of human love and hope. No sound broke the stillness of the autumn air, save the rattling of the chain as Buck and Brindle crowded each other among the briars and fire-wood, and the distant subdued sound of wild life from the woods and shore below. Some distance behind him, farther up the little farm, loomed the roof of his humble home, and far below, beyond the breathing edge of forest, lay a smoky glimpse of the great lake gleaming under the fast-westering sun.

Elias' reverie was abruptly broken into by the sound of distant music, and, looking up, he espied the form of a man coming down the road that led past the farm to the lake below. He was sauntering along, with a fiddle held close beneath his chin, playing to himself snatches of dance music and tunes of songs; but suddenly seeing Elias sitting on his stone, he sprang over the log fence and approached with great strides of his long legs. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, with handsome, straight features, rich, black, curly hair, and a devil-may-care expression in his dark eyes. But there was a coarse, sinister look in his face that suggested reckless dissipation. He wore a gaudily-embroidered shirt, with a red sash at his waist, and there was a contemptuous sneer on his handsome, dissipated face at Elias' uncouth appearance, as he ejaculated:—

"I'll be hanged if it ain't 'Lias Gale. Know'd you when I first seen you, by your red hair,—sittin' like a woodpecker on your stone, moonin' same as ever. Ain't writin' poetry on the stone, air you? Weighin' etarnity and consequences same as ever? Thinkin' ain't faded any of the red out'n yer head, has it, 'Lias? Seems you don't know me,"—and with an ironical laugh he held out his hand, for Elias let his book drop and came forward pale as ashes.

"God in heaven; it ain't you, Jim Rummage, come back from the dead?" he asked, suddenly.

"The same an' no other," said that gentleman, lightly. "Didn't think I'd grown into such a fine lookin' feller, did you, 'Lias?"

"Well, no, Jim; but the old folks, Jim, they took on awful bad; near broke their hearts. It's nigh on three years since the news came, an' yer mother ain't been real well since. You might a wrote or somethin."

"Well, I might if I'd a thought of it, 'Lias; but I didn't, you see."

Then, as if slightly ashamed beneath the reproach in Elias' honest face. "Thought I'd surprise them—prodigal son, fatted calf, etcetery. There ain't no truth in that about a 'rollin' stone gatherin no moss.' Here you've been a grubbin like a fool, as you always were, on this darned old rock heap, an me—well, I've enjoyed life; and look at us now,"—with a glance of contemptuous comparison of his appearance and that of Elias.

"I don't grudge no man his luck," said Elias coldly, for something in the other's sinister appearance and sentiments jarred on him.

"I'm glad as you ain't dead, Jim, an glad for your folks' sake, that is, if you mean well by them. No, Jim, I don't grudge you nothin, not even the lickin I give you years agone."

"O, we're on a different footin now, 'Lias," he laughed back, but a quick, evil light passed over his face at the remembrance.

"Well, what brought you back, any ways," said Elias. "Was it sorrer for your folks, Jim?"

"No, not that; do you think I'm a ninny? No, somethin better'n that; somethin I heered, what's called attraction; hey! 'Lias!"

Just then he noticed the book, and, picking it up, opened at the fly leaf. "D—— it, if that ain't the name of the beauty I come to see,—Lizzie Crandall. What?" for he noticed the quick, dark flush on Elias' face at the name, "you hain't weak there, too, air ye, 'Lias? Bless us, what a joke, but wait till she sees me;" and with another contemptuous laugh he strode across the field, bounded over the fence and soon disappeared down the road to the lake, a road which led to his home and past Joe Crandall's doorway. As soon as he reached the road he commenced fiddling, but the music which before had sounded sweet to Elias' ear now seemed a hideous medley of jar ring sounds.

II.

Elias stood listening until the sound of the fiddle was lost in the woods below; his first feeling was one of anger, and he wished he had struck Jim Rummage to the earth. Then this was succeeded by a vague sensation of sadness, for he did not like the idea of that man's having gone down there where his love was, with his sinister good looks, and especially after his having acknowledged her to be the object of his return,—whether in joke or not, Elias did not know, nor did he care to know; it was enough to his love wakened instinct that such a man was in the vicinity.

He came back to reality with a start. The evening had deepened down; it was growing chilly, and he had to do his chores; but there was a cold feeling at his heart, as if the icy hand of the coming winter had reached out of the future and touched him there.

Returning the book to his pocket with a sigh, he put on his jacket, and went in search of the oxen. By the clink of the chain he soon found them in the briars, and leaving the plow in the half-finished furrow he drove the patient beasts slowly up the hill to the barnyard, through the lonesome shadows of the dusk.

"My! boy! y' ain't ill, air you?" said a rough but motherly voice, as he strode, with a worn look, under the doorway into the kitchen, where in the twilight she was preparing his evening meal.

"I've strange news for you, mother," he said quietly, as he sat down and put his long legs under the table. "Jim Rummage has come back."

"You don't tell! Him as was drowned?"

She started back in the dusk, almost

spilling the bowl of bread and milk she was placing before him.

"Yes, mother. I scarce know'd him at first—he was dressed fine-like, an was playin a fiddle; but it's him and no mistake."

"I thought as I heerd fiddlin somewhars. My, won't the old folks feel good!"

She leaned her hands on the table, and bent over towards him. "An they having put up a marble ter him, 'sacred to mem'ry of James Rummage, who was lost in a storm. The Lord give and the Lord tooketh away; blessed be the name o' the Lord.'"

"They won't feel so awful good when the newness of his comin has worn off, mother." Then he added wearily, "I'm thinkin it were better for them an others, too, if he were lyin under that very stone at this minit; and, mother, God forgive me, but I wish he were," and he leaned his head on his arms and groaned.

"'Lias, boy, what an awful wish! seems like murder; Lord save us, boy, what's wrong?"

"I'm afraid, mother, as Jim's a bad lot."

"I'm sorry to hear that, 'Lias," she returned; "sorry for his folks; but, Lias, boy,"—and she came over and placed her hand on his head,—"what's that ter you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I b'leeve I have mother; only it's a a ghost of the future. O mother!" he sobbed, with his head on the table. "O mother! he said he'd come after my Lizzie."

"I didn't think as I'd live to see Elias Gale jealous of any travellin scamp"(there was reproach and reproof in her voice) "an him a Rummage."

"O, mother, you don't understand, he's so fine lookin, an I am not, an I wouldn't blame Lizzie. I'm afraid as I've been selfish ter want her. I don't think as a girl like Lizzie could really love a feller like me. Seems as if the angels wer'nt good 'nough for her, an you know as Joe Crandall never really liked the idea. A feller like Jim Rummage would hev a better chance with him, an you know as I'd die if I were ter lose her now. I b'leeve I'd turn into a devil. There, mother, I've been weak; I couldn't help it. It all come so suddent on me, but it's over now. I'll go and think it out." And wiping his eyes with his rough sleeve he rose and went past her out into the dusk.

"'Lias!" she called, "come back an hev yer supper. 'Lias, 'Lias!"

He came back and put his head in at the door.

"You've been so strong all along, every one respects you, 'Lias; an now your not goin ter—not for my sake, 'Lias, you'll not do nothin?"

"Mother, you know me too well," he answered. "Then I love her too well for that,"—and he was gone.

She gazed at the doorway for a moment, then at the untouched bread and milk, and, with a deep sigh, sadly went about her work of getting things ready for the night.

Poor Elias wandered out into the dark, and the love in his heart led him down the road through the swampy woods that lay between him and Joe Crandall's.

All about him lay the dreamy, frosty gleam of the autumn night, and soon over the breathing forest edge would drift in the wintry, fire-fleeced moon. Noises of happy nature from wood, upland and shore struck with no response on his unconscious ear. Love and despair filled his heart. His despair told him it was no use to go and see her; but something else, perhaps a kind of under sense we all have that leads us at times, made him go on. After walking about a mile and a half through the gloomy swamp, he reached a bald sand-hill, and so came into the moon-light, which was now in its first pallid, ghostly dawn, and at the same time into sight of Crandall's house. It was a large, low shanty, built of logs and drift-wood from the shore, and stood near the road, in the moonlight. As he had

come up the hill, his heart smote his side, for he already heard the weird sounds of that cursed fiddle, and knew that his worst fears were realized. Not caring to go in as he now felt, and instinctively knowing that his presence would be out of place, he turned to go back into the darkness; then he changed his mind, and creeping along the log fence in the dark, he stole up like a thief to the house from the side where the shadows were. A dog came round the corner with a low growl, but when he recognized Elias, he licked his hand and grovelled at his feet, as dogs do who trust honest, kind-hearted men. As he drew near the window, the sounds of the fiddle grew louder, mingled with the shuffle of feet as in dancing, and an occasional laugh or other burst of merriment, and, looking in, a sight met his gaze which he never quite forgot, connected as it was with all that was near and dear to his being. The room was cleared for dancing, and two or three young couple were circling round in the middle of the floor in the mazes of a country dance. Mrs. Crandall, another woman, and the children, were congregated near the stove, silently enjoying the scene. Beside the table, from which the tea dishes were not yet removed, sat Joe Crandall, with a flask beside him, evidently in the best of spirits, and right opposite the window where poor Elias stood sat Jim Rummage, fiddling away for all he was worth, his eyes fastened with a basilisk glance on the upturned, radiant face of Lizzie Crandall, who sat near him, seemingly entranced. There was a light on her face when Rummage would fix his eyes on her, which reminded Elias, in his dazed condition, of a bird in the power of a snake.

How long he stayed there he never really knew, but after a while Rummage bent forward and spoke some words to Lizzie, and, giving the fiddle to Crandall to play, he took Lizzie's hand, and they joined the dancers. Elias waited to see no more; his heart was broken, and with a groan he turned away into the darkness, giving a last glance at the fair face of the girl he loved, but who, he felt, was his no more.

He was not weak or faint-hearted. He was brave enough to have frightened the other man from the field, had he cared to do so, but he was one of those simple, single-souled men, who love from the depths of their being, and whose love renders them unselfish. Then he could not help comparing himself unfavorably—poor, simple fellow—with the other man. He saw his ugliness and uncouthness beside Rummage's strange, wild beauty of face.

"Why did I ever dream of such a thing?" he groaned, as he stumbled down the road into the swamp. "What am I but a clod for her ter marry!" Everything now appeared in a different light to him; all wakened by one thing, his lover's heart did see, amid all his stupidity, that this man, with his sinister attractiveness, had wakened a light in his love's eyes such as he had never seen there before. He never fully realized all his feelings as he went home that night; but if any feeling was uppermost, it was self-contempt; his very home and surroundings, though almost as good as Crandall's, and better kept, seemed demeaned by his ownership.

It was late when he got home, but his mother had left a light for him, and his bowl of bread and milk still remained where he had left it. He gazed at it all in a stupid manner, and muttered, "Ter think of bringin' her ter a place like this"—and all the sweet, humble, home comforts, all the simple preparations for the wedding, became petty in comparison with his love's idea of her worth. He went to a little drawer where he kept things most sacred to him, and took out some little trinkets in the way of cheap jewelry he had got for her, and fumbled them over, in a dazed way, in his great toil-blistered hands; then,

with a stifled sob, he put them back, closed the drawer, and, taking the candle, stole into his mother's bedroom; and there she lay, his poor old mother, in restful sleep, with the lines of care and age that each year deepened on her forehead. Then he turned in silence, and, blowing out the candle, crept up through the dark to his own bed in the loft above.

Days drifted into weeks, and still Elias went bravely, with breaking heart, the dreary routine of his rude farm life. He determined to keep up heart, if possible, for his mother's sake, though life to him had become an empty blank of days succeeding dreary days. All that once was of deepest interest now seemed an effort for him to accomplish. He read no more poetry now, and only two lines ran through his brain in a mad way at times:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

"'Twas just so with my future," he would say, "she was too good for the likes of me."

But he worked harder than ever, poor fellow; and on the whole the work was good for him; it helped to keep him from thinking. For he was human after all, and it was hard work to keep down the devil in him when he heard now and again rumors of the doings down at the shore farm.

What made it worse for Elias were the remarks the neighbors made, not to him, but to his mother, and he knew she felt it badly. But one afternoon a garrulous old neighbor came ostensibly to enquire about a pig he had lost.

"Wall, 'Lias, I'd never a b'leeved it. An' you 'gaged ter her, too, an' the time all set; but he's a mighty hansum feller, and Joe's mighty pleased too; but (noting the young man's face) I s'pose ye don't keer to talk of it. Sorry fer ye, 'Lias, but they says as 's ter come off soon. Hain't got any baccy, hev ye? Oh, I fergot, ye don't chew. Ye oughter chew, 'Lias; it's good for the narves, and mighty consolin'."

But Elias had left him in disgust, and was half across the field before the last sentence was finished.

"Wall, I'll be d——d," was all the little old man could say, as he hobbled off.

With all his strength and despair, Elias could not help at times looking back into his lost Eden, and, bad as he felt, he would go to meeting on Sundays. Here, at any rate, nobody could prevent his getting a glimpse of her face. But it was sorry comfort, and generally Jim Rummage would come with the family. Elias had never been at Crandall's since that eventful night, and had made up his mind never to go again. It would do no good, he thought, and only bring pain to both families.

One afternoon, late in the autumn, when the leaves had almost forsaken the trees, and the forest floors were strewn with the summer's foliage, Mrs. Gale asked Elias to go and get her some water from a certain spring, which was supposed to have medicinal properties. She had sprained her ankle, and though she did not complain much, because of Elias' overpowering trouble, yet he knew it caused her more suffering than she acknowledged. This spring, as she and Elias knew, was situated in a small grove of maples in the centre of a great blackberry patch, and had been a common resort for the young people of the settlement, and many a time Elias and Lizzie had been there together, and she knew it was like opening a wound to ask him to go now, especially on this dreary afternoon, but she really needed the water, or thought she did. She had never, but once, mentioned Lizzie's name to him since that one night, but now she broke down and sobbed, as she said, "I wouldn't hev asked ye, 'Lias, but I need it, my poor boy. God help you;"

and Elias, not being able to contain himself, took the pail and strode off.

It was a bright, frosty afternoon, and the sun was shining, but there was a lonesome wind among the trees, —a sense of broken-heartedness for the dead summer,—that touched Elias' sympathetic heart. He went on and on, sadly and silently, until at last, after half an hour's walk, he came to the edge of the patch, and, taking a path he knew, arrived at the spring. As he approached, if he had only had his eyes about him, he would have noticed a girl's figure standing by the spring, in the shade of the trees; but as he drew near, the figure disappeared in the bushes.

The place and its associations were too much for him, for instead of filling his pail and retracing his steps, he sat down on a decayed log, and buried his face in his hands, and great tears trickled through them and fell to the ground.

He did not know how long he had been sitting in this way, when he felt a pair of soft arms wind about him, and a long-lost voice was whispering and sobbing in his ear: "'Lias, darling! you've suffered all this fer me, an' you so good and strong." Then it seemed like a dream that he had his lost love in his arms once more, with her flower-like face looking up into his, and then buried in burning blushes on his shoulder, and the poor fellow was weeping for very joy or madness, he could not tell which.

"O, 'Lias, I've been so wicked."

"No, you hain't, Lizzie," he could just say, "I didn't blame you. I know'd it, Lizzie, I could never make you love me as he did."

"You're wrong and yet you're right, 'Lias. He never made me love him; but I was a girl then, 'Lias, an' it was the girl as was carried away by his ways; but the woman was always true to you, 'Lias, though I did not know it till lately. Father was favorable ter him, too, but I told him I'd rather die than marry a bad man. O, 'Lias, your soul seems to look at me right out of your eyes!"

But all poor Elias could do was to hold her in his arms and dream his happiness, while the benediction of love came upon them from the afternoon until it seemed the old pulse of summer throbbed once more in the dried-up sap of the drear autumnal woods.

AN OLD MEMORY.

A garden in its vernal prime
Wert thou, so light and fair;
I envied all the lilies that
Grew and blossomed there.

A boat upon the sunlit sea
Wert thou in life's young day;
I envied all the wavelets that
Kissed thee on thy way.

I look in vain upon the sea
For thy form, as of old;
The garden is a wilderness,
And all its blossoms cold.

MINDEN, ONT. --THOMAS C. ROBSON.

CANADIAN DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

SOCIETY'S aims, purposes and plans of procedure change with the succeeding generations which make society continuous. The first half of the nineteenth century was essentially individualistic in its theories. Society was supposed to consist of individuals who, no matter what form that society took, must depend upon themselves as individuals for their temporal improvement and social elevation. It was a *laissez-faire* age. Government functions were restricted as far as possible, and the individual was left to work out his own salvation.

But the latter half of the century has witnessed the growth of new ideas, based upon the conviction that a government—which is society as a unit—can do a great deal for the elevation of the individual. This conviction has been steadily gaining ground. The result in its mildest form is democracy; in its extreme form it is socialism.

Democracy has firmly established itself in the two greatest nations on the North American continent, and these two national governments are being called upon to take an increasing share of the regulation of society's movements and undertakings. Hence democracy is understood and appreciated.

In spite of the fact that so much has been said and written on Socialism, it is understood by very few. Because not understood, it is hated. If well and thoroughly known it might be disapproved of, but would certainly not be hated.

Socialism is simply a phase of the evolution of society from one status to another. Man is continually striving for a betterment of his position, and a part of the striving which is so apparent in the present day is designated Socialism. The higher and middle classes, as classes, have less need to better their position than the lower classes. hence it is among the lower classes that socialism takes deepest root Because it appears most prominently in the talk and actions of the lower classes, it is distrusted by the middle and higher classes. Still, among the latter there are found many men of large heart and brain, who are essentially socialistic.

What is Socialism? Professor Richard T. Ely says: "Socialism, strictly speaking, denotes simply the social system. It is the opposite of individualism. A socialist is one who looks to the society organized in the State for aid in bringing about a more perfect distribution of economic goods and an elevation of humanity." Professor Francis A. Walker says: "It is properly applied to an unconscious tendency, or a conscious purpose, to extend the powers of the State beyond a certain necessary minimum line of duties, for a supposed public good, under popular impulse."

If this is socialism, should it frighten any person? Should it be the object of unsympathetic denial or biassed criticism? As a system, it is based on certain assumed arguments, which it is preferable to controvert than ignore.

Canada has not remained untouched by the doctrines and principles of socialism. The system in its highest and most developed form may not have been publicly considered, but the fact that many measures of governments and municipalities are distinctly socialistic, and that the thoughts of a large body of the citizens of this country are turned upon this system, can be readily shown. By understanding and recognizing this move-

ment, the thinking people of this fair Dominion can see its benefits and receive them, see its evils and avoid them.

One of the oldest democratic or socialistic movements in this country is governmental control of education. Clause 93 of the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada (B.N.A Act, 1867), declares that in and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject to certain provisions. Each Provincial Legislature controls and aids the schools of the Province, which are supported by taxes levied on all taxable property. Our Public Schools are distinctly Socialistic. The child of the poorest citizen may secure a good education without cost, except for books. In the larger cities of Ontario, this system has been extended so that even books and other school requisites are supplied free. The next step will undoubtedly be, that the children of the poorest classes shall be properly clothed and fed at the public expense during their school age. In this respect the United States and Canada are more socialistic than Great Britain, for it is not yet twenty-five years since the education of children became a governmental function in the British Isles. No one can readily condemn such a socialistic scheme as this. The results in the elevation of the masses are too apparent to need proof, and he who runs may read.

Protectionism is another essentially socialistic movement. It is the effort of a young and small division to bring itself up to the point of strength already attained by an older and stronger division. The plan itself may be condemned or applauded, but the motive remains unchanged. "Its purpose," says Francis A. Walker in his Political Econmy, "is so to operate upon individual choices and aims, so to influence private enterprise and the investments of capital, as to secure the building up, within the country concerned, of certain branches of production which could not be carried on, or would grow but slowly, under the rule of competition and individual initiative. With this object in view, government begins by preventing the citizen from buying where he can buy cheapest; it compels him to pay ten, thirty or fifty per cent. advance, it may be, upon the price at which he could otherwise purchase; it even assumes the right to make existing industries support the industries which are to be called into being. Not incidentally, but primarily and of purpose, it affects virtually every man's industrial conditions and relations. It does this for a supposed national good." It aims to limit the market of the larger and stronger division, and enlarge that of the weaker division, and thus strengthen the latter in comparison with the former.

But this protective principle is manifested in other ways than in protective tariffs on imported goods. It is followed when a town bonuses a manufacturing industry. The citizens of that town pay a certain amount of money over to the manufacturer with the expectation that in return they shall reap an equal or greater pecuniary benefit, which shall come to them as individual citizens. It is a public undertaking for the general benefit of those who comprise the community. This same principle obtains, when, as in Toronto, all manufacturing plant is exempted from taxation. It obtains where the labor unions influence city or town councils to pay certain rates of wages by all contractors for the supply of firemen and police clothing, of block or other pavements, and like municipal necessities. It obtains where labor organizations influence governments and municipal corporations to require that laborors on public works shall work only a limited number of hours each day.

A most cogent example of a socialistic undertaking is the formation of Good Roads Associations which is now going on in this country. The custom

of charging tolls on roads that have been built by private enterprise is passing away. The great public advantage of roads built and maintained at public expense has become apparent to all, and is being rapidly secured. The question has been taken up very heartily by the press, and this movement shows signs of rapid progress. It is the signal for further plans on a larger scale.

The supplying of gas and electric lights by a municipal corporation at the expense of the municipality is another socialistic undertaking. The plant may be owned and managed by the corporation, or the monopoly for its supply may be farmed out to the person willing to pay most for it, but in either case it is a public undertaking for the public good. The control of street-railways and telephone lines is in the same category.

This naturally leads to the consideration of a broader and more important socialistic movement—the control of post-offices, telegraph lines and railways by the Federal Government. In Canada, the post-office is controlled by the government for the general benefit of the country, but the telegraph lines and railways are still in the hands of private corporations. In Great Britain this socialistic movement has obtained greater results, and the telegraph as well as post office are under governmental management. But the day is not distant when all the telegraph and railway lines on the North American Continent shall be in the hands of the governments. The agitation for this is not new, but it is stronger to-day than it ever was, and victory will soon be its laurel wreath.

The subsidizing of ocean steamboat lines is another socialistic movement now making its appearance in Canada. This is a governmental undertaking for the general public benefit; it is socialism in a mild form. It proves that the Canadian Government has, it believes, functions of a higher and more exalted character than its mere police functions—the primary functions for which all governments exist.

Taking all the foregoing facts into consideration, it can be safely asserted that socialism in a mild form—the form called democracy—has taken deep root in Canada. Assuming this as proved, and knowing that socialism is a movement essentially characteristic of this century, growing stronger as the century advances, it must be admitted that the movement is likely to become more radical. Extreme socialism is likely to follow moderate socialism or democracy, and in extreme socialism lie many dangers. Should private enterprise, personal choices and aims and individual action be lost in the general workings of society or government, certain changes will be necessary which at first sight are appalling to the conservative classes of the present.

Modern extreme socialism is the product of the present century. About the time of the French revolution, the old feudal system passed away and modern society began. Trade and manufactures made the emancipated third estate wealthy, and the fourth estate—the wage-earners—came into existence. The disputes between capital and labor have given rise to socialism, communism and anarchism. All the plans proposed aim to elevate the working classes by giving them a greater share in the product of their labor.

Babœuf was about the earliest of French socialists, and was most active between 1790 and 1797. His aim was equality. He desired to form a large common property out of the wealth of the corporations and public institutions. By abolishing inheritance, all property would in fifty years become nationalized. Officers chosen by public vote were to direct production and distribution.

Cabet was a Frenchman and founder of the Icarian settlement in Texas in 1848. His system was communistic rather than socialistic. All were to

share equally in his fraternal republic.

Saint-Simon, another Frenchman, was the originator of the Panama canal scheme, and one who firmly believed that the golden age of humanity was not behind us but ahead of us. His most celebrated work was: "Nouveau Christianism," in which he attempts to discover an authority which shall rule the inner life as well as the external acts. Universal peace is to be established, and labor guaranteed to all—a doctrine now very strongly advocated by the labor organizations of the present day. He believed in recompense according to merit rather than equality. He did not wish to destroy but reconstruct. This is pure socialism. He believed in social reform and predicted the formation of labor parties. He died in 1825.

Fourier (1772-1837) was an idealist. He constructed an elaborate social scheme which should promote truth, honesty, economy of resources and the development of natural propensities. He aimed to produce harmony by association in small communities. He gave a great impetus to co-operative production. Fourierism obtained a hold in America between 1840 and 1845, and among the names connected with it were Albert Brisbane, Horace Greely, Charles A. Dana, George Wm. Curtis, Dr. Channing and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Louis Blanc (1813-1882) denounced this age of competition and universal warfare, as it prevented man's proper development. He would form the world into a fraternity having all things in common, but proposed to abolish private industry gradually. Not equality but needs are to determine the distribution of products—every man to produce according to his qualities and consume according to his wants.

Proudhon was an extremist, believing private property *per se* was a monstrosity—a robbery. Had he lived to-day, he might have been an anarchist; in fact, the anarchists of France draw their inspiration from him.

Rodbertus (1805-1875), the Ricardo of socialism, directed most of his attention to pauperism and commercial and financial crises. The first is due to capitalists and landlords, the latter to the continued decrease in labor's share of this world's goods. The state must therefore interfere and see that labor gets its share. He did not belittle capital or land, but desired by abolishing the capitalist and landlord classes to make all men equal.

Karl Marx (1818-1883) is the author of the famous book: "Das Capital"—the Bible of social democrats and a book which has now great influence in the United States and Canada He believed in evolution and that the present age of capitalistic production would pass away and be replaced by an association of laborers. To him in a great measure is due the International Working Men's Association, a society based on social democratic principles and intended to embrace all the laborers of Christiandom. A second International was founded by Bakounin, and was repulsively anarchistic. The International has caused no end of trouble to the governments of Europe, and there is little doubt that it has many members in the United States and a few in Canada. Its aim is destruction, and its means are the knife and the bomb.

Such is the extreme socialism that may some day in the near future force itself into Canada. Among the laborers of this country who have felt the biting stings of poverty, it smoulders It lurks in strange places, ever and anon breaking forth in sparks which betoken perhaps the lurid flames of the future. The labor organizations of the U.S. are controlled by agitators and dreamers, men who, in a general destruction, would have nothing to lose and every thing to gain. They share, to a great extent, the wild revolutionary spirit of the off-scouring of Europe, who, hunted from their

native lands, have fled for refuge to the United States, the land where all men are citizens. In that country they have become members of the labor organizations, and are sowing the seed of discontent and lawlessness. The labor organizations of Canada, being federated or allied with those of the United States, are affected by these teachings. The literature of these wild schemers and professional agitators is read by yet honest Canadian laborers. But the seeds of poison weeds are being sown. The Canadian who goes to the United States in search of a supposed El. Dorado, returns with the poverty he took away, but with new and devilish ideas. The latter he imparts to those who have seen less of the world than he.

The conflicts between labor and capital in the United States are increasing in number and viciousness. The far-seeing members of that community see, in its restless foreign population, a great and immediate danger to the stability of the State. Should a conflict ensue, the connection between the labor organizations of this country and those of the United States might create a disturbance in Canada. If the laboring classes of the United States lose their reason, and trust to the bullet and bomb rather than common sense, why should the Canadian laborer not be strangely agitated?

The social problems of the day are most important in both the United States and Canada. It is to democracy that both countries must look to save them from anarchism. Democracy would elevate the worst and poorest classes. Anarchism has nothing to feed upon when these are removed. Those who have wealth and position must face these problems seriously instead of lolling on their couches of ease. The number of mere wage-earners—men who will always be such—is yearly increasing, and capital has no strength in a struggle with this element. It is only by easing the poverty of the masses that fanaticism will be prevented.

No radical changes are immediately needed, but many measures which will tend to elevate the masses press for immediate consideration. The growth of great soulless corporations must be prevented; the massing of much wealth in the possession of single families must be avoided; disputes between capital and labor must be settled by arbitration, so that the harmony between capital and labor will be preserved; the education of the masses must be pressed with renewed vigor, so that anarchism cannot be begotten amidst ignorance and superstition; the crowding of the poor into unhealthy portions of great cities must be avoided, because a pure mind exists only in a pure body. These are a few of the socialistic schemes which can be undertaken to discount the troubles of the future. With these undertaken and successfully carried out, extreme socialism would cease to be a menace and anarchism cease to be a nightmare.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY J. DONALD MORRISON.

YOU may chaff all you please, boys, as to my being a short, sawed-off heap of humanity, for I am not thin-skinned, although I must own to the soft impeachment that when I was a younger man in the profession, I often bemoaned the fact that I was not going to be so tall as the majority of my fellow-men; but there came an epoch in my life when the smallness of my stature alone saved me from an ignominious end, my carcas from being scorched in the sun, and saved me, too, from swinging on a tree branch, acting as Judge Lynch's ominous warning to outlaws, robbers, etc., as to what their fate would be.

"Is this a fairy tale you are telling us, Donald," asked George McLean, "or something one reads in the despatches, but in reality never comes across?"

Perhaps so, George, and many the time when I have been sitting on the verandah smoking a weed, my thoughts have reverted back to that awful time when life was never so sweet or precious,—as when I was undergoing that terrible ordeal, with death and all its gruesome horrors staring me in the face; and when I arouse myself from a reverie, it seems as if I was the victim of some terrible dream.

"This is getting somewhat interesting," remarked Fred Travers, "and as it is half an hour before the paper goes to press, I guess you had better tell us the story. What say you, boys?" "Why, certainly," was the chorus; "tell us the story, Donald."

Well, boys, it was about six months after I had arrived out from the old country that the incident of which I have been speaking took place. But before jumping to the tragedy, I think it is only right that I should give you the prologue of the drama in which I took such a conspicuous part.

Whilst on the passage out from Liverpool on the Dominion Line steamship Oregon, I fell in with Malcolm McAllister, a young, healthy, and well-educated Scotch farmer, who having just married an equally brilliant lassie, was coming out to Canada to try his fortune at farming. As we dined at the same table day after day, and promenaded the deck from noon till night, our friendship got warmer, and we exchanged confidences as to what our future was to be. He was going some miles across the country to take up his grant of land, and there would build his home, whilst I was going to settle down to newspaper life in a large, bustling city. Before we parted to go to our several destinations, we promised to correspond with each other, and he also exacted a promise from me that I would come and stay a little while with him and his wife on their farm.

When I had been settled down a few weeks, and was in full swing of routine work, I wrote to McAllister, giving him my address, and a few particulars of what I was doing, etc., etc., and received in return a very graphic description of the country, of his 300 acres of land, of the house which he had built thereon, of his horses, cattle, poultry, and of the river which flowed past his land, and of the tall mountain peaks rising abruptly in the distance, of the heavily timbered wood, abounding in game, and of the clear lake whose surface pictured the whole environs, and concluded with the renewal of an invitation to visit them. We kept up the correspondence between us for several months, when one Thursday morning

I received a letter much shorter than usual,—but by the way, boys, I have got the letter in my pocket book, and with your permission I'll read it to you:—

THE HIGHLAND CREEK,
August 26th, 189—

MY DEAR DONALD,

Many thanks for the papers you have been sending, and for your kind letters, and I trust you will overlook my seeming inattention in not replying before, but during the past fortnight great trouble has been overshadowing our happy home. Consequently the work on the farm has been neglected, and I now turn to you as my friend to ask you to take a holiday, and come and stay at my place, where you will not only be able to do me a good turn by assisting to put matters straight, but you will also have an opportunity to have plenty of sport as regards shooting and fishing. I am expecting you, and I hope you will come, for you remember you promised to do so to your affectionate friend,

MALCOLM MCALLISTER.

P.S.—Like a woman I must have a P.S., but I have suddenly remembered that I am running short of ammunition, so please bring me a supply for the winter, for which I enclose $20 to defray same. Bring your Winchester along with you —MC.

Well, boys, after reading the letter a couple of times, I made up my mind that I would ask the chief to give me a fortnight's leave of absence. As luck would have it, one of our fellows named Jennings was returning on the Friday night from the trip to New York, and as soon as the chief learned this, he readily gave his consent to my going away, as it was my first vacation since joining the staff. You can bet your life, boys, I was not long in making preparations for starting, and after despatching a telegram to McAllister, informing him that I was coming, there wasn't a man in the whole Dominion more at peace with the world than I was when I boarded the C. P. R. cars at the depôt on the Saturday morning. After a few hours' ride, I got off at a wayside depôt, and, on enquiry, was informed that to reach the Highland Creek, I should have to ride across country, but with a good horse I could reach my destination in about three hours. Slinging my Winchester across my shoulder, I went to the hostelry to hire a horse. I had my choice of the stable by taking a bay mare named Buttercup, which was twelve hands high, a good pacer, and was well broken in. I watched with considerable interest the colored groom saddle the mare, and the affectionate manner in which he spoke to her, the brute seeming to understand every word.

"You seem fond of the mare, Sam!"

"Wall, I should say so, sah! I guess there is not a better bit of 'oss flesh about the country; the boss calls her Buttercup, but don't you think she is a daisy?"

I was soon mounted, and, tipping Sam a quarter for his trouble, I casually enquired, "I suppose she can go?"

"Go," said Sam, with a look of reproach, "just try her; but say, stranger, treat her well; don't worry her with the bit or spur. Just call her by name, and she'll go like an arrow."

The last words of Sam died on the air, as I rode away at a smart pace, for I was anxious to reach McAllister's place as soon as possible. After a run across the country, up a steep hill and down an equally steep one, I came to a broad stretch of land without habitation, and although it was wild and desolate it had a kind of charm to me, for was I not away from the busy city with its noise. As the mare was getting warm after her smart run, I drew the rein in to the left, and under the shade of some bushes I hobbled Buttercup so that she could graze, and I soon commenced to put away some sandwiches, for the ride had made me pretty hungry, and, after washing them down with a draught of Adam's ale from the stream flowing alongside, I soon had my old companion the pipe ready for a smoke. I had taken about a couple of whiffs and was thinking that perhaps, after all, I was born under a lucky planet when I was able to lie on my back and breathe the fresh,

invigorating air, whilst the other boys were working hard in the city, when my mare suddenly stopped grazing pricked up her ears, lifted her head nervously and neighed. I at once jumped up and saw a horse coming along at a good speed, riderless; but as soon as it sighted my mare, it slackened its pace and came towards us. I hung back, and as soon as it came alongside my hiding-place, I jumped out and caught it by the bridle. The horse was bespattered with mud and was very excited, but a few cheery words and a petting soon quieted him. Whilst I was trying to collect my scattered thoughts—for I believe I was as nervous as the horse—a moan broke on the stillness of the air. It gave me quite a start, and I exclaimed, "Good heavens? that must be from the rider, who has either met with an accident or foul play." Hobbling the horse, I stood for a few seconds listening intently for the least possible sound, for I had no idea where the sound came from, when presently I heard another moan, more faintly than the first, but still very plainly. Seizing my rifle, I ran at the top of my speed, and had got some distance when my ear caught another moan, but this time behind me. I stopped short and wended my way back slowly and cautiously for about twenty yards, when I saw marks of horses' hoofs and trampled brushwood, and on closer examination I found the object of my search. A man was lying on his back with one leg in the water and the other doubled up under it. Blood was flowing from his forehead, and this having trickled over his face, he looked quite ghastly. As he lay quite still, I thought I had reached him too late to be of service, but to my intense relief and delight, immediately that I knelt beside him, he opened his eyes and uttered in feeble tones, "Thank God!"

In a jiffy I had out my handkerchief, and, dipping it in the stream, washed the blood off his face, and to make him more comfortable, I proceeded to take his legs out of the water. To help him to rise I caught hold of his hand, but immediately I did so, he fell back and fainted. Putting my spirit flask to his lips, and pouring a little of the liquid down his throat, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my patient recover.

"How did it happen?" I exclaimed.

"I hardly know. I am a medical man, and was returning home from visiting a patient about six miles away, and, as I have been doing so for the past fortnight, I generally stop here and water the horse."

"Where is Jerry?" anxiously queried the doctor. "Oh! he's all right, it was through him that I found you, but go on with your story, doctor."

"How far have I told you?" On being informed, the doctor said, "Well, there is not much more to tell you. I was trotting along when my horse suddenly shied at a rabbit which had been disturbed at our approach, and threw me over. I cut myself, as you see by the blood which you have washed off my face, and I tried to pull myself together, but on placing my hands to the ground to raise myself, I fell over on my back exhausted, and I remember no more until I came to my senses and found you bending over me and washing the blood off my face. I see I have strained my wrist; it must have been that which made me faint when you tried to raise me."

"Well, I guess, doctor, you are all right now, eh?"

"Yes, thanks to you, my friend, I am all right, as you say, but if it had not been for your timely aid, I shudder to think of what my fate would have been. By the way," continued the doctor, "what is your name sir? I see you are a stranger, for I know the folks here for fifty miles around, and I should like us to become friends."

"Yes, doctor, I am, as you truly say, a stranger to these parts. I am going to put in a couple of weeks with a friend of mine who has a farm, to bring up muscle and also to have some

sport with the rifle. It is not often that a city man like myself gets such an opportunity."

"Yes, that is true. I know what it is to want the fresh air of the country; it puts me in mind of my college days. But you have not yet told me your name."

"Oh! excuse me, doctor, I quite forgot it. My name, sir, is Donald Morrison. Here is my card."

"What! is it really possible?" exclaimed the doctor in evident alarm —looking at me and the card alternately—"Surely it cannot be."

I thought the doctor was rambling in his mind, from the effects of the blow, and held out my hands to stop him from falling, when he straightened himself up and said in firm, decided tones, "Stand back, sir! I see you are armed and prepared to do another fiendish deed at your first opportunity, but I warn you, you will be hounded down, for the officers of the law are already on your track."

"What do you mean, doctor. I have never done any such deed that I am aware of," I replied, laughing at the same time at the seriousness of the man.

"You have not, eh? Well, you are a cool customer! Don't you call shooting a man through your pocket in cold blood a fiendish deed. But, again I say beware, Morrison, a day of retribution will come, when you will meet your deserts."

I then began to think that the doctor was either a maniac or was making a terrible mistake in taking me for some other man.

Throwing off my belt containing my revolver, I exclaimed, "Doctor, I know nothing of what you speak of."

"You don't, eh?" sneered the doctor at the same time picking up my revolver. "You don't know that Donald Morrison is an outlaw, a murderer, and that a reward of $3,000 is offered by the Quebec Government for his capture."

"I have never heard of him, I do declare, for I have only been in the country six months, as my friend Malcolm McAlister, a farmer in this province, will bear witness to."

"What, McAllister your friend?"

"Yes, my friend. We came from the old country together, and it was to his place I was going when I came to your rescue. Did I act like an outlaw or a murderer when I attended you, doctor?"

A twinge of pain in the doctor's voice made him relent a little, and he said, "No! I suppose I must try and think that I have made a mistake."

"Of course you have made a mistake, doctor, and one that might have placed my life in a very jeopardous position. McAllister is my friend, and here is a letter that I received from him a few days ago," and I handed him the letter which I have just read to you, boys.

"Yes, I see I have made a horrible blunder. This letter speaks of a misfortune befalling their household. That is quite true; his wife gave birth to a little boy, but it only survived its birth a few hours, and since that time the wife has been in such a low state of health, that he nearly lost her. I was on my way home from McAllister's ranch when I met with my mishap, and now I come to remember, he told me that he had written to a gentleman in the city to come and stay with him. And to think that I should have mistaken you for the outlaw, ha! ha! ha! that is indeed a good joke; but there, I must be going home now, but before doing so, give me your hand; lad, you have done me a good turn and if you ever need a friend, rely on Dr. Miller."

"Where do you live, doctor?"

"About two miles from here; and by the way, what do you say to coming over to my place. I will introduce you to my wife, who is from your part of the country, and after taking luncheon, you can then ride over to McAllister's ranch within a couple of hours."

As I was naturally curious to learn something about the man who bore

the same name as myself, but who, instead, was an outlaw, and for whose arrest a large reward was offered, I replied, "Thank you, doctor, I accept your kind offer, now I will go and fetch the horses."

On returning a few minutes later, leading the horses, I found the doctor standing in the same place where I had left him, staring vacantly, and evidently unconscious of his surroundings.

"Are you in pain, doctor?"

"Oh, no! I was just thinking of the terrible mistake I made."

"Don't let that worry you, doctor; mistakes will happen in the best regulated families, you know, and besides, I suppose it was the name I bear that is the sole cause of the trouble."

"Yes; that's so, my lad."

After assisting the doctor to mount his horse, and springing lightly into my saddle, we started at a very slow pace, so as not to jolt the doctor, and I at once opened the conversation by saying, "Who is this Donald Morrison? He must be a notorious character to startle you as he did when I first mentioned the name?"

"Yes, I suppose it is only fair that I should tell you about this namesake of yours, and so explain the reason of my blunder:—

"The Donald Morrison trouble arose over the mortgage and sale of a piece of land to a Major M. B. McAuley, of Springhill. Donald, his father, and his brother Murdock, were interested in the farm, and the former alleged that he had been cheated out of $900, by McAuley, on the sale. He brought an action against McAuley, but lost, and this seems to have preyed on his mind. A warrant was subsequently issued against Morrison in connection with these transactions, but he evaded service for some time, and asserted that he would shoot the man who tried to serve him with the warrant. On June 22nd, he was in Megantic. There he saw Warren, who had the warrant with him, and on the latter trying to serve it, Morrison shot him dead in the street. After the shooting, he coolly walked away and for months kept out of sight. In the following spring, public opinion asserted its indignation at the inaction of the Provincial authorities in the matter, although it was known that the murderer was in hiding in the woods of Megantic and Maine, and in frequent communication with his friends. Finally, detective Carpenter was sent for, and was assisted by seven Provincial police, six jail guards and eleven men of No. 1 company, 6th Batt., under Lieut. Blouin, but up to the present all their efforts to arrest the outlaw, as Morrison has now become, have been fruitless. At the latter part of March, Judge Dugas left Montreal, accompanied by the high constable and ten men of the city police. Judge Dugas had a midnight interview with Morrison, who offered to give himself up on conditions which were too preposterous to be entertained. Then began a hot chase after Morrison, reminding one of the times of Rob Roy. The outlaw had been seen wandering through the townships of Marsden, Winslow and Whitton, which are densely wooded and but thinly populated. The residents, with true Scottish clannishness and loyalty, are reported to be standing by him, and supplying him with food. He has been seen by them daily, and is frequently quite close to the police without their having any suspicion. He is well armed, carrying a rifle and two six-chambered revolvers. The woods have been searched for him, and a party of men have even been through some unused mines in the hope of finding him there, but he has successfully eluded the vigilance of the whole force. The authorities are beginning to despair, and the country, it must be confessed, is laughing at them. Four friends of the outlaw have been seized and sent to Sherbrooke jail, charged with aiding him, and the ministers have been asked to persuade their

congregations to reveal his hiding-place. But it seems their Gælic spirit cannot be broken, for they say it is for the authorities to find him; let them do their duty! Be that as it may, I am afraid that this namesake of yours cannot remain in hiding much longer, and I shall not be surprised to hear at any time that he has been captured."

The doctor completed his interesting story as we drew up at his door, and after a shout of "Hello there, Josh!" a colored groom soon made his appearance and took the horses into the stable, while we went into the house.

We had no sooner entered, before a lady, having seen the doctor's head and wrist bandaged, exclaimed, "What is the matter, Frank? Are you hurt?"

"Only a little cut and bruised, dear; that is all; but I have had a narrow escape, and if it had not been—but bless my days, I have not yet introduced you—Mary, this is Mr. Donald Morrison, of—"

"What! the outlaw here?" shrieked Mrs. Miller, shrinking away from me as if I had the plague.

"Ha! ha!! ha!!! Don't be alarmed dear. You have fallen into the same error as I did at first. This is not the outlaw, but a young city gentleman, who is going over to McAllister's ranch to spend a week's vacation; and for the great service he did me to-day, I am proud to shake him by the hand and call him friend."

These kind words of the doctor seemed to take a great load off my heart. And, suiting the action to his words, he shook my hand warmly, exclaiming at the same time, "And now Isabella, why are you so quiet, dear? Let us have some lunch—there's a good girl—I feel as hungry as a wolf, as the saying goes. I don't know how you feel, Morrison, my boy."

"The dinner has been ready this half hour, Frank, waiting entirely for you," laughingly exclaimed Mrs. Miller, who had regained her composure, "but what with the fright I received through seeing your bandages, and then being introduced to Mr. Morrison, whom I mistook for the outlaw, I hardly know what excuses to make."

"Pray don't try, Mrs. Miller," said I, interrupting her, and speaking for the first time, and with as much *sang froid* as if I was used to being called an outlaw every day of my life.

Laughingly we went into the dining-room, and were soon busy in enjoying our lunch, for to tell you the truth, boys, I was as hungry as a hunter. During the meal I said, jokingly, "I suppose I must consider myself in the future as Donald Morrison, the outlaw." I had no sooner finished the sentence, when the servant girl brought in some papers and letters which had just come by the mail, and the doctor, putting on his spectacles, preparatory to reading his correspondence, smilingly replied; "Oh, yes, why certainly you are Donald Morrison, the outlaw, and I think I shall claim that $3,000 reward offered by the Mercier Government for your arrest."

The servant was busying herself with the sideboard; and noticing when she first came into the room that she was rather a pretty girl, my eyes wandered mechanically towards her, and I found her gazing intently at me. I gave her a smile, but she was so confused that she blushed red as a summer rose and immediately left the room. Whilst thinking what a charming little girl she was, my cogitation was suddenly interrupted by the doctor, who was reading the Sherbrooke *Bugle*, suddenly exclaiming: "Hurrah! Hurrah!! here's something that will interest you, Morrison. Listen to this:

This evening, about eight o'clock, word was brought to the village by Constable Peter Leroyer that Morrison was captured, and had been wounded in trying to resist. It appears that Constable McMahon and Pete Leroyer, the Indian guide, saw Morrison enter his father's house As he was leaving, McMahon called to him to throw up his hands. Three shots from a revolver was his reply to this command; to which the constables both returned fire, one of the balls

striking Morrison on the left hip. The constables immediately secured him, and Constable Leroyer ran to the village for assistance At four o'clock the next morning, Morrison was safe in Sherbrooke jail, just ten months after the commission of the crime.'

"That is what I call a smart capture," said the Doctor, without looking up from his paper, "and I see here's a later despatch to the chief of police at Montreal, confirming the report:—

'Marsden—Have arrested Morrison — McMahon.'

"Well! well! well! it is indeed a good job; he is captured before any more blood was spilled," exclaimed the doctor, folding up the paper and placing it in his pocket. "I think we had better have a smoke after that; what say you, old fellow?"

I readily assented, and we smoked and chatted on various topics for a considerable time, and I was feeling quite at home, when I suddenly realized that I had several miles to go, and as McAllister would naturally be wondering what had become of me, I promptly made preparations for my departure.

After saying good-bye to Mrs. Miller, the doctor and I went around to the stables to fetch my mare. Whilst the colored groom was saddling the animal, I turned to the doctor, and said: "Oh, I have forgotten my belt. I hung it up on the hat rack when I entered the house, and I have come away without it." "Is that so," queried the doctor, "I'll soon bring it to you."

By the time he returned, Joshua had finished fastening the last strap, and was holding the head of Buttercup, who was pawing the ground impatiently for a start. Whilst buckling my belt, Joshua evidently noticed the revolvers, for he remarked, "Are they loaded, sah?"

"Well, Josh, you can just bet your last dollar that these sons of guns are loaded. Shall I try and bore a hole through you as an experiment," said I, looking seriously, and winking at the doctor, as I lifted myself into the saddle.

"Well, I declare, Josh, you are actually trembling," said his master.

"No, I ain't, boss, it is de wind dat is blowing up my trousers, dat is all."

This remark of Josh made us both laugh heartily, and taking the reins in one hand, I extended the other to the doctor, who, pressing it warmly, exclaimed, "Good-bye, Morrison, my friend. Don't forget to come around and see us to-morrow, like a good fellow." "All right!" I shouted, as I rode away, "I'll come around sure," and, waving my hat in adieu, I was soon some distance from my newly found friends.

I had not ridden more than a mile across the country when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming after me at a great rate, and within a few minutes I heard a shout of "Hello, there!" I paid no particular attention to it, but within a short time the cry again rang out, and as I heard it more distinctly this time, I knew at once that they were fast gaining on me. Remembering Sam's advice not to worry the mare with the spur, I said to Buttercup, "Now, old girl, I want you to run as you have never run before," and the faithful brute, as if understanding every word I uttered, unlimbered herself into a hard gallop. I thought by this means that I could get rid of my followers. I did not know who they were, and besides I had had quite enough of adventure for one day, without seeking any more, when all of a sudden I heard a report, and, in less time than it takes to tell, a bullet whizzed by me. I was now somewhat alarmed for my safety, and, while feeling that my own pistols were O.K., I could not resist the temptation of pricking Buttercup with the spur. It seemed as if the brave little beast was literally flying over the ground, when another report rang out, this time, the bullet grazing the haunches of Buttercup,

making an ugly wound. She staggered for a second, but, recovering herself, she kept up for a considerable time; but eventually, as her pace got slower and slower, I could hear my followers coming nearer and nearer, until I fancied I could almost distinguish their voices. Again one of them shouted—" Hello there, Donald Morrison."

When I heard my name mentioned, a hot and cold sensation seemed to creep over me,. and before I knew what I was doing, I suddenly pulled up the mare, jumped off the saddle, folded my arms, and awaited my pursuers.

There were five of them—five big, muscular fellows, fully armed, and to my surprise, before I had time to ask them what they wanted, I saw Josh (Dr. Miller's groom) also ride up. Although I was inwardly nervous, and no doubt considerably flushed, I pride myself that I was remarkably cool under the circumstances, for, as the men leaped from their saddles and crowded around me, I drew my revolvers, and exclaimed: " What is the meaning of this outrage, boys. You are five to one, but I have twelve shots here, and if I die, some one of the crowd will help to fill up my grave."

" Before we have any shooting match, I want to ask you one question," cried their leader, "Is your name Donald Morrison?"

"It is, but what has that to do with you, men?"

" Everything to do with us. There is a reward of $3,000 offered for your arrest, dead or alive, and as we are anxious to get that snug little sum, I guess you had better put up your fire irons, and give in quietly."

" The first man that dares to lay a finger on me, I'll shoot down like a dog."

" That settles it," cried their leader " you are Donald Morrison, and as wicked as ever, but if you show fight, so do we; now then, boys, seize him."

There was a scuffle, but of short duration, for within a few minutes I was bound hand and foot. On hissing between my teeth, " Cowards," the leader replied, " All is fair in love and war, Donald; we are no cowards, and we admire your pluck, but you are a criminal, and we are doing our duty to society in capturing you."

" I am no criminal; I am a city gentleman on a pleasure journey."

" You will go on a longer and more pleasant journey before long," remarked one of the crowd, who was immediately silenced by the leader, who said: " You acknowledge that you are Donald Morrison, don't you?" I made no reply, but this did not affect the leader, who continued: " Here's the proclamation for your arrest, dead or alive, for shooting a man named Warren."

After reading the proclamation, he turned to the gang and said? " Now boys, what shall we do with him? Shall we hand him over to the authorities, or shall we take the law into our own hands and hang him?"

As if by one impulse the whole gang shouted: "Hang him!" and suiting the action to the words, one man put the rope around my neck. Words fail me to express the awful sensation I was undergoing during this time, for the men had bared their heads, and even thought the occasion too solemn to speak. The silence was broken by the leader exclaiming: " Now Donald, in five minutes time you will be launched into eternity, so if there is any reasonable request you want to make, such as to pray, or to send a message home, you can do so, but we must have justice."

"Justice!" I sneeringly replied, "this is not justice, this is downright murder. I am not Donald Morrison, the outlaw, as you will see for yourselves if you only take the trouble to study the other lines as much as you have the big line of $3,000 reward."

" What's wrong with the proclamation?"

" Look for yourselves. The procla-

mation states that the man you want has both dark hair and moustache, while I have both fair hair and moustache. Another thing, the proclamation states that Morrison, the outlaw, is 5 feet 10 inches in height. Look at me, I am only 5 feet 3 inches, and I tell you what it is, men, if you hang me, in the face of these facts, it will be downright murder. Besides, I am not bound to be a dead man for you to get the blood money. Let me live, and so give me a chance to prove my innocence."

"Gee whiz, that's so. I won't be a party to hanging," shouted one of the men. "Or I either, if he can prove his innocence," said another.

"Well boys, we are sure of the money, but the job of stringing him up is luckily taken out of our hands."

"How is that, Bill?"

"Why, don't you see the sheriff and his men coming along over there to the left?"

"Yes, I see them, and the sheriff is waving something."

"Now, Morrison, we'll see whether you are guilty or innocent," whispered one of the men to me

"I am not afraid to die."

"Perhaps you won't have to, my friend," he replied, and although I said nothing, I secretly hoped and prayed that I would not.

Within a few minutes there was a regular clatter of horses' hoofs, and as they drew nearer I saw that the two leaders were evidently racing to see who could reach the scene first, and on looking closer I noticed that the one on the right-hand side had his head bandaged, and to my intense relief, I found that the new arrivals were Dr. Millar and McAllister.

Jumping off their horses, they did not stand on any ceremony, but pushing aside the men, and, to the utter amazement of my captors, while the doctor removed the rope from off my neck, McAllister had whipped out his knife, and in a twinkling had cut the cords which bound me.

"What are you doing, doctor?" some of the gang asked.

"Doing," replied the doctor, at the same time facing them, "the same as I have done for Mr. Morrison here, saving your necks from the scaffold, and it is fortunate for you that I reached here in time."

"But are you going to let him free?"

"Yes, men, as free as the birds in the air," cried McAllister, his eyes glistening with rage, and speaking for the first time. "This is not the outlaw, but a friend of mine, and," broke in the doctor, "here's the proofs." And, opening the newspaper, he read to them the account of Morrison's capture.

The excitement proved a little too much for me, for tears commenced to start in my eyes, which was intensified when the leader shouted: "Three cheers for Donald Morrison, No. 2." This was given with a will, and on one of the men asking the doctor how he knew that they had captured me, he replied: "Oh, that was very simple. The servant girl told Josh that we had a gentleman named Donald Morrison taking lunch with us, and he, poor simpleton, (and here the doctor cast a withering glance at frightened Josh), went and got together you fellows. Directly I heard of it, I made for the stables and found a horse missing. Fortunately Joshua, in his hurry, took the tired horse, Jerry, which I had been riding all day, and so, mounting on a fresh cob, I quickly followed in pursuit. I had not gone far when I met McAllister, who, being at a loss to account for Mr. Morrison not turning up to his place, had come out to look for him. I knew then that something had happened, but I dreaded to think with what result; but, thank God, I have found him all safe."

The poor fellows were terribly sore at the mistake they had made, and as soon as they had learned the truth, were now just as eager for me to live as they were five minutes before for

me to die. As they crowded around me and shook hands, one of the men rather sheepishly returned my revolvers, remarking, at the same time, "You know, sir, it was only a case of mistaken identity on our part."

"Yes," I replied, "*only* a case of mistaken identity, but it almost cost me my life."

The Court of Queen's Bench opened on October 1st, and on the 3rd, Morrison's trial began. On October 9th the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and on the 11th, Judge Brooks passed sentence of penal servitude for 18 years on the prisoner.

After what I had gone through, I felt rather curious to see this celebrated outlaw, so I drove out to St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary shortly before he died. I told Donald Morrison who I was, and in a brief manner told him the story as I have told you.

"What did he say?"

"Not much; the poor fellow was very sick, but at the conclusion of the story, he stood up, looked down at me, smiled, and said simply, 'Donald, it was *indeed* a case of mistaken identity.'"

SHADOWS.

Shadows o'er life's long day,
Darker and darker still;
From the morn, with its childhood's careless play,
To the night so dark and chill.

Shadows in boyhood's hour,
When life is fair and free,
Like the shade and the gloom of an April shower,
As it sweeps o'er the fresh green tree.

Shadows o er youth's bright life,
False loves, and vain desire,
And the foolish hopes, and the empty strife,
When the soul could still aspire.

Shadows o'er manhood's prime—
Craft and ambition's art,
And the faithless soul, and the wasted time,
And the chilled and hardened heart.

Shadows of dreary age—
The dulled and failing mind,
When love lies dead, and life's last page
Is blotted and undefined.

Shadows of awful death,
Gloomy and dark and drear,
With a hope for some at their latest breath,
And for some a doubt and a fear.

—REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

BY HUGH SUTHERLAND.

I HAVE pleasure in complying with the request of the editor, who has kindly offered me space for a short article in which to give my reasons for advocating the construction of a Hudson Bay railway. I cannot better introduce the subject than by quoting a paragraph or two from a paper which I read before the Geographical Section of the British Association, at Birmingham, on the 2nd September, 1886:

"When the extent and fertility of the prairie possessions of Canada became fully known, the more adventurous spirits of the eastern provinces began flocking into it, and soon that territory attracted the attention of the world as a field for colonization. Situated far in the interior of the continent, and shut off from all known channels of trade and commerce, the first question that presented itself to those who were anxious for its development, was that of a practical outlet to the markets of the world. Recognizing the enormous agricultural value of that region, the Canadian Parliament hastened to provide a means of communication between it and the provinces of Eastern Canada. . . . When this huge undertaking first took shape, there immediately followed a flow of immigration into the country; and populous, thriving towns, and prosperous settlements, sprang up everywhere. But it was soon felt that they were too far removed from the sea-board to insure that speedy and complete development which the excellence of both soil and climate otherwise rendered possible. To Canadians, this was a matter of deep interest. . . . The North-West offered a new and practically inexhaustible field for colonization, provided the settlers could be placed within reasonable reach of tide-water, and thus be enabled to compete with the world in those staple food products which it was known they could grow so abundantly.

"But how was this to be done? A land carriage of 1,500 or 2,000 miles between them and the Atlantic was more than the products of their industry would bear. Some other outlet must be discovered, and one presented itself in the great bay to the north. For nearly two centuries ships had visited Hudson Bay from England with the regularity of succeeding seasons. It was through Hudson Strait and Bay that the pioneer settlers of what is now Manitoba made the passage from Scotland, and, under Lord Selkirk, founded the first white colony in that distant region.

"To put down disturbances caused by the jealousies of rival fur-trading companies, in the years 1847-48-49 and 1852 the British Government dispatched troops of soldiers from England and Quebec to Fort York on Hudson Bay, whence they marched overland to the Red River country. In 1782, a French admiral, La Perouse, sailed into Hudson Bay with three ships—one of 74 guns and two of 36 each—captured and destroyed Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, and three days afterwards took possession of Fort York. For half a century, it is known that the northern waters of the bay have been annually frequented by whaling ships. Navigators and explorers, whose names will be familiar to an English audience, have made numerous voyages to those waters, beginning with Hudson himself, and followed by James, Fox, Dobbs, Ellis, Coats, Button, Middleton, Parry, Umfreville, Hearn and Chappelle. If, it was ar-

gued, these men could go in and out through the strait with the class of sailing ships in use one and two hundred years ago, why could not a regular trading route be established, with all the advantages of modern enterprise and invention to aid in the attempt?"

If this can be done, it will be admitted that the undertaking is justified. But first let us consider some comparisons of distances. As wheat in Manitoba is sold on the basis of Brandon rates, it will be proper to take that point as the centre of the wheat region of the province. Brandon is 1,557 miles from Montreal, and 650 miles from Port Nelson. Montreal is 2,990 miles from Liverpool, and Port Nelson is 2,966. The ocean distances are practically identical. But there is a saving in land carriage of 900 miles, which represents the average advantage that would result to the wheat producers of Manitoba. Regina may be taken as the central point for the entire wheat region of the North-West. It is 1,781 miles from Montreal, and 700 miles from Port Nelson, giving a saving of 1,081 miles of land carriage in favor of the Hudson Bay route. Much of the ranching country is south and west of Calgary, which is 2,264 miles from Montreal; the saving in land carriage would, at least, be as great as from Regina. Edmonton is the centre of one of the most fertile and promising regions of the North-West; it is 2,500 miles from Montreal, and less than half that distance from Port Nelson. These are great savings, and, as they are all on land carriage, they mean much to the settlers. An established Hudson Bay route would offer to the farmers of Manitoba the saving on 900 miles of railway haul, and to the farmers and ranchers of the Territories beyond, a saving on from 1,100 to 1,300 miles. We would be brought nearer by these distances to tide water, and consequently to the markets of the world. I do not consider here the lake route to the East, which is available for a portion of the year. That would be raising another and a large question in itself, and it will suffice just now to say that while that route, no doubt, sensibly lessens, during the period of navigation, the value of the advantages indicated by these comparisons there remains such a substantial gain in the Hudson Bay route as to make its development a crying necessity to the North-West. For miles count, after all is said and done, whether by water or by land.

So far, then, as the land end of this northern project is concerned, we see that the Canadian North-West would be enormously benefited, if it could be made available. On this point, there has never been any doubt; the only doubt that has existed has been in connection with the navigation of Hudson Strait, for if this were not practicable, the whole scheme would have to be abandoned. The Legislature of Manitoba and the Dominion Parliament, in 1884, each appointed committees of inquiry and investigation, and in the same year the Federal Government sent out an expedition, and established observing stations at five different points on the strait. These were continued for three years. They were under the direction of Lieut. Gordon, R.N., late of the Marine Department, an accomplished navigator, but cautious to the verge of timidity. He reported that there was practicable navigation for four or four and a half months in the year. Rear-Admiral Markham, who made the voyage in the expedition of 1886, reported: "I believe the Strait will be found navigable for at least four months every year, and probably often for five or more. There will, I have no doubt, be many years when navigation can be carried out safely and surely from the 1st of June until the end of November." These are the opinions of officers trained in the Royal Navy, where caution to the extremest degree is inculcated. Capt.

Sopp, the sailing master in the first expedition, an experienced Newfoundland sealer, familiar with ice all his lifetime, said he "would sooner navigate Hudson Strait than the English Channel." Capt. Barry, first officer in all these expeditions, also an experienced Newfoundland sealer, expressed the belief that "ocean steamships could enter as early as June, and certainly come out as late as December." There could be quoted a volume of evidence of station observers, Hudson Bay Company's officers, New England whalers, and others of all degrees of experience, testifying to five, six, and eight months of navigation. One, Capt. James Hackland, for thirty-nine years an officer in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, said: "The strait is open all the year round; never freezes. There is no reason why steamships should not navigate the strait any time." The committee of the Manitoba Legislature, after exhaustive inquiry, reported: "No evidence had been given to show that Hudson Strait and Bay ever freeze over, or that the ice met with in these waters is sufficient to prevent navigation at any time of the year."

In common with others who have been interested and active in the promotion of this northern project, I have no doubt whatever that the strait is navigable for a sufficient period each year to make the route an entirely practicable one for commercial purposes. My knowledge of the conditions in the North-West induces me to believe that with present transportation facilities the development of the country will be of slow growth, and, excepting in the direction of the north, it will be impossible to find relief that will allow to the settlers that reasonable margin of profit on their labors which can alone bring the fullest measure of prosperity. Because of this confidence and this conviction, I advocate the construction of a Hudson Bay railway.

WINNIPEG.

SHOWERS AND SONG.

The summer showers are falling
 Out on the furrow'd main;
But ocean's fields are barren—
 The showers fall in vain.

A dreamer's songs fell fruitless,
 The world brought forth no grain;
It was the field was barren,
 The songs were potent rain.

—JAS. A. TUCKER.

FOUR FAMOUS CATHEDRALS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

(Illustrated by Esther Knightly Westmacott.)



OF all the English Cathedrals, not one possesses an interest so peculiarly its own, as that of Durham, the famous Minster of the north.

Its origin is enshrined in so much that is mystical, and so many strange and romantic legends are interwoven with its early history, that to every one who takes an interest in ecclesiastical history, whatever their particular religious opinions may be, an account of it must prove interesting.

When Donald III. King of Scotland became a convert to Christianity, he afforded shelter to Acca, who was the widow of Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland, she, with her seven sons, having sought refuge with Donald in order to escape from the tyranny of Edwine, who had usurped his brother's throne. These boys were, under Donald's care, instructed in the truths of Christianity, and when Edwine died, Eanfrid, who was the eldest, and Osric his brother, succeeded to the government of the two provinces of Bernicia and Deira, into which the greater province of Northumberland,—it could hardly be called a kingdom,—was divided. Osric afterwards fell in battle, and the province of Deira was devastated by Cedwell, who ruled over Cumberland. Eanfrid also became subject to Cedwell, but was afterwards murdered by him: then the entire province became a scene of anarchy and confusion. Both Osric and Eanfrid having renounced Christianity, idolatry was more prevalent.

When things were in this state, Oswald, who was the second son of Ethelfrith, departed from Scotland, and, gathering together such an army as he could, waged war with Cedwell, but he was unable to withstand the forces the latter was able to bring against him. In this strait it is said that he erected a cross in front of his army, and besought aid from the King of battles. Addressing his army, he said: "Let us fall down on our knees and beseech the Almighty, the living and the true God, to defend us against this cruel and proud enemy." Then followed a fearful scene of carnage and bloodshed, yet Oswald, who himself led his troops, obtained the victory.

The venerable Bede, recounting this event, says: "No sign do we find of the Christian faith, no church, no altar throughout the whole Kingdom of Northumberland, to have been erected before this noble leader and conductor of an army, directed thereto by faithful devotion, did raise the ensign of the cross, when he was preparing to fight a savage and bloody enemy. When Oswald perceived, in this battle, the divine aid which he had so earnestly implored, he became a professed Christian."

But he did much more than this; he was not content with simply being a Christian himself, but with all the zeal of a convert, assiduously sought to induce his subjects to embrace Christianity likewise. In furtherance of this object, he applied to Donald to send him some holy and learned man who could instruct his people in the Christian faith. The first person sent does not appear to have been the right man for the place, and he soon returned to

Scotland. His position was filled by Aidan, who was a monk from Iona, and it is believed that he commenced his labors about the year 635. Obtaining the king's permission to reside in any portion of the province he deemed most suitable, he selected Lindisfarne, which, since that time, has always been known as Holy Island. His mission was a most successful one, and lasted for about sixteen years, until his death, in 651. Following him came Finan, who built a wooden church, dedicated to St. Peter. Finan was succeeded by Colman, and the latter by Tuda, both of whom were Scottish monks. Then, for fourteen years, there was no bishop at Lindisfarne, but the clergy attached thereto were under the directions of Eata, an Englishman, who had been educated at Iona under Aidan, and who enjoyed the title of Abbot of Lindisfarne. Eata brought with him from Scotland a young man named Cuthbert, who afterwards, for fourteen years, was a religious brother in Melrose. He was subsequently appointed Prior of Lindisfarne, and discharged his duties with indefatigable zeal for yet fourteen years more. Nine years later he was elected Bishop of Hexham, which appointment he was, with the greatest difficulty, prevailed upon to accept, as he preferred the life of seclusion that, since his retirement from Lindisfarne, he had been living. Prior to being consecrated, he effected an exchange with Eata, becoming Bishop of Lindisfarne instead of Hexham. He held his office for about two years, and then resigned, retiring to Farne, where, very shortly afterwards, he died, in the thirty-ninth year of his ministry. There was no change made in the location of the see until Eardulph was consecrated bishop, in 854. He finally departed therefrom in 861, taking with him his followers and the remains of the saintly Cuthbert. The reason for their departure was the fear of being attacked by the Danes, who had brought numerous evils upon the northern church, and who still harassed with fire and sword the Northumbrian Province.

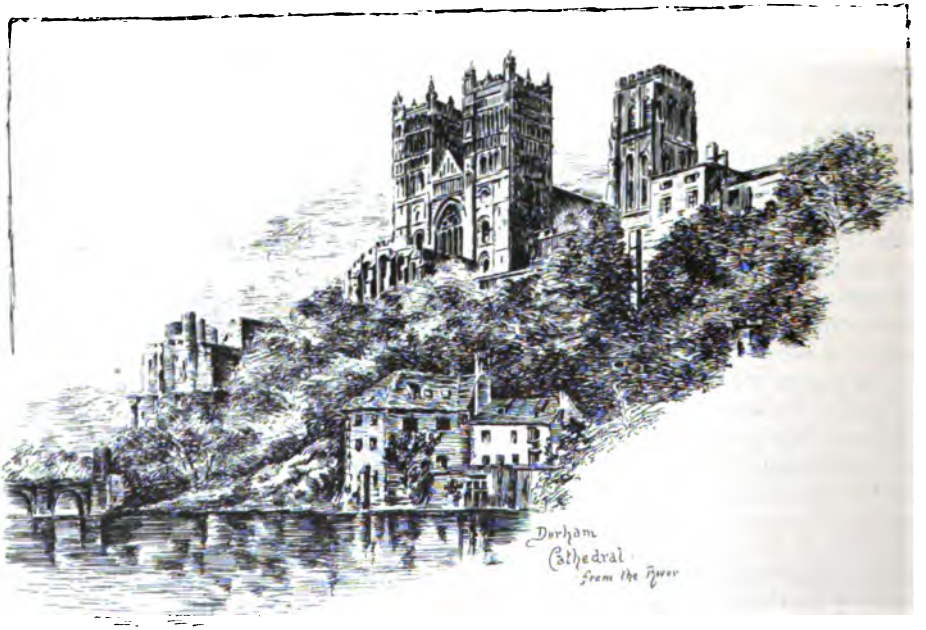
"Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride; assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that we, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils to glorify Thee." Such was the prayer of Eardulph and his people, as for seven years they wandered from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last the small town, or hamlet rather, of Chester le Street was selected, and about the year 883 a cathedral was erected there, no remains of which now exist. Eardulph died in 900, and for rather more than one hundred and two years Chester le Street continued to be the seat of the bishopric. But in the episcopate of Aldune, in the year 995, owing to fears again entertained of further molestation by the Danes, that prelate again removed the see, and with it the sacred bones of Cuthbert, to Ripon, now one of the loveliest of the many lovely cathedral cities of England. And now occurs the strange and somewhat mystic legend which is always connected with the founding of the see of Durham. After a very brief residence at Ripon, peace once more shone upon the land, and Aldune thought he and his flock might safely return to Chester le Street. But their ways were in the Hands of a Higher Power, for when they reached a place called Wardelau, Cuthbert's body became fixed, and it was impossible to move it. Three days of prayer and fasting passed away, and then in a vision, as the story goes, it was unfolded to one of the bishop's flock that the body of Cuthbert would find a secure and lasting resting-place at Dunholme, or Dunelm, the place we now know as Durham. Sir Walter Scott relates the legend connected with the foundation of Durham in these words:—

The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountains, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,

Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore ;
They rested them in fair Melrose,
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose,
For, wondrous tale to tell !
In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Not long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair ;
Chester le Street and Ripon saw
His holy corpse ere Wardilau
Hailed him with joy and fear ;
And after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear ;
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid,
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who shared that wondrous grace.

taken in consequence of the fear they entertained of exactions and cruelties at the hands of William the Conqueror. In a short time, though, they made their peace with the fierce Norman, and returned to Durham. William then appointed as bishop, Walcher, who was a native of Lorraine, one of the two famous border provinces of France which, by the fortunes of war, are now no longer French territory.

Walcher's end was a tragic one, he, on May 14th, 1080, being murdered by the populace of Gateshead, while engaged in the discharge of his duties, not as a pastor and chief shepherd of the church, but in those of a magistrate and dispenser of legal punishments, which duties he performed with relentless severity. He was succeed-



Aldune erected a Cathedral at Durham, and upon its completion the bones of Cuthbert were there interred. Of this building no trace whatever remains.

After the Norman conquest, in 1066, the bishop, with his attendant priests and brothers, had once more to seek [illegible]lter in Lindisfarne. This step was

ed by De Carilepho in the same year as the former was murdered. Thirteen years later, was commenced the present cathedral, and at the death of Carilepho, in 1095, a considerable portion of it was completed. Flambard followed in the occupancy of the see, and he completed the walls of the cathedral. Rufus, the next bishop,

erected the chapter house, which now no longer exists, and subsequent prelates added to and enriched the building until its final completion.

Let us now glance at the building as it is to-day. Entering at the north door, our attention is riveted by a dreadful-looking bronze head thereon, which has a huge ring in its mouth. The sockets of the eyeballs belonging to this head are now empty; probably they were once filled with orbs of crystal. This was the "Sanctuary" door, where criminals, flying from the hands of the avenger, sought refuge and claimed the "peace" of St. Cuthbert, the sanctity of his tomb giving them shelter. The moment the refugee laid his hands upon this ring he was safe, and he was admitted into the building by one of the attendant monks, who day and night watched for those who might claim admittance. As soon as the fugitive from justice entered the church, he was compelled at once to confess his crime, which confession was taken down in writing. During the time of his admission, a bell was tolled to let all men know that some one had taken refuge in the cathedral. After his admission and confession, the criminal was attired in a black gown, with a yellow cross on his left shoulder, and remained in the precincts of the building for thirty-seven days, at the end of which time, if he had not succeeded in obtaining pardon for his crime, he was quietly sent out of the country, to enable him to begin a new career elsewhere.

The interior of the cathedral, including the Galilee chapel, is four hundred and sixty-one feet long, and one is struck by the massiveness and solidity of the building, as its full dimensions are gazed upon. The whole of the cathedral can now be seen from the west end, but before the Reformation a series of screens divided the choir from the nave. We can but glance at the many noticeable features this noble pile possesses. Behind the altar is the Neville screen, erected by Lord Neville, of Raby, in the year 1380. To the south of the choir reposes Bishop Halfield. An altar tomb, upon which lies, robed in full canonicals, an effigy of this noted prelate, marks the exact place of his burial.

Then behind the altar is the eastern transept, better known by its name of the chapel of the Nine Altars. It was so called, because it is said that at one time it contained nine different altars, dedicated to as many different saints; these have all now been removed. The Galilee chapel, too, must not be overlooked; here it was that St. Cuthbert ordered women to worship. He had "a more than usual monkish fear of women, and they were not allowed to approach the shrine. A cross, let into the pavement of the nave at the far west end, curiously marks the far removed spot, nearer than which women might not approach."

We pause before the plain altar tomb of that great scholar and historian, of Northumbria, the venerable Bede. The inscription is a very simple one: *Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ Venerabilis ossa* (here in this grave are the bones of the Venerable Bede). The legend accounting for the term "Venerabilis," as always applied to Bede, runs thus: The monk, who was working on his tomb, was at a loss for a word to go before "ossa," and after "Bedœ," so as to make the line scan correctly.

Retiring to rest, he left the space blank, hoping that with morning an inspiration would reach him, that would enable him to properly complete his work. But lo, when he again stood before the tomb on the morrow, the blank space had been miraculously filled, "Venerabilis" standing forth in clear and distinct letters. Hence, ever since, has been attached to the name of Bede this singular pronomen.

What a host of distinguished names in English history have been connected, either directly or indirectly, with this famous cathedral. Aidan and

Cuthbert, among the pioneers, stand forth clear and conspicuous, not only for the assiduity with which they labored, but by the piety of their lives. Then we have those bishops and nobles who built, or assisted to build, the present cathedral, such as Ralph, Lord Neville, and Bishops Carilepho, Pudsey, Flambord, and Le Poore. Besides these, we have the Prince Bishops Bek and Hatfield, fit representatives, in two senses, of the church militant. Again, there was Wolsey and Richard of Bury, Cosin, and that famous theologian, Butler, and in our own day, the hardly less famous scholar, Joseph Barber Lightfoot.

We pass up and down the aisles of this beautiful House of God; we gaze at the massive walls, the noble pillars, the delicate tracery, and the exquisite symmetry of the whole, and we think of the wonderfully apt description given of Durham by Canon Talbot, who, in his concluding words, says:

"'How awful is this place.' Surely we must deeply feel that saying, as we stand and thoughtfully look on that storied pile, and record its many memories. An old writer tells us how, prior to the Reformation, before the high altar in Durham, there hung three silver lamps, always burning, as a sign that 'the house was ever watching unto God.' These lamps are put out now, but, as we behold the house today, we feel that the whole majestic sanctuary carries on the thought, and is, of a truth, 'ever watching unto God.'"

Slowly we make our way to the railway station, thinking of the wondrous pile and its all but marvellous beauty, and, as the train bears us swiftly northward towards Edinburgh, the last thing we see are the towers of the cathedral from where, on October 17th, 1346, the monks and brethren watched the battle of Neville's Cross, fearing it might end disastrously for the English, and that Durham and all contained therein would become the prize of the victorious Scots.

The East Anglian see of Norwich is almost contemporary with that of Durham, having been founded about the year 630, by Felix of Burgundy, under direction of King Sigeberht, at Dunwich. Some few years later, in 673, Archbishop Theodore divided the see, establishing a second one at North Elmland. Owing to the constant invasions of the Danes, and the disturbed state of the country generally, the succession to the two sees, for more than two centuries, was very greatly disturbed, and in the year 878, when Humbert, the last of the bishops of Elmland, was cruelly murdered, his brother prelate of Dunwich again united the two bishoprics, and fixed the see at Elmland. Herfast, who was the first of the Norman bishops, removed it from Elmland to Thetford, during the time of his episcopate, which lasted from 1070 to 1086. Whilst Herbert Losinga was bishop, sometime between the years 1091 and 1119, it was again removed from Thetford, and permanently located at Norwich, where it has remained ever since. The first stone of the present cathedral was laid by Bishop Losinga, in the year 1096, and a Benedictine religious house, in connection with the cathedral, was established at the same time. The choir tower and transepts of Norwich are generally attributed to Bishop Herbert. After him came Bishop Eborand, who added the nave. Then followed many subsequent additions, but the church was greatly injured by two great fires, one in 1172, and another in 1272. It was, however, fully restored, and consecrated to the honor of the Holy Trinity, on Advent Sunday, 1278, there being present at the ceremony Edward I., his consort, and entire court. About the year 1360, the lovely spire, as we now see it, was added to the building by Bishop Percy. It suffered greatly by being struck by lightning, in 1463, but was subsequently restored by Bishop Lehart. Among others who made alterations and additions to the cathedral during

the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were Bishops Alnwick, Lehart, Goldweld, and Nix. Of all the English cathedrals, none has so fully preserved its Norman character as has Norwich. Peterborough may be an exception, but it is very doubtful if, even there, the Norman plan is so undisturbed as it is at Norwich. The cathedral is very badly situated, lying in a flat peninsula, almost entirely surrounded by a bend of the river similar to that of a horse shoe. In front is Tombland, whilst hard by is Ethelbert Gate, which receives its name from being near the site of the church of St. Ethelbert, which was destroyed in 1272 during the riots which then took place between the monks and the populace. Then, a little further down, is the exquisite Erpingham Gate, passing through which we see the least interesting portion of the cathedral, its west front.



In a work of such magnificence as Norwich, it is hard to say what commands the greatest subject for admiration. Perhaps we must give the palm to the cloisters which are said to be the finest in England; and, as many of our readers have visited, if not the Norwich cloisters, probably those of other better-known English cathedrals, such as Westminster, Canterbury, Winchester, or Worcester, they will be able to form an idea how lovely these must be. But, in addition to the cloisters, there is the Jesus Chapel, with its sealed altar slab, which, with the miserere seats in the choir, the Norman pillars and arches of the transepts, and the magnificent bosses on the roof, not only of the cathedral, but also of the cloisters, all strike us with admiration, and we wonder on looking at them, if the age in which these things were wrought was so very "dark," after all.

One sad page in English history is brought before us as we gaze on the last resting-place of Sir William Boleyn, grandfather of Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated consort of Henry VIII. and mother of Queen Elizabeth. Sir William was succeeded in 1505, by Sir Thomas Boleyn, who also lies buried here. He was the father of Henry's queen.

Close to the Erpingham gate, between it and the cathedral, is what is now the Grammar-school, but which was formerly the charnel-house, with overhead a chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. This was built in 1316, by Bishop Salmon, who was Lord Chancellor to Edward II. In the crypt all bones fit for removal were to remain "till the day of resurrection." In 1548, during Elizabeth's reign, the bones were removed, and the city becoming its owners, the Grammar School was removed here from the Convent of the Black Friars, where, for some time previously, it had been established.

Among famous men who have received their education at this school may be mentioned John Caius, who was a physician in the reigns of Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, and who, in connection with another physician, Gonville, founded the college at Cambridge known as Gonville and Caius, but which is not commonly called by that name, but, instead, by the name of "Keys'" college. Dr. Edward Brown, son of the famous author,

Sir Thomas Brown, and Erasmus Earle, who was a rank time-server, being "serjeant-at-law" to Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards to Charles II., were also educated here. But to come to more modern times, the school has among its roll of pupils the famous Archbishop Tenison, Bishops Cosin, Maltby and Monk, besides the immortal Lord Nelson, and that most unselfish of all English public men, James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. Turning from the cathedral doors, and directing our steps towards the house where we are residing, we stay for a few moments to read the inscription over the south door of St. Andrew's Church in Broad-street, placed there in 1547, and which runs thus:—

"This church was builded of timber, stone and bricks,
In the year of our Lord XV. hundred and six,
And lately translated from extreme idolatry,
A thousand five hundred seven and fortie,
And in the first year of our noble King Edward
The Gospel in Parliament was mightily set forward."

There are more churches in Norwich than in any other cathedral city in England, always, of course, excepting London and Westminster. Even the great city of Bristol, among the old cathedral cities, had fewer Anglican places of worship than Norwich. Of course, since Liverpool and Manchester have been created bishoprics, Norwich no longer possesses the distinction named, but few people ever regard either of those great centres of business and population as being what is meant by "cathedral cities." But this is somewhat of a digression, so we will return to our subject.

Leaving the stately fane of Norwich, we proceed to Ely, that little city in the Fen country. It is said to contain seven thousand inhabitants, but if there are so many it is hard to see where they all dwell. The main street is by no means a lengthy one, and some five or six others run out of it. There is one other church of mediæval times besides the cathedral, and one good inn, "The Lamb." Surely it was this famous hostelry that Shenstone had in his mind when he wrote

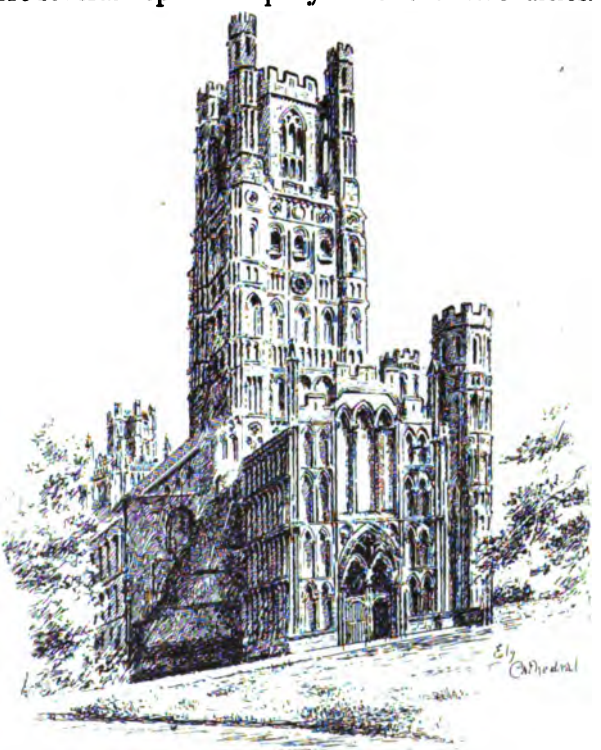
"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Wher'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."

Gazing upon Ely Cathedral, one is irresistibly reminded of the giant among the pigmies. It is so massive, so great, so commanding among the small buildings surrounding it; and there is an appropriateness in this, too, for small as the city is, no see excepting that of Durham had, in times long past, such temporal privileges extended to it, nearly the whole of its prelates in pre-reformation days being among the most celebrated of statesmen.

The Fen-country was one which presented many attractions to those who founded the religious houses of England. It surpassed the western district of England, where similar conditions prevailed, and where the famous house of Glastonbury was the chief among many others. Crowland, Ramsey, Thorney, Peterborough and Ely, were, among the many eastern houses, the largest and the wealthiest. Ely was one of the first that was founded, and like Durham, there is an air of romance and legendary mysticism in the story of its foundation.

Etheldreda, who was an East Anglian princess, had from her very earliest days a strong predilection in favor of a life devoted to religion and piety. She was twice married, and received from her first husband as her marriage dowry the Isle of Ely. To this home she escaped from her second husband, King Egfrid of Northumbria, many miracles being worked, it is related, to aid her in her flight. Reaching this haven of rest in the year 673, she instituted a house for both monks and nuns, and was herself created the first abbess. Six years elapsed, and the saintly Etheldreda was called "to come up Higher," and Sexburga, her sister, filled her place until the year 699. She was followed by her daugh-

ter, Ermenilda, and she had as her successor her daughter, Werburga. It is not known how long the latter filled her office, but her reign is reputed to have been no less saintly than any reign preceding it. A long roll of abbesses followed in succession until the year 870, when the house was destroyed by the Danes. In the year 970, Ethelwold, bishop of Winchester, re-founded the institution, with Brithnot, prior of Winchester, as the first abbot. There were several abbots in succession until 1081, when Simeon, also from Winchester, was elected to the office. He laid the foundations of the present cathedral. In 1107, Hervey was, it is said, unjustly expelled from his office as Bishop of Bangor, and became Abbot of Ely, and renewed an attempt previously made by his immediate predecessor, one Richard, to have Ely converted into the seat of a bishopric. After long negotiations, Hervey effected his purpose, and in 1108 became the first Bishop of Ely.



Of the work commenced by Simeon, nothing now remains but the transept. The nave and the western towers were next completed in the years 1174 and 1189 respectively; many more additions were made from time to time until 1349, when the Lady Chapel was completed. The chapel of Bishop Alcock was built in 1488, and in 1534 that of Bishop West was finished. Since then nothing has been added, though much has been destroyed.

We have not space to dilate upon the many beauties of Ely Cathedral, but a few words must be devoted to what is known as the octagon. This, to quote a well-known authority, is "a most singularly beautiful and skilful work, in which solidity and gracefulness, magnificence and lightness, are so happily blended together, that the spectator is at a loss to decide in which of these respects it is most worthy of admiration." On each of the four larger sides of the octagon are four lofty arches which open into the four principal portions of the cathedral. In the four lesser sides are also four smaller arches which open obliquely into the side aisles. These arches are supported by clustered pillars, the capitals of which are composed of wreaths of flowers, and leaves of plants and trees of the most perfect finish and exquisite design.

Another noticeable feature in the cathedral is the splendid carving displayed in the wooden choir stalls. These were all designed by Alan M. Walsingham, who was also the architect of the octagon and the lantern surmounting it. In the aisles of Ely, the early English style of architecture

is beautifully and prominently set forth in the slender columns, detached shafts and lovely lancet windows, everywhere to be seen.

Until the year 1837, the Bishop of Ely had greater power and authority than any other bishop in England, excepting he of Durham, but, in the year just named, an Act of Parliament was passed by which both of these two prelates were deprived of all their civil powers and privileges. Probably no one regretted this less than the Bishops of Ely themselves, who in after years ruled over the see.

We have alluded to famous men who, as Bishops of Ely, were both statesmen and divines. Among these was William Longchamp, who was elected 1189, and who was Lord Chancellor, Pope's legate, Chief Justice of England, and Regent of England during the absence abroad of Richard I. Then there were many other chancellors, among them Eustace and William de Kilkenny. Besides these, there were no less than four Bishops of Ely who afterwards became Archbishops of Canterbury, namely, Simon, Cardinal Langham; Thomas de Arundel; Thomas Bounchier, and John Morton. Among the more recent celebrated divines who have filled the see may be mentioned Harold Browne, the author of the well-known book on the Thirty-nine Articles.

It is a long journey from the Fen country to the west midland city of Gloucester, and to accomplish it one has to pass through the town of Cambridge, thence to Oxford, and from there to Gloucester, the ancient Gleawcestre of the Saxons. If the "Memorial of Gloucester" is to be credited, a bishop and some attendant clergy first preached Christianity here, in the reign of Lucius, about A.D. 189. Tradition further says that Lucius was buried here, but the whole account is, to say the least of it, problematical. All writers are agreed upon this point, that Aldad was Bishop of Gloucester in 490, and that he was succeeded by Theonus, who, in 553, was translated to London. But this state of affairs probably came to an end when the Saxons overran the country in 570. The real founder of the Abbey of St. Peter at Gloucester was Wulpherd, the sixth king of Mercia, who in his heathen state had murdered his two sons, and on becoming himself converted to Christianity he, as an expiation of his crime, commenced this religious home, which he never lived to finish. Ethelred, his brother, who succeeded him, completed the abbey in the year 680; from then until 1072 there were many changes. At first, the institution consisted solely of nuns, governed by an abbess. Then in the year 823 secular canons were installed there, who, in 1022, were themselves removed so as to provide room for Benedictine monks. Edric was the first abbot of the new order; he was followed, in 1058, by Wulstan who was the last of the Saxon abbots. He died abroad in 1072, and was succeeded by Serlo, a Norman monk, who was placed in his office by William the Conqueror.

Serlo began the present Gloucester Cathedral in 1089, and it was finished and consecrated in the year 1100. The Abbey of Gloucester, though a mitred one, was nevertheless subject to the bishops of Worcester, and, being in that diocese, was visited by them. The last prelate who fulfilled that duty was the unhappy Hugh Latimer. After the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII., an act was passed creating Gloucester an independent bishopric; the letters of endowment were dated September 3rd, 1541, and John Wakeman, the last Abbot of Tewkesbury. was the first Bishop of Gloucester. In 1836, the see of Bristol was amalgamated with Gloucester; since then the diocese has been known as that of Gloucester and Bristol.

It was in this house of the Benedictine Brotherhood at Gloucester that the memorable scene took place around

what was at the time supposed to be the dying bed of William Rufus. It was evening of the first Sunday in Lent, in the year 1093, and a group of bishops, nobles, monks and retainers stood around the bed whereon lay William Rufus, who was believed to be sick unto death. These entreated the king, as one among many acts of reparation due by him to the church, to name an occupant for the see of Canterbury, which had for a long time been vacant, and the revenues of which the king had appropriated to his own use. Among those who were at the king's side was Anselm of Aosta, a Norman monk from the monastery of Bec, to whom William had hitherto displayed a marked aversion. Yielding at last to the importunities of those around him, William, speaking slowly and with great apparent difficulty, named, as Archbishop of Canterbury, the monk Anselm. The latter at first refused, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, not altogether unaccompanied by physical force, that the reluctant Anselm assumed the insignia and cares of his high position.

William recovered from this illness, to resume once more his career of cruelty and oppression, of avarice and selfishness, of arrogance and ambition. Here in Gloucester he had his last Christmas festival, and held high carnival, and it was here that the all but prophetic sermon was delivered foretelling or seeming to foretell his death.



It was in August in the year 1100 when Fulchard, who was Abbot of Shrewsbury, preaching at the home of the Benedictines in Gloucester, and referring to the wrongs and oppressions to which the people were subject, used these remarkable words, and uttered this all but marvellous prediction:

"The Lord God will overthrow with a terrible convulsion the mountains of Gilboa; the anger of the Lord will no longer spare transgressors. The bow of Divine wrath is bent against the reprobate, and the swift arrow is taken from the quiver to inflict wounds. Quickly will this be done."

This sermon alarmed those who heard it, no one more so than the monk and abbot Serlo, who at once sent a special messenger to William, who was then hunting in the New Forest, to warn him of his danger. But William only ridiculed the messenger and mocked at his friend Serlo for sending it. Two days only elapsed, and the news was flashed from beacon to beacon throughout England and Normandy that England's king lay murdered in the leafy glades of the Hampshire forest.

The greatest of all the many attractions in Gloucester is the choir with its vast east window, the largest of the kind in England, or as authorities say, in Europe. We cannot better describe this lovely part of the building than by quoting Dean Spence's description of it in the following exquisite word picture:

"The western end is furnished with sixty richly carved canopied stalls of dark oak, mostly the work of the fourteenth century. * * * The floor, if one dare breathe a criticism on this charmed building, is too bright and glistening, but it is in its way varied and beautifnl. The whole of this, the loveliest choir in England, is lit by a mighty wall of jewelled glass behind the great golden reredos.

"The vast east window which floods the choir of Gloucester, beautiful as a dream, with its soft, silvery light, faintly colored with jewelled shafts of the richest blue and red, and here and there a vein of pale gold—this vast window could not have been seen out of England, or at least one of the grey and misty northern countries where gleams of light or shafts of sunshine are exceedingly precious."

"* * * Extraordinary delicacy and precision of touch are to be seen in every line drawn by the glass painters of this window. In point of firmness and grace, one of the greatest critics says he is by it reminded of the drawing on the best painted vases of the Greeks. The white glass is of special beauty, as compared with that of modern times. Its luminous pearly look comes from the fact that the body of the glass is full of minute air bubbles, each of which catches the light and then reflects it out from the interior of the glass, so that it is not only translucent, but is itself actually luminous with innumerable minute centres of radiation."

Fain would we linger round the beauties of Gloucester, but my space has come to an end. The Chapter House with its memories of William the Conqueror and Domesday book, of the Gloucester Parliament, and Richard II. all tempt me, but the inexorable necessity of coming to a conclusion, at least for the present, stares us in the face. I wanted to say so much, and I feel I have said so little, of these wondrous buildings. We have, as it were, just looked at Durham, have favored Norwich with a passing glance, and given Ely a nod of recognition, while Gloucester has scarcely received the scant attention bestowed upon Ely.

LAKE ST. JOHN AND THE SAGUENAY.

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

DISCOVERED by the Jesuit missionary, Father De Quen, in 1647, the inland sea which gives rise to the mysterious Saguenay retained for some years afterwards its original Indian name of Piék-8agami or Pikouagami. Father Laure, S. J., whose relation of the Saguenay mission was first published in 1889 by the Rev. Father Jones, archivist of the Jesuits' College in Montreal, tells us that the great lake received the name of St. John (St. Jean) from Father de Crespieuil, who labored for the last thirty years of the seventeenth century amongst the Montagnais Indians of the surrounding woods. Marvellously exact are still found the descriptions of Lake St. John and the Saguenay written by these early missionaries and printed in the Paris edition of the *Relations des Jesuites*, nearly two and a half centuries ago. De Quen described Piék8agami as circular in shape, and so large that it is difficult to see the opposite shores. He speaks of the enormous rivers that feed it, and of the immense variety of the finny tribes by which its waters are peopled. He makes special mention of its "*saumon*," the 8ananiche, or ouananiche of the Montagnais dialect—that far-famed game fish of the north that yearly attracts so many anglers to Lake St. John. With scrupulous fidelity and considerable felicity of expression, De Quen described his voyage up the Saguenay from Tadousac in a bark canoe propelled by two Indian guides, the precipitous cliffs, and the depth of the dismal river, the rapids of its upper portion, and the manner and number of its portages, and the trials and fatigues endured in the crossing of them, before the first white man that stood upon the shores of the inland sea was privileged to take in the vision of its exceeding beauty. How changed, within the last few years, has become the means of communication in this still wild northern country! Where De Quen paddled up stream in his birch bark canoe, magnificent floating palaces steam daily to and from the head of navigation on the Saguenay at Chicoutimi,—the Chek8timi of its aboriginal inhabitants. Where he toiled for days, footsore and weary, in avoiding the dangerous rapids of the Grand Discharge, to reach Piek8agami, by way of Lake Kenogami and La Belle Riviere, and across forest-clad mountains, a railway run of a couple of hours conveys tourists between Chicoutimi and Lake St. John.

It is safe to assume that not one per cent. of the tourists who have "done" the Saguenay have ever feasted their eyes upon the broad expanse of water from which it is fed. But a new pilgrimage to this northland of romance and chivalry—the scene of early Jesuit discovery and devotion, and of Indian legend and tradition,—now promises to supersede the simple ascent and descent of the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, and the return by the same route as the going. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any tourist to enjoy a more thrilling, or, in many respects, a more novel experience than that afforded by a newly mapped out round trip rendered possible by the recent opening of a new line of railway from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi. So that now, in even less time than it has hitherto taken to go by steamer from Quebec to Chicoutimi, and to return by the same route, the lover of nature may draw a grand triangular trail, of which one side consists of the journey by rail across the entire chain of the

Laurentian Mountains forming the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Lake St. John. The apex of the triangle is the great lake, and its

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FALLS OF OUIATCHOUAN.

second side in length is described by the railway journey from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi and the steamboat trip thence to Tadousac, at the mouth

of the Saguenay. The sail up the St. Lawrence, from Tadousac to Quebec, will be seen upon the map to form the base of the triangle. The advantage in going by rail and returning by steamer is, that every mile of both the railway trip and the Saguenay sail is accomplished by daylight. Trains leave Quebec for Lake St. John at 8.30 a.m.. and arrive there about 4.30 p.m., after a stoppage for luncheon at Lake Edward. Much of this journey of 190 miles is through a country remarkable for the wildness of its mountain scenery, for the profusion of its plentifully fish-stocked lakes and rivers, for its virgin forests, and the wonderful engineering difficulties that have been overcome in the construction of the well equipped railroad.

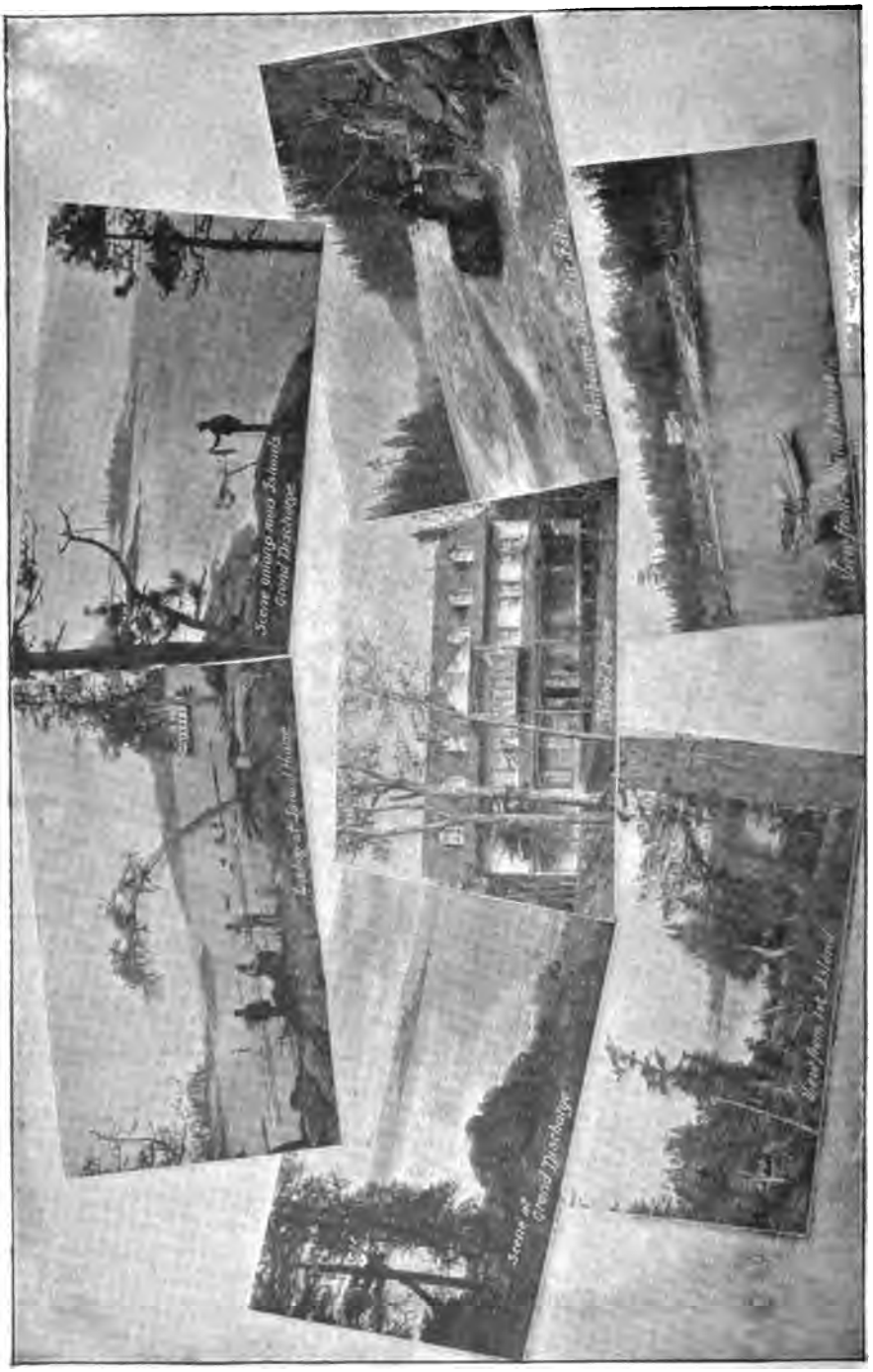
The summit of the railway is 1,500 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, and 1,200 above that of Lake St John. For between twenty and thirty miles the line follows the course of the beautiful Batiscan river, which is hereabouts from one hundred to four hundred feet in width, running frequently through such narrow mountain passes as barely to leave room for the railway track on one of its shores. All the waters in this country literally swarm with trout, both *fontinalis* and *naymacush*, the former often running up to seven pounds in weight, and the latter over thirty. Many lakes contain also the doré, or pickerel, sometimes called the wall-eyed pike, the true pike, or *brochet* (*esox lucius*), the perch, chub, and other varieties of fish, and here and there, as the train dashes by, may be seen the comfortable club-houses of Canadian or American anglers.

The first glimpse of Lake St. John from the car window, as the train dashes down the incline towards the valley that contains the inland sea, is, perhaps, only equalled by the view of the Saguenay upon the approach to Chicoutimi. Both are magnificently grand. Shortly before reaching its destination at Roberval Hotel, the train glides in front of the Satchouan, (or Ouiatchouan) Falls, 236 feet in height, and one of the most picturesque bits of scenery in these northern wilds.

Tourists who see the Roberval Hotel for the first time, even those who have been told of it, or read the many flattering descriptions of it that have recently appeared, seldom refrain from expressing their surprise at finding so commodious, so modern, and so richly furnished a hostelry so far away in the great north-land. It has accommodation for three hundred guests, and is furnished with electric light and bells throughout. It is immediately overlooking the great lake, and directly facing the Grande Discharge, 24 miles distant. The elegant steamer *Mistassini* crosses the lake daily to the Island House, a noted resort for the anglers who throng the outlet of the inland sea to try their *finesse* against the fighting qualities of the gamey ouananiche or far-famed fresh water salmon of Lake St. John. Thousands of islands divide the waters of the Discharge into as many channels, and it is a sensational experience to shoot the exciting rapids in these turbulent waters, in a birch-bark canoe dexterously manipulated by the paddles of Montagnais and half-breed guides. Some venturesome souls run the whole series of them in canoes as far as Chicoutimi, saving, of course, the impassable *chutes*, which have to be portaged.

There is an interesting Indian reserve at Pointe Bleue, three miles from the Roberval Hotel, where, in summer, may be found the swarthy Montagnais, who hunt in winter the forests that extend from Lake St. John to Hudson Bay. They make splendid guides for fishing and hunting parties, many of which camp out with them for days, and sometimes weeks together, in the wild country north of the great lake. Magnificent rapids and waterfalls, plenty of bears, and abundance of ouananiche, trout, pike, and

other game fish, are some of the attractions that invite these parties to ascend the great feeders of Lake St. John. The Peribonca, Mistassini, and



LANDING AT ISLAND HOUSE.

Ashuapmouehouan rivers are from 200 to 400 miles each in length, and the two first-mentioned are over a mile wide at their mouths.



IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY.

Exceedingly picturesque is the early morning railway trip from Roberval hotel to Chicoutimi,—a distance of 64 miles,—through a country which has been not inaptly compared to the land of Evangeline. The steamboat sail down the gloomy yet magnificently walled-in Saguenay has taxed the pens of some of the most brilliant descriptive writers of the day. The scenery in the vicinity of Capes Trinity and Eternity is of the most sublime grandeur. Well might the man of Uz have had in his mind the birth of the Saguenay, when he wrote, 3,400 years ago: "He overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks"

But the beauty and grandeur of Lake St. John and the great river which it feeds, and the sport which is found on its waters, and in the surrounding forests, are by no means the only attractions furnished by this lake. The great fertility of the soil and the fav-

orableness of the climate for agriculture have become sufficiently well known to attract hither a large and permanent farming population. The present population of the Lake St. John country is probably about 40,000, and will, no doubt, rapidly increase as the advantages of the region become known. The basin of the lake embraces an area of fourteen million acres, a large portion of which is of wonderful fertility. In the very heart of this garden valley lies the compact and beautiful lake, twenty-five miles wide and twenty-eight long, with a circumference of 85 miles and an area of 365 square miles. Of course, so large a body of water exercises a modifying effect on the climate, prolonging the heat of summer, and making the period of absence of frosts, especially on the southern and eastern shores, longer than in neighboring regions; while the valley, protected from cold ocean winds by the Laurentides to the south and east, basks in a summer warmth much greater than that of Port Arthur in a corresponding latitude, quite equal to that of Manitoba, and rivalling that of Quebec. In winter, the temperature is much higher than at Winnipeg, or in fact anywhere in the North-West, and this mildness, combined with the length of the growing season, would indicate that hardy apples can here be successfully cultivated. The capacity of the district for wheat and other cereals has been abundantly proven by the large acreage and yield of these grains, —so much so that the valley has been called "The granary of Quebec."

DROWNED.

The east wind blew the body in,
A white-faced thing, with matted hair;
And all day long, among the thin,
Harsh reeds, the ripples rocked it there.
But with a sudden storm at night,
The body drifted to the land;
And dark upon the sodden sand
She found him in the morning light!

What was it in her broken sleep,
So dark with fitful dreams of death,
That on a sudden made her leap
Awake, and, shuddering, gasp for breath?
The dying night was white and still,
And all the southern sky aswoon
Between the early dawn, and moon
Late risen o'er the dreaming hill.

But with his child upon her breast,
That rose and fell so wildly fast,
Down the dim path she blindly pressed,
Till all, except the shore, were passed.
Her thin-shod feet were drenched with dew,
The wild-rose tore,—she saw alone
A form beyond, so still and prone,
She knew it was her dream come true.

Face upward staring at the sky,
It seemed as if the soul was even
Within that fixed and fearful eye,
Bereft of any hope of heaven.
And from those parted lips almost
You seemed to hear the cry for life,
The story of the frenzied strife,
Ere strength grew spent and hope was lost.

God only knows! Perhaps he meant
To make amends for all his sin;
Or else perhaps 'twas His intent
And vengeance he should drown within
The sight of her, and all his past.
No matter. Woman-like, she said:
Though God has brought him to me dead,
He has come back to me at last!

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE,
Ottawa, Canada.

A HOLIDAY IN THE HILLS.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

WE were a merry lot. There can be no flies of pessimistic doubt on *that* assertion. We were positively merry at starting; merrier still during the journey; but the height and depth and general dimensions of our ultimate hilarious and barbaric mirthfulness, when we realized that we had reached a portion of the old earth where nothing conventional or otherwise could restrain us, cannot be done justice to by the use of the superlative or any other degree. But I anticipate.

First, in order of precedence, as they say in Debrett, came the Minister, a good, all-round sort of chap, who could pull an oar with the best of the party, and a cork with the worst, as we were soon given to understand. Then came Aunt Jane, who sat at a window and watched the downpour of rain, that persistently fell for hours before we started, until her expression was despairing enough to throw a greater damper over our intentions than the rain itself. Next came Uncle Henry, Aunt Jane's "dear old man," and then Daisy Bell and Pilkins, and the "veracious chronicler."

We were all going to hide ourselves away in the heart of the oldest hills in the world for a week, and, of course, there had been the inevitable gathering together for days before of almost every imaginable article found within the four walls of the average home. Aunt Jane thought Uncle Henry was susceptible to the cold and damp, and took along a jar full of a marvellously enlivening fluid which she called Pain's Whiskey Compound. Whatever Uncle Henry's complaint was, it was mighty catching, for we all had it before we had gone four miles. But poor Pilkins was not so blessed in the precautions taken for his bodily welfare by *his* better half,—who would not go, and who said we were all fools to think of setting off in such weather. She labored under the delusion that P. was in a decline, and treated the loading of his valise accordingly. She would have thought differently had she seen his gastronomic feats, which he began industriously to give us exhibitions of even before we reached our hill-bound destination.

Pilkins recounted all his troubles to us in this particular when we were fairly on the road. We travelled behind a stout team of bays, in a sort of caravan. The latter was a four-wheeled, covered vehicle, in which we sat two abreast, like a parcel of gypsies, with Aunt Jane's dear old man handling the reins. Our "load" followed in an express driven by a native. We knew we had a long journey, over a shockingly bad road, ahead of us, so we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances and our limited space would permit, and resigned ourselves to our fate—and levity. The rain came down in a steady drizzle, but we were thoroughly dry under our ribbed rubber roof, and even the dull gray monotone of the early morning sky did not serve to send our spirits down one degree.

"You'd never guess what I've had to bring along with me!" said Pilkins, pathetically. "My wife's the most thoughtful woman! I was packing, and she came in with her hands full of little parcels."

"'Here are a few things you are sure to need,' said she.

"I asked her what they were; but I inwardly groaned, for I knew what was coming.

"'Well, there's a little sulphur in case you are troubled with a sore throat,' she answered. 'You know you're subject to sore throat, and if you *will* go away, when all the elements are against you, to a wild place like that, you must expect to suffer.'

"I thought the suffering consisted principally in having to be the object of so much forethought. But I went on silently loading my bag, and she continued:—

"'You know a sulphur gargle is the very best thing for sore throat. And then, here are some pills. You must take two of them just before going to bed. And I've put some spirits of camphor in a bottle for mosquito bites. You're sure to be bitten dreadfully. And here are a couple of fly blisters in case your knees get bad. You know I was laid up once with my knees.' Then she had to undo a couple of the parcels to see what was in them, because she had forgotten; and then she said:—

"'O yes! this is some liniment for rheumatism. You are certain to have a touch of that. And these are some powders mother gave me. Take one in a little water in the morning. You're stomach's sure to get out of order up there. And for goodness' sake be very careful; and be sure to change your socks, if you get your feet the *least* bit damp. I've asked Aunt Jane to look after you, and see that you wear your rubbers; because, you know, you're not strong.'"

"Yes," interjected Aunt Jane in a comforting voice, "I promised Lizzie I would do that!"

Poor Pilkins sighed and went on:

"Then she went away, and I thought I had got everything, and had got my bag all strapped up; and that was no small job, because it was all I could do to get everything in,—when back she came with a bulky something done up in a newspaper; and she looked at me reproachfully and said in an injured tone:—

"'George! You promised me *faithfully* you would put on your winter underclothing in case the weather was very cold up there; and you've never done it!' So there I had to undo those straps again, and stuff in those infernal woollen things. And how I ever got the bag fastened together after that, is a mystery. I was struggling with it, when she flew back a second time, and said she had nearly forgotten my lumbago; and when I demurred about putting in the belladonna plaster which she had fetched, because I had one strap done, she began to cry, and said she didn't care, I could take everything she had thought of out, if I liked, and be brought home sick. So then I had not only to stuff in that comfortable plaster, but coax her round. And I do believe if you hadn't come for me when you did, she would have discovered that it was utterly impossible for me to go unless I went around and saw the doctor and got a certificate from him."

I think we all felt sorry for Pilkins at the moment, because there's really nothing the matter with him. But what respect can you have for a fellow who allows himself to be mollycoddled like that? Just fancy pills and fly blisters and woollen underclothing on a summer holiday!

We must have passed through what, if the weather had been fine, would have been great scenery. But even if the atmospheric conditions had been other than they were, I could have seen nothing to describe. Because I sat in the centre of our van, and my view was narrowed to what appeared within the arc-like compass of the open front of our cover; and *that* included the prosaic back of Uncle Henry, the waterproof-covered head and shoulders of Daisy Bell—who *would* sit next to him—occasionally the ears of the horses bobbing up like corks on a wave, and a stretch of muddy road that seemed to rise to Heaven at one moment and descend to the depths of Inferno the next.

For we had entered that mountainous and granitic portion of Quebec lying north of Buckingham, and

"The bell-crowned city with her glorious towers"

lay behind us, thirty miles to the south and westward.

But we were happy, childishly happy. Strange how a being of intelligence and foresight will involuntarily give up a comfortable bed and all the luxuries of urban residence, and don old clothes, sleep in a tent on a bed of anything but roses, eat porridge into which no end of twigs, etc., have dropped during the cooking, and call it—life! And do it all so gladly, rapturously, too.

There was a parcel, an oblong, innocent-looking parcel, with a greasy brown paper cover, swinging to and fro by a short piece of stout string from the centre of our "roof." Aunt Jane had been eyeing it for some time with a good deal of ill-smothered curiosity. Finding, no doubt, that it was useless to hope *anyone else* would refer to it, she threw pride to the winds and drew our attention to the swaying package.

"What is it?" we all chorused, that is, all except Uncle Henry. He leaned back and whispered something to the Minister, who sat beside me. Then the pair went off into a vulgar chuckle.

"I think it's bananas!" said the Minister, with becoming gravity.

Aunt Jane bent forward between the Minister and me, and touched the parcel. So did Pilkins. Then Daisy Bell leaned back and felt it, too; and after that, I considered I would be childish if I did not do the same.

"It's certainly like bananas!" we four said together; and at that, Uncle Henry and the Minister *roared*.

"Well, what are you laughing at?" exclaimed Aunt Jane pettishly. "I'd like to know where the joke comes in!"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, in that deliberate, exasperatingly slow way of his, and half-turning round, "if you want to know, it's—DYNAMITE!"

At that, Aunt Jane fetched a scream that startled the horses; and Daisy Bell clung quite affectionately to Uncle Henry.

"Isn't it rather r—risky?" articulated Pilkins, trying to *look* unconcerned.

"Henry, you're joking!" cried Aunt Jane.

But "Henry" assured us he wasn't. It was dynamite, real dynamite, six big sticks of it. He was taking it along for Uncle John (to whose summer cottage in the hills we were journeying), who wanted to blow out some stumps about his place. It was safest where it was, Uncle Henry said: and we need none of us feel alarmed, he added, because if it *did* go off, our demise would be so complete and so sudden that we wouldn't know anything about it. There wouldn't be an atom left, Uncle Henry said, not even of Pilkins' wife's sandwiches.

No one said anything after that for some time, but we all eyed the parcel as it swung there this way and that, as sinister-looking as a hanged body on a gibbet at four cross roads. At last, Aunt Jane said she thought it would be safer—that is, *we* would be safer—if the parcel reposed in her lap. So Pilkins drew his penknife, and very gingerly cut the thing down. Uncle Henry, for reasons best known to him, made no objection, and the packet was placed in Aunt Jane's lap, where it remained, the object of much concern to Pilkins, who sat next to Aunt Jane.

The nervous tension induced by the knowledge that we had so much explosive material in the midst of us relaxed at length, and it was Pilkins who at last proposed that we should lunch. So the Minister and I dragged out the big basket that rested between our legs, while Pilkins produced his wonderful telescope cup, and then we discovered that we had no corkscrew

with us to draw the corks from the beer bottles.

So Uncle Henry had to transfer the reins to Daisy Bell—who very wisely brought the team to a standstill—while he broke the necks of the bottles upon the wheel. The ale had a great head on it, and Pilkins' cup had to be rushed, like a cannon in the battle, to the front. It was filled, and passed to Aunt Jane, where it very inconsiderately "telescoped," resolving itself into its narrowest proportions, like a snail, and the ale went into Aunt Jane's lap and drowned out her supply of sandwiches and the dynamite.



THE COTTAGE.

Meantime, the Minister had uncorked the "great blood purifier," Paine's Whiskey Compound, and, despite the difficulties engendered by the jolting of our caravan over the rough road, and the persistently *small* behaviour of that telescope cup, we made a jolly meal.

It was clocking along towards evening when we came in sight of the roof of Uncle John's house; and Uncle Henry let the team out. The road was nothing but a series of turns and bumps and corduroy patches here, and we received somewhat the same treatment as Horace Greely did at the hands of the driver who had been instructed by certain gentlemen to get Horace to a particular place at a particular hour. Aunt Jane and Pilkins suffered most, as their seat was less permanent than the other two; and their heads bounced up to the roof of our caravan, and threatened to go through it, as Horace's is said to have actually done.

We came up to the front with a flourish, as the English coaches do before an inn; and then we all climbed out and began to halloo for Uncle John and his household, whom we could see in a punt, away off down the lake, fishing. They heard and saw us, and drew in their anchor and pulled up the lake to the landing; while Emil, the "man," a stoical-looking Prussian, came and took out the horses, who were doubtless glad of the respite.

The house was a neat frame one, of two stories, and faced north. One

little lake, a charming oblong sheet, lay just before, and another on the right of the cottage. A path ran down from the latter to the landing and boat-shed on the edge of the first named lake; and great hills, covered with spruce and tamarac, no end of white and yellow birch, and here and there a pine, rose high on every side. There was a clump of slender and graceful white beeches along the landing shore, which gave an almost pastoral and subduing touch to the wildness of the place. Altogether, it was a scene to rest the eye that had become dulled and tired by the daily sight of roofs and streets; and the silence, broken only by the chirrup of a robin or the note of a chickadee or a bluebird, was Nature's Sabbath to the ear grown weary of the rush of traffic and the harsh voice of steam.

Uncle John came up the path at length, with Madame his wife, and a young fellow who at once began to make eyes at Daisy Bell.

"Did you bring that, Henry?" said Uncle John anxiously.

Uncle Henry answered with an affirmative "Um!" and Uncle John continued, with an explanatory sweep of his hand toward the stumps that clung to the soil like things of evil, between the house and the lake.

"After supper we'll get some of these fellows out of here! Emil's been at them with axe and crowbar, but you can't do much with 'em that way. It's too slow. We'll fix 'em, though, with that stuff!"

After supper we all came out to see the hitherto impregnable stumps blown into nothingness. Emil, the man from Hessen, had been at work boring deep holes into the bases of the stumps, as per instructions from Uncle Henry; and the latter, after inspecting the "mines," went inside to get his explosive.

Suddenly we heard—not an explosion—but an exclamation, so emphatic in its signification of surprise and anger, that we all stared interrogatively one at another, and then sprang up and rushed in.

Uncle Henry was in the kitchen, standing by the table, and glaring down at something right under his nose.

"What—what the mischief does this mean?" he spluttered.

"What does *what* mean?" retorted Madame, speaking for us all.

"Why—this! Who's gone and taken my dynamite and done up tallow candles?"

Sure enough, there they were, six goodly, greasy candles as ever came out of a mold, lying together in fat comfortableness in the middle of the greasy paper wrapping.

"Well, who's done it?" cried Uncle Henry, as no one spoke, and some of us began to grin. "Where's my dynamite? It's a mighty poor joke!"

"It's as good a joke, Henry, as putting what you thought was dymanite (she always called it dymanite) in the middle of us, and then saying it must be bananas!" said Aunt Jane with asperity. "If you want your precious dymanite, you'll have to go back to the city for it, where it is!"

"Eh?" gasped Uncle Henry.

"I say it's in the city!" reiterated Aunt Jane in triumphant tones. "You never fetched dymanite along with you at all! I happened to find that parcel on the ledge where you had stuck it in the shed, and I found out what it was; and says I to myself: 'If Henry thinks he's going to take that stuff along with me, he's mistaken! So I tied up the candles instead. Can't you make them go off, too?'"

There was a respectful silence, and then Pilkins said, deferentially:

"Can you—you took that dangerous packet into your lap because it would be safer there, and knew it was candles all the time! And all the time, too, we were smiling at one another to think what a funny thing we had in watching your concern for that precious parcel! And Rogers there, I remember, was in convulsions

to think you could be so—so silly as to hold in your lap for twenty miles what would have been just as safe hanging over our heads! And Uncle Henry, too, was so tickled in his quiet way about it!"

"Um!" said Uncle Henry, rushing out of the house.

Then Aunt Jane held her head back and laughed.

"Call Henry back!" she said, when her mirth had partially subsided. "And tell him his precious dymanite is here, in our room."

We all started.

"It's in there, in my valise! We had it along with us. Henry was sitting right over it. Next time he wants to take anything queer along with him, he'll consult me. As if I didn't know nothing about dymanite, and how much force it takes to set it off!"

There was no understanding that woman.

But we gathered in Uncle Henry and Uncle John, who were ruefully regarding the stumps, as a man who had left his gun at home might stand and stare at a partridge sitting on an overhead limb; and sure enough, the dynamite was found packed carefully between a lot of clothing in the centre of Aunt Jane's valise. We were a little shy about looking at first, for fear of being sold a second time, and Uncle Henry refused to look at all, and would hardly believe it was dynamite, until the first charge went off and blew a window out of one end of the house, and sent the Prussian hired man's dog into a fit. We were all like a parcel of children with fireworks; and in the joy he experienced at the destruction of the stumps, Uncle Henry recovered his good humor and forgave Aunt Jane.

Meantime, a case of undoubted love at first sight had been born, and was being rushed along at a tremendous rate, quite unequalled in the annals of courtship. Our charming little Daisy Bell, who is an out and out coquette, and Mr. Weldon Peters, the young man who had made eyes at Daisy Bell on our arrival, were away off down the lake in a punt, and looked quite romantic at a distance, though no doubt the mosquitoes gave them little peace.

The next morning broke clearly, and comparatively warm for the average temperature of the hills. A stiff north-westerly breeze had sprung up while we were asleep, and swept the rain away; and now, at six a.m., the zenith was beautifully blue, and wool-like cumulus clouds were drifting lazily from the north across our meridian. The sun had risen at three-thirty, but we saw nothing of him until seven, on account of the high hills. We knew he was travelling up an unclouded way, however, as his light fell upon the upper portion of the long mountain to the west, and turned the foliage there to a sparkling vesture of pale green and gold, in sharp contrast to the trees which lay below in sombre shadow. Our horizon was a narrow one, and our day shortened at each end, as the sun rose and set four hours later and earlier than in the open country.

Uncle Henry and Uncle John and I were lounging about in front of the house, enjoying the freshness of the morning air, when Pilkins appeared, robed in a gray blanket like an Indian, and wearing a pair of slippers. He stepped out upon the verandah, trailing a big red and yellow Turkish towel in his hand, and we saw him shiver slightly.

"What are you going to do?" grunted Uncle John, eyeing P. as a farmer might a dude when seeing one for the first time.

"Oh, I'm going to have a plunge, you know!" said Pilkins. "There's nothing like a morning dip in good water!" and he cantered off down to the landing, and got into a punt and rowed out into the lake.

"I'll bet a dollar he don't swim in that water!" growled Uncle John.

"It's too cold! Come along and let's see what he will do." And he led the way to higher ground, from which new point we got a fuller view of the lake.

Uncle John, with a chuckle, led us through the trees to a new position; but before we reached it, we heard a loud splash.



WHERE PILKINS WENT SWIMMING.

We saw Pilkins, a couple of hundred yards off, stand up in the punt and throw the enveloping blanket aside. There he stood in bold relief against the dark foliage of the lake shore, his slender form clad in a bathing suit very decollette at each end, and that might have weighed four ounces after it had been in the water. After glancing in the direction of the house, Pilkins placed his hands together above his head in the approved fashion of the diver; and Uncle John uttered a smothered exclamation of surprise, which was checked, however, as Pilkins suddenly stooped and placed one hand in the water. Then we saw him straighten up sharply and stand for some moments in statue-like mobility, as if in deep thought. After that, he glanced sharply in the direction of the house again, dangled one foot in the lake for a moment, and then seized the oars and rowed around a neighboring point.

"Ah, there he goes!" said Uncle Henry.

"Oh, does he?" said Uncle John. "We'll see! Now, there he is!"

We saw Pilkins, not in the water, but standing up in the punt and in the act of hauling a large stone, which served the purpose of anchor in connection with the boat, out of the lake. When he had got it out, he held it up as high as he could and then let it drop into the water, and a second and louder splash greeted our ears.

An ironical laugh burst from Uncle John's throat, and echoed from shore to shore of the lake, causing Pilkins to start. He was standing upon one of the end seats, which was almost level with the gunwale. Doubtless the rope was too short to allow the stone to reach bottom, and the boat received a jerk when the stone pulled the rope taut, for we saw Pilkins lose his balance and topple over into the lake.

He made a bigger splash than the stone, and came up some yards from the boat, which moved as his feet left it. We could hear him spluttering as he struck out, and when he reached the punt he climbed swiftly over it and began to apply the towel vigorously.

"Have another," roared Uncle John, derisively; but either the shock or his mortification in having been caught shamming prevented him noticing us. He was rattled, too, for he flung the blanket about his shoulders and sat down and began to pull wildly at the oars, forgetting the forty-pound stone which was still in the water, at which we all roared in chorus more lustily than ever.

We were on the verandah when he came back and hopped up the path in a dainty manner, for he had lost his carpet slippers in the lake. He is one of those individuals who "have a lean and hungry look," and he must have felt that unexpected plunge terribly, for the lake water was chillingly cold. We all asked him if he had enjoyed his "plunge, you know!" but he wouldn't look at us, and hurried by into the house.

After breakfast we all had to go fishing, for Uncle John regards old Isaac's hobby as the grandest practice on the face of the earth, or rather water. Pilkins heard of this predilection of Uncle John's, and being aware that the old gentleman had not been impressed with his performance of the morning, decided to ingratiate himself by one grand stroke of diplomacy.

"Going swimming?" said Uncle John, as he saw Pilkins trotting very busily between the house and the boats.

"No, sir," said Pilkins, pausing as if he could scarcely spare the time, I'm going fishing."

"Fishing?" echoed Uncle John. "Why that ain't half as much fun as swimming, is it?"

"Half as much fun?" cried Pilkins, in well-feigned astonishment. "Why, there's nothing like fishing, to my mind. Swimming is very good in its way, and some say shooting is rare sport; but for me, fishing's the grandest, splendidest thing out. There's nothing can be compared to it at all."

"Um," said Uncle John. But as he bent over his rod, I saw he looked pleased. "Perhaps, young man, you'd better come along with me. I'm going over to a lake where they bite better than around here."

"Oh, I shall be delighted," exclaimed Pilkins, rapturously. Then he added, humbly: "Of course, I'm not much of a fisherman, you know, I—I'm not very scientific, and all that."

But Uncle John said never to mind about that; it would come all right in time. And at last we all got off in different directions, and the last I saw of P., he had his coat and vest off, and was rowing lustily down the lake with his head thrown back, and a seraphic expression on his face, while Uncle John, who tips the beam at 240, sat in the stern, fighting the mosquitoes with a paddle in one hand, while he held a trolling line in the other. Of course, Daisy Bell and young Weldon Peters went off together, ostensibly for "moss" and "ferns," and such rubbish; while Uncle Harry and the Madame and I took a third punt, and rowed to the upper lake to catch trout. Poor Aunt Jane was too ill to go anywhere, and we left her wandering round the house like a lost orphan on a lonely night, chewing a lemon, and with a vinegar-soaked handkerchief tied about her head, which she said had suffered from the Horace Greely treatment of the evening previous. The Minister stayed to keep her company, and we heard them singing hymns together as we rowed away.

Madame was almost as ardent an angler as her husband. There were several good places in the lake, she said, but "the pines" was about the best, as Uncle John had caught thirty there one morning in half as many minutes. So we went to the pines,

which was simply a part of the lake where three or four fallen trees lay in the water; and there was a great scramble to see who would get his rod in first, Uncle Henry and the Madame getting their lines tangled in their excitement to catch the first fish. I felt I had a great lead, and dropped my hook in and grinned at the other two. But as it was a quarter of an hour by the time the other two had got their tackle separated, and I had been diligently fishing all that time without getting anything, Madame said she thought it would be best to go on to "Bob's hole," as the fish did'nt seem to be biting very well at "the pines" that morning. So Uncle Henry pulled up the stone anchor, and got the oars out, and went to "Bob's hole." We had just the same amount of luck there, and so we paddled around to "Mick's hole," and "Jimmy's hole," then, and I think we were all glad of it.

There was trouble next day. It had been brewing for some little time, so Madame told me confidentially; because Uncle John's face had been growing solemner and solemner for the past 48 hours. *He* took Uncle Henry and the Minister and Pilkins and I aside, and into his confidence, for he had to unburden himself at last.

"I'll tell you what it is!" he said. 'Some one's been at my demijohns, and I can't guess who!"

We all looked suspiciously one at another, for it was a grave matter: but not one of us would confess, and so we asked Uncle John to tell us all about it.

It turned out that he had been in the habit of keeping two two-gallon jars of whiskey under a certain portion



THE BARN.

and I don't know how many others; and one of Uncle Henry's arms nearly came off when he pulled up that stone for the thirty-first and last time at the final hole, twenty yards from the starting point. It was dinner time of the hay in an adjacent barn; and from these he filled, when necessity called for such action, his big flask. Only on the day *of our arrival* he had discovered one of the jars to be empty, and knowing that he had not taken

from it one quarter of its original contents, he was dying to discover the pilferer. Since then, he had become painfully aware of the rapid sinking of the level of jar Number 2; but although he had lain in ambush among the hay, the thief had been too politic to appear.

"Why don't you keep the jars in the house?" we said.

"It would never do," said Uncle John. "There's Mrs. Mahony for one (the house-keeper), and the Prussian for another. They know every corner of the house, and would coax it out of a double-locked cupboard when I was away!"

"Leave it to me!" said Uncle Henry. "I'll clear it up. Pilkins, I shall want you to occupy the barn after supper. In the meantime, John, I shall have to trouble you for your big flask!"

This staggered Uncle John, but he gave up the flask; and Uncle Henry went off with it, while the Minister and Pilkins and I felt like kicking ourselves for not having had Uncle Henry's cheek; because we didn't believe he had any plan at all, but had simply desired to get hold of the flask on learning that the supply of liquor was so low.

However, we did him a gross injustice, because he *had* a plan, as we subsequently learned.

After supper, and when dusk had fallen, Pilkins went to the barn, taking care, according to Uncle Henry's instructions, not to be seen by the Prussian. The latter, it is hardly necessary to remark, was the person suspected by Uncle Henry. The hours went by, and we others went to bed.

It was about eleven o'clock, and Aunt Jane was in the middle of a really beautiful snoring concerto in B Major, when Uncle Henry saw a figure steal in the misty summer night from behind the long fence which ran by the barn, and advance to the door of that building.

Uncle Henry started up the path, humming a tune; and the mysterious figure hastily opened the barn door and disappeared within; then, a moment later, came hastily out again, and face to face with Uncle Henry.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mahony," said Uncle Henry cheerily. "It's a fine night, isn't it?"

"It is, sor!" replied Mrs. Mahony, for it was she, visibly agitated.

"Admiring the sky, and taking advantage of a little well-earned idleness to breathe the cool air, I suppose, Mrs. Mahony?" continued Uncle Henry, pleasantly.

"The same, sor!" responded Mrs. Mahony, all of a tremble!

Then Uncle Henry became confidential. "Will you walk a bit with me?" he said; and whatever Mrs. Mahony thought his intentions were, she decided to walk. They went a little way from the barn, and Uncle Henry suggested that they should sit down upon a convenient log and have a chat. Mrs. Mahony being seated, Uncle Henry said:

"I don't know whether you are Irish to the backbone or not, Mrs. Mahony; but if you are, you'll understand me when I say that when I want to take a drink, I want company, too!"

Poor Mrs. Mahony, so Uncle Henry says, actually shivered at this; whereupon Uncle Henry quickly produced Uncle John's flask and made her take a pull to recover herself. She took a good one; and after that, it didn't take long for them to finish all there was. Uncle Henry thereupon expressed his regret that they could not replenish the flask; and Mrs. Mahony said if he would not give her away to the 'ould gintleman,' she could tell where there was some prime stuff. Of course Uncle Henry agreed; and Mrs. Mahony led the way somewhat erratically to the barn. It was dark inside, and Uncle Henry lighted a lantern he found there, Mrs. Mahony telling him that the jar she knew of was down in one corner. Uncle Henry, lantern in hand, and at Mrs.

Mahony's request, led the way over the fodder, sinking to his knees as he went.

Suddenly a loud snore made him start. There was a scream from Mrs. Mahony, and then she stumbled as best she could out of the barn.

Uncle Henry thought it was Pilkins, and all at once, as he proceeded, stumbled over some one lying in the hay. He turned the light of his lantern upon this person, and discovered the Prussian apparently sound asleep.

Some one or something, stirring in the hay a little way off, made Uncle Henry look up, and he saw Pilkins stagger to his feet. Very promptly Uncle Henry put the lantern out. Pilkins staggered in the darkness out of the barn, and Uncle Henry, in following, struck his foot against something hard. He re-lit the lantern, and discovered a big jar. There was just enough liquor remaining in it to enable him to fill the flask: and this Uncle did.

It was impossible and useless for Uncle Henry to wake the Prussian, so he followed Pilkins to the house, where he put that young man to bed. The next morning Pilkins told his story.

"You know," he said, "I waited in the barn until I thought I should have to go back to the house, I grew so sleepy. Presently who should come in but the Prussian; and then of course I was wide awake in an instant! He looked all round carelessly, and took a fork and began tossing the hay towards the door. At last he had worked his way to one corner, where he threw the fork and the mask, as it were, aside, and pulled out a jar from the hay. He held the jar up, and shook it; and then tried to see into it. He shook it again, and said something in German that must have been swearing. At last, shaking his head and still muttering, he took a small tin cup from his pocket and had a ɔker. At last, what with shaking the jar and peeping into it and having liberal horns, fifteen minutes must have passed, and as I couldn't stand it any longer, I rose up and walked over to him.

"'Mum's the word!' I said. 'Let's have a drink!'

"He understood that, and shoved the jar and the cup over to me with a grin.

"I had a drink, and then told him I had caught onto the jar racket, too; and at that a great light broke over his face, and he told me he was glad of that, as he saw it all now. Only the night before he had discovered that some one else had been at the jar; that is, some one else besides Uncle John, because he knew the exact amount Uncle John took, and the periods, too. He was glad to learn it was me. At that, I told him I hadn't had a taste from the jar before, and he started to swear in German again. I proposed that we should watch, as the person who had been at the jar might come along, and to this he agreed. Of course, while we were waiting, we trained the jar down to its proper weight.

"But in the interim, some one came into the barn, and made for our corner. At the same moment the Prussian was drinking, and some of the rye must have gone down the wrong way, as he began to cough. The person, whoever it was, gave a scream and scuttled off, and, as I was half seas over, I didn't follow very far, because I went head first down into the hay and nearly broke my neck. After that, we drew on the jar undisturbed, and at last I must have fallen asleep, as I remember nothing more."

That was P.'s story. Then Uncle John called Mrs. Mahony and the Prussian in, and we had a little sort of court martial. They denied at first, one stoically, the other vehemently, ever having seen the jars. But they collapsed at last, and were let off with a warning.

Of course, this was all very well so

far as the Prussian and Mrs. Mahony and Uncle Henry and Pilkins were concerned, and was, no doubt, very smart behavior on the part of the two last named. But no one could convince Uncle John and the Minister and young Weldon Peters and me that it wasn't an elaborate scheme to cheat us four. Uncle John promptly took charge of his big flask again, which held all the liquor there was in camp, and *that*, he said, must now be regarded from a strictly medicinal point of view, as no more could be obtained until the next supply of necessaries arrived.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Uncle John and I went off to fish; ostensibly, however, to inspect a creek, connecting two of the lakes, which Uncle John had some idea of converting into a canal. We made this excuse in deference to a theory of the Minister's that fishing was not for the Sabbath The Minister himself, meanwhile, in company with Pilkins, rowed away to another lake to "enjoy the fine afternoon;" while the ladies all stayed in, preferring a siesta.

So we four rowed off, in pairs and in different directions. When Uncle John and I reached the shore for the purpose of following the path leading to another lake where we would have better luck, Uncle John decided to shed his coat and vest and leave them with the boat, as the day was hot.

We reached the second lake, and put out in the boat kept there. We had stopped at the first 'hole,' the anchor was down, our pipes were lighted, our lines were in, and altogether we were in a position and condition of comfort and expectancy, when Uncle John brought one large hand down upon his leg with an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" I asked blandly, as I hauled in my first trout, a beauty.

"Matter? Why, I've left that flask of mine back there in my coat pocket!"

"Anything in it?" I queried cautiously, for I didn't want to be unnecessarily enthusiastic.

"Anything in it? Why, yes! Everything's in it! It's full! I haven't touched it since Henry gave it back to me yesterday!"

I suggested, possibly with too much eagerness, that I should run back for it; but whether Uncle John suspected my intentions or not, he would not agree, and we fished on.

This lake we were in is a really splendid bit of water. It is only fifteen or twenty acres in area, but it is a Geneva in miniature. The hills that rise abruptly all about it are high and heavily wooded with maple and fir and beach and pine; and when on a cloudy day the sun strikes through, the effect of the light suddenly falling upon the masses of velvet-like foliage is superb. Of equal beauty, too, is the effect, upon a clear day, of the shadow of some wandering nomadic cloud drifting lazily across the face of these hills, whose pale green is made golden by the touch of the sunshine.

Pilkins, who is an enthusiast on nature, wrote some rhymes about this lake. He breaks out that way when he isn't watched. Here are a couple of verses of what might have been a long and dangerous composition if P. had not been stopped in time:

"O lovely lake, so silent and so still!
Begirt by beauteous trees,—our maple green,
Dark pines umbrageous,—garments of each hill
That seems to rise to the blue sky serene!
Man ne'er has viewed a more ennobling scene!

"And when at night the clear and placid moon
Breaks through the argent cloud, and bends her rays
Upon thy face,—then, in the midnight moon,
When Luna on thy surface silv'ry p ays,
I love to steer my bark through all thy watery ways!"

Pilkins said there would have been probably forty-eight or forty-nine verses like that, the subject was so inspiring. We took care to let his

wife have the above verses; and if P. ever attempts to finish the horrible job at home, he will probably catch it. It will be seen that Pilkins is qualifying himself rapidly for the big magazines.

Uncle John and I turned our faces landing-ward at last, and with a fine catch to our credit. And what beauties these speckled trout are! We caught several that afternoon which subsequently scaled upward of a pound apiece, and there was a triumvirate that weighed over six pounds together, How lovely they looked in their basket-bed of cedar and freshly picked maple leaves, these olive-backed, tortuously-marked, crimson-dotted, silkily-shining fellows, gleaming freshly from the cold, clear water of their late haunts and home! Uncle John was a proud man that day, for he had refuted the Minister's theory; and had he not captured twenty-seven twenty-eighths of the whole, while I had the one trout, first taken, to my credit!

When we reached the other lake where we had left our first boat, Uncle John went for his coat. I heard him gasp; and looking round, I saw him with the flask in his hand. It was empty, and the coat was very, very moist at that portion where the flask had reposed.

"Th— the stopper's loose, and every drop has run out!" moaned Uncle John.

"I thought you said you hadn't touched it?" I ventured.

"Not a drop!" protested Uncle John. "I can't account for it!" His face was so genuinely serious, and his voice so pathetic, that I had to believe him. But he couldn't expect that I was going to forgive such carelessness all at once.



A CHARACTERISTIC SHORE LINE.

We pulled away disconsolately toward the house. Rounding a bend, we came suddenly upon the Minister and Pilkins in their boat.

The Minister was sitting in the stern, on the small of his back, with a book before his nose. Pilkins was at the other end, and had a rod out.

The pair started when we pulled suddenly alongside, and the Minister

let his book fall. Uncle John broke into one of his characteristic basso profundo laughs, and said:

"So this is the way you don't fish on Sunday, eh? It's a fine afternoon, isn't it?"

"Well—er—really," spluttered the Minister. "Pilkins, I really had no idea you were fishing. Pull in that line instantly."

"Oh, that's all very well," I said. "But look here, what's *this?*" And I dangled the line which the parson had been holding over the side, and had released on seeing us, and which I had seen in the clear water in sufficient time to catch with my oar.

He hadn't anything to say after that, and tried to turn it off by facetiously asking what we had caught.

"A tartar," growled Uncle John; and he narrated the flask catastrophy. Whereat the Minister and Pilkins went off into fits of mirth, and we felt convinced they were at the bottom of it.

That night, while I was getting my traps together, for I had to return to town the following morning, I pumped Pilkins about the flask incident, and he finally admitted his guilt.

"The Parson and I rowed down there by chance," said he, "and saw the nose of the flask peeping out of the breast pocket of Uncle John's coat. It didn't take us long to go through the contents; then the next question was, how could we protect ourselves from suspicion, for, as we were the only others out, we knew the mischief would be laid at our door. So the Minister filled the flask up with water, and screwed the top on so that there would be a good, healthy leak, and put the flask back in the pocket. You know the rest."

The hired Prussian drove me the following morning to the "Farm," or Blanche Post Office, as it is postally known. It was at this point I had to catch the mail waggon, which would carry me to Thurso, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The drive to the "Farm," in the fresh morning air, after a good breakfast, was exhilarating, and as it was in an open buggy, I had an opportunity of admiring the splendid ruggedness of the hills and ravines, and the glories of gleaming lake and mountain river.

The "Farm" is the head-quarters of the Edwards lumbering business. Here the men employed in cutting get their supplies. The "Farm" embraces a large and fine-stretch of arable land. The soil is particularly good, as the manure of the teams employed in the woods during the winter is brought down in the summer, and used as a fertilizer. This farm is picturesquely bounded by the everlasting hills. Indeed, it reminded me of photos I had seen of South African agricultural country. The various shades of green embraced in the meadow-land, and the flora of the slopes and hills, with the morning sun shining down the valley through a great mountain cleft to the eastward, made the scene one fitted to fill the memory afterward in hours when the sight was weary of prosaic and urban sameness.

Away to the eastward, too, was Big Lake, three miles in length, shining as a million newly-minted silver dollars might, with the sun full upon them. The winter's cut is towed across this fine lake to the Blanche River, on the other side.

The "mail" referred to runs from Inlet Post Office, six miles north-east of the Farm, to Thurso. After leaving the Farm, the road is through heavily-wooded country, and is rough, but it rapidly improves as it runs toward the south. The mail vehicle, on the occasion of my acquaintance with it, was a stout buckboard, with a seating capacity for two, and the locomotive power, a well-built and large team.

It is twenty-two miles from the Inlet to Thurso, and the trip is made three times a week, rain or shine, as the lacrosse advertisers say. Altogether, six thousand eight hundred and sixty-four miles are travelled annually

in the carrying of this mail, and all for the sum of two hundred and nine dollars, that is to say, at the rate of about three cents a mile, over all sorts and conditions of roads, in storm and shine, through winter draughts and snows, through spring mud and freshets, through summer dust, through dark and light, and rain and hail and sunshine. The team has to be stabled and fed at Thurso, and the driver has to have his dinner there. The entire day is consumed in the going and returning. Besides this, there is the wear and tear upon the rig and horses, and the responsibility the driver has of being answerable for the safe delivery of the mails.

Up where he lives, the mail-man, who contracted by tender to render this mail service for four years, at $209 a year, is considered a very rich man. Perhaps he is, but the reader can draw his own conclusions.

Half-way between the "Farm" and Thurso is the village of St. Malachie and from this point the country, sloping by gentle gradations towards the great and blue river Ottawa, seems to throw off gradually the picturesque wildness of the mountain, and to assume the soft garb of a pastoral country. The view was broad and varied now, and the landscape toward the great river was dotted with fair farms and woods, and snuggling cottages. Behind us rose the great granitic face of the sphynx-like hills; and over all, gleaming on river and creek, shining upon the leaves and grain still wet with the last night's shower, and turning far-off fields and meadows into a thousand shades of green, shone the great sun.

Before we reached St. Malachie, with its Roman Catholic chapel, whose little bell calls across the quiet landscape to the good people of that region, we passed a number of men doing statutory labor upon the road. Farther on, a single rig, with a girl and young fellow in it, came toward us, and turned up a side road which we had not yet reached. The girl waved her hand to the men we had just passed.

"Good mor-r-rning!" she cried, gaily.

The men did not reply for a few moments; but when they did it was in a united and mighty chorus of good-natured derision. The girl tossed her head in humorous defiance, and laughed; and the men roared again.

When we reached the side road, and glanced up it, I saw the meaning of it all. The unoccupied seat space, due to the close proximity of the girl to her companion, left no doubt in my mind that they were a newly-married pair, doubtless returning from a brief honeymoon, or perhaps from the good curé's. I wonder how a city bride would like such a reception from her male acquaintances as that rustic one got at the hands, or rather mouths, of those sturdy fellows who were mending their roads?

A little way out of Thurso we crossed the Blanche River and saw the Edwards lumber cut filling the stream from bank to bank for one mile and a half to the Ottawa. I suppose there must have been one hundred thousand logs in that drive; and they constituted an impressive sight, and an unanswerable testimony to the magnitude of Canada's great industry. These logs ran, in worth, apiece, from two to twenty dollars; so that there must have been half a million dollars' worth of logs floating in the river on that fine summer's morning, soon to be towed to the great and busy mills at Rockland above, and to be converted into that great necessary,—lumber.

Thurso at last, and the great river! And then in one brief hour—home!

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

BY CHARLES T. LONG.

THE month of March of the current year will long be memorable in Japan on account of the celebration, the first in the record of the royal family, of the silver wedding of the august monarch, His Imperial Majesty Mutsu Hito, the 123rd sovereign in direct line of succession who has sat upon the throne. Born at Kioto, the old capital, on the 3rd of November, 1852, the second son of the late Emperor, Komei, His Majesty was declared heir apparent in 1860, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father on the 13th of February, 1867, at a time when the entire land was from end to end torn and distracted by all the agony of a bitterly fought Revolutionary War, and when it seemed not improbable that serious implications with foreign powers might any day be added to civil strife. On the 9th of February, 1869, the young Emperor, then little more than sixteen years of age, was married to the gracious lady who now shares his throne, the Empress Haruka, daughter of Prince Ichijo Tadaka, a noble of the first rank, the head of one of the Go Sekkei, the "five assisting families," from whose members alone, under the old régime, could the highest officers of the state be chosen. Twenty-five years have now passed since that day, years which to this land and its people have been productive of reform and progress to a degree for which a parallel might in vain be sought in the history of any other nation in ancient or modern times. Ten years prior to it, Japan had been roughly awakened from the seclusion from all the rest of the world in which she had contentedly, nay proudly, slumbered for centuries, and the lesson had been forced upon her that she could no longer be allowed to remain, as she had been, a nation entirely apart from all others. The lesson was unwillingly learned; its study was accompanied by much suffering and distress, by much of what could not be other than bitter humiliation to those whose ancestors had for centuries been accustomed to regard themselves as the very salt of the earth, as inhabitants of the land of the Gods, as members of the most privileged class in the land. And throughout the whole intervening period, till the accession of the young Emperor, the most earnest desire in every patriotic Japanese heart was the expulsion by force of the rude foreign barbarians who had come as uninvited and unwelcome guests. This desire found vent in one of the principal rallying cries of the revolutionary party who overthrew the Shogun or Tycoon, by whom the government of the empire had been usurped for e ght centuries, and it was fondly hoped that one of the first uses of his newly acquired power to be made by the young Emperor and his advisers and supporters would be against the foreigner. But among his advisers, fortunately, were many wise, far-seeing and enlightened statesmen, who, while they had been perfectly willing to make use of the cry of "Expulsion of the hated foreigner," so long as it was useful in bringing to their help adherents whose services could be enlisted in no other way, yet clearly saw that Japan, single-handed, could not contend against the united Powers of the West, that no longer could she hope ever to regain her old isolation, and that since intercourse with foreigners must of necessity be accepted, the wisest and best course was to profit as far as possible by it, to introduce

into their country the products of science in which the foreigners so much excelled, and to substitute for a grinding feudalism a constitutional government under which all men should possess equal rights and all should be safe in the full and unrestricted enjoyment of life, liberty and property. Fortunately for the country, the counsels of these men prevailed. Even before the last acts of the Revolutionary War—when the scene of the fighting had been removed from the vicinity of the Emperor's capital in the south to the far north, where the last adherents of the Tycoon carried on a hopeless struggle—the young Emperor publicly gave his sanction to the treaties previously concluded by the usurper with Foreign Powers; the diplomatic representatives of these Powers in Japan were invited to an audience in the sacred capital; and to the people at large it was thus notified that the friendship of the once despised and hated foreigner was thenceforth to be cultivated as that of an equal. And as to the internal economy of the empire, not only did the young Sovereign preside in person over the meetings of the Daijokwan, the supreme council of the Government, but, in the presence of its assembled members, including the highest nobles in the land, he took a solemn oath to the effect that a deliberative assembly should be constituted; that merit should be sought for and officials chosen on account of its possession; that justice should be impartially and rightly administered; and that the evil customs of bygone days should be gradually but rigidly eliminated. Soon afterwards the capital was removed from its ancient seat in Kioto to Tokio, and the Emperor left the city which for over twenty centuries had been the abode of his ancestors, to take up his residence in another which was a mere mushroom in point of years as compared with the venerable and sacred Kioto. In this city, with occasional absences on short visits to other parts of his dominions, he has since steadily remained, and here was celebrated, last March, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding.

It is by no means an easy task for Europeans, especially for English and Americans, to form any idea of the immense change that the Revolution caused in the position of the Sovereign of Japan towards her people. In 660 B.C. the Emperor Jimmu ascended the throne. From that date down to the twelfth century of the Christian era the government was, at least nominally, entirely in the hands of his successors. But in the middle of that century all real power was wrested from them by military adventurers, by successive families of whom the Government was administered, nominally as the Emperor's vice-regents, but in reality with absolute independence, down to the year 1868. The last family of these usurpers was that of Tokugawas, whose founder was Iyeyasu, perhaps the greatest of all the Shoguns. By him Tokio was first established, and the whole empire reduced to a condition of peace and order that remained unbroken for over two centuries.

The Vice-regency of Iyeyasu lasted from 1603 to 1617, and in 1868, when the Revolution took place, the vice-regal throne was occupied, for the fifteenth and last time, by a member of his family. In the meantime, the true and legitimate sovereigns were little more than names to their subjects, though names invested with a sanctity that was little short of divine. From the twelth century down to the Revolution, forty-six sovereigns had in succession filled the throne, but the lives of each and all had been passed in absolute seclusion in their palaces in the sacred capital of Kioto. All were direct descendants of the Gods, and all were supposed to be direct and actual inheritors of all the virtues and holiness which the Gods themselves possessed. Their persons were too sacred to be allowed to touch the ground, to

be exposed to the same air that was breathed by ordinary mortals, or to the sun. No subjects dare gaze on them except their immediate personal attendants, nor touch nor handle the dishes from which they had eaten, nor the clothing they had worn. Their palace in Kioto was large enough to form a small town of itself, in the very centre of which was the sacred dwelling of the sovereign, the whole being carefully guarded by soldiers in the employment and pay of the Shogun. The duty of these soldiers was nominally to secure the safety of the sovereign for the time being, and his family, but in reality to see on their master's behalf, that no attempt was made by the sovereign to recover the active government of the empire, which had been wrested from him. From such a life the present Emperor was rescued by the Revolution of 1868, and since that year few sovereigns in Europe could have taken a more active part in their government than His present Majesty of Japan has done in that of his empire, nor show more effectively than he has done, in every way that it is possible for a sovereign to take, a warm and intelligent interest in every measure that is calculated to promote the happiness, the prosperity, and the advancement of his people. It is not possible in this article to detail even a fraction of the changes which he has seen take place in his empire, nor of the active part which he himself has taken in their promotion and encouragement. But three great functions stand out, perhaps, in prominence among all those which he has from time to time performed.

The first of these three was the inauguration in 1872 of the first railway constructed in Japan: the second, in 1890, when the first Parliament, elected by the suffrages of people, under a constitution granted by himself, was opened by him in the presence of Peers and Commoners, and all the great dignitaries of court and state; and the third and last was that which has just been celebrated, one more immediately personal to His Majesty and his Consort, but honored with no less acclamation and rejoicing on the part of all his subjects than were accorded to the other two.

The day fixed for this celebration, a month later than the date of the actual anniversary, had been eagerly looked forward to, and every preparation that was possible had been made to ensure its entire success. Excursion trains brought into the capital from all parts a huge influx of country visitors. Japanese art and foreign science had both been called upon to contribute to the decoration of the streets by day and their illumination by night. Triumphal arches had been erected in many parts of the city, especially in those through which their Majesties were to pass during the day, and streets, already gay with countless flags and lanterns, should have presented a brilliant sight, densely thronged as they would have been, and indeed actually were, with gaily dressed crowds of enthusiastic holiday makers.

All that was required was fine weather, and that unfortunately failed. Heavy rains fell during the previous night and through the whole of the evening and night of the day itself, spoiling the illuminations, and covering the streets with mud so as to make passage through them the reverse of easy or agreeable. But nothing damped the ardour of the people. All day long they thronged every leading thoroughfare, and in tens of thousands they lined in dense crowds both sides of the long routes of two or three miles along which their Majesties were to pass while on the way to the review of the troops on the Aoyama parade ground. The day, as is usual in the Japanese court, began early for their Majesties. At eight in the morning, a religious service was celebrated in the chapel of the palace, in the presence of all the members of the Im-

perial family and the high court and state officials, at which both the Emperor and Empress assisted in the old Japanese ceremonial dress. On this followed continuous receptions, at one of which the entire *personnel*, including the ladies of all foreign legations in the capital, were present, and the congratulatory messages that had been sent by letter or by telegram by sovereigns in Europe, and by the President of the United States, were presented to their Majesties by the chief diplomatic representative in each case. Then, at 1.30 p.m., their Majesties left the palace for the review, riding in the same carriage, escorted by a regiment of Lancers of the Guard, and followed by a long string of state carriages, little inferior in splendor to that in which their Majesties rode themselves, containing the princes and princesses and the ladies and high officials of the court. The troops of all services at the review numbered over 10,000, and notwithstanding the heavy state of the ground, the march past the royal standard was performed with a steadiness and precision that won high praise from all the European military and naval experts on the ground. The return to the palace was made in heavy rain, which, however, seemed to exercise little or no influence on the enthusiasm of the crowds lining the streets, and greeting their Majesties, as they passed, with cheers both loud and vigorous, and though, of course, the carriages were all, of necessity, closed, the curtains were drawn back, and ample opportunity was afforded to the people to gaze upon the faces of their revered sovereign and his consort. In the evening a grand banquet, over which their Majesties presided in person, was served in the banqueting hall of the palace, at which 160 guests, including the foreign representatives and their wives, were present, and this was followed by a reception, to which some six hundred guests had been invited. Including among the latter were all the field officers of the army stationed in Tokio, naval officers of corresponding rank, high civil officials not of ministerial rank (those of the latter grade had been present at the banquet), the entire staffs and all the ladies of the foreign legations, and the principal employés of the Japanese Government. When all had assembled, they were summoned to the Throne Room, the usual arrangements of which had been slightly altered for the occasion.

The throne had been removed, and a temporary dais erected, on which chairs were placed for their Majesties. Directly opposite their Majesties' seats a stage, covered with dark green cloth, had been raised very slightly above the floor, but to a lower elevation than that of the dais on which their Majesties were to take their places. On both sides of the room, at right angles to the dais and stage, were three rows of chairs, and on each side of and behind the dais were two rows. Those on the right hand side of the room were allotted to the Japanese dignitaries and their wives; those in the front row, to their Majesties' right hand, were occupied by the wives of the Prime Minister and of the principal members of the Cabinet. Facing these ladies, in the corresponding position on the left-hand side of the room, and to the left hand of their Majesties, were the wives of the foreign ministers, immediately behind whom again were seated the other ladies from the several legations. All other ladies present were provided with seats, but, of the Japanese present, only the very highest dignitaries, and of the foreigners, only the Chefs de Mission, were similarly accommodated, the capacity of the throne room being taxed to the utmost to afford even comfortable standing space for the remainder. All the guests having assembled, their Majesties soon entered the room, the Empress leaning on the Emperor's arm, immediately followed by the princes and princesses of the imperial family, and by a long train of court officials

and ladies, the entire assemblage, of course, rising and bowing. Having graciously returned the salutations, the imperial couple took their places on the dais. The several princes now seated themselves on the immediate right hand, in a line with the dais, and the princesses in the same way on the left, the court ladies and officials behind. A performance of ancient Japanese music and dancing was then given, consisting of four pieces:—

1. Banzairaku. — Music composed 1,300 years ago by the Emperor Yomei, and describing the happy flight, in the golden age, of a bird of Paradise,

2. Enguiraku.—Music composed 987 years ago by General Fujiwara Tadafusa, with accompanying contemporaneous dance, arranged by Prince Otsumi.

3. Taiheiraku.—Music, reset about 1,037 years ago, from Chinese originals, representing the tranquillization of the Empire, and the reformation of all abuses.

4. Bario.—Music introduced from India to Japan during the reign of the Emporer Shiomu, 1,160 years ago, with dance representing the idea of submission of enemies.

All the performers were men, members of families that have for a score of generations been exclusively employed as musicians and dancers in the imperial family. The music was of the indescribably weird type that is usual in Japan, but the dancers, though grave and solemn, were picturesque and artistic in the highest degree the dancing, accompanied as it was by graceful sword sweepings and lance movements, being especially striking. The performance lasted about an hour and a-half, and on its conclusion the Emperor and Empress at once rose and retired amidst the same reverential salutations as those with which they had been greeted on entering. His Majesty, before leaving, conveyed to the Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique, through the Court Chamberlain, the expression of his desire that, though fatigue after the long day compelled himself and the Empress to withdraw, his guests should remain. Supper was subsequently served in the Grand Banqueting Hall, the court band playing at the same time, and it was not until an advanced hour in the early morning that the guests commenced to take their departure. Each guest who had dined in the palace received, as a memento of the occasion, a silver statuette of a stork and tortoise, the emblems in Japan of a long life, and the remainder silver bonbonnieres, with a stork and tortoise engraved on the lid.

The imperial palace is situated right in the centre of Tokio, in the midst of a lordly park, and surrounded by massive battlements and a wide and deep moat, the two latter, relics of the days in which the Tokugawa Shoguns held sway and secured their safety much as did the feudal barons, in the middle ages of England and Germany. Within these battlements successive Shoguns lived and died, but, very shortly after the Restoration, all the splendid buildings that constituted the dwellings of themselves, their families, and their retainers, were swept away by fire, and not a single roof was left standing, and only the park remained to testify, by its extent and beauty, the magnificence of the buildings which had stood within its precincts. For many years subsequently the Emperor resided in a temporary palace, which is still occasionally used, but, in 1883, an appropriation of about $3,000,000 was made by the Government for the erection of a new palace on the site of that which had been destroyed. To this amount were added large contributions, both of money and material, voluntarily made by wealthy Japanese, while many of the most distinguished artists in the country gratuitously lent their skill and service in the decorative work. More than five years were occupied in its construction, and it was not until 1889 that the Emperor took up his residence in it.

Externally, the buildings occupied by the Emperor are in the purest Japanese style. Internally, the ordinary Japanese custom of low ceilings to large rooms has been departed from, and all the principal rooms are constructed with ceilings sufficiently high, and with space enough to give each an air of royal grandeur. Each room is enclosed on three sides by heavy sliding doors of plate glass, set in lacquered frames, the result being that from any single room there appears to be an almost endless vista of crystal chambers. Every ceiling is in itself a work of art, being divided into numerous panels by lacquered ribs, every one of which contains a beautifully executed painting or embroidery. The walls are throughout covered with the richest brocades, and the decorative work is, in every possible detail, well worthy of Japanese artists of the highest class, who put forth their very best and most painstaking efforts in honor of their imperial master. The two principal rooms are the banqueting hall and the throne room. The former is of the most noble and imposing proportions, being over five hundred square yards in area, and of corresponding height; the broad expanse of its ceiling glows with gold and rich colors; the wall, which, as in the other principal rooms, is only on one side, is hung with the richest and costliest silk that can be turned out of Japanese looms, and the three remaining sides are practically all of plate glass. The throne room is smaller, but its decorations are, if possible, of more superb magnificence than those of the banqueting hall. The scene in it during the performance of the dancing was of a degree of brilliance that will not speedily fade from the memories of those who were privileged to witness it. The room, though lighted entirely with candles, was most vividly illuminated, the light being, no doubt, greatly intensified by the plate-glass sliding doors, by which the room is enclosed on three sides. Above these doors, and on the fourth side, the lofty walls were hung with handsome, bright, crimson and gold curtains in festoons, the whole crowned by a richly decorated ceiling in amber and gold and other soft and harmonious colors. On the dais sat their Majesties, in whose honor all had assembled, the Emperor in a general's uniform, and the Empress in an exquisitely made robe of white satin, sparkling with diamonds, and wearing a large diamond coronet. On either side were their Majesties' near relatives, and opposite were the dancers, all men of unusual stature, dressed in rich, ancient costumes and helmeted, going through their silent performance with the utmost impressive solemnity. The diplomatic officials of the United States wore no distinctive uniform. They were in ordinary evening dress, but with these exceptions, every one present was in full court uniform, and the toilettes of the ladies, in every instance, well fitted with the unique beauty of the general scene.

GABLE ENDS.

THE LONGFELLOW HOMESTEAD.

At 105 Brattle Street, Cambridge, stands a hospitable-looking mansion, dear to the American people for its association with their greatest general and their most widely recognized poet. Here Washington made his headquarters during his stay in Cambridge, and here Longfellow passed the last forty-six years of his life. If "all houses wherein men lived and died are haunted houses," what noble phantoms must glide through this old colonial pile, for here used to gather so many of earth's greatest men—Holmes, Emerson, the gentle Hawthorne, James Russell Lowell, and the great and simple scientist who began his will—"I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."

Apart from its associations, the house is interesting. It is supposed to be one hundred and fifty years old. Built in the substantial style of the pre-revolutionary period, with many windows and doors, it is thoroughly in keeping with the eminent respectability of the university town. Everything about it is expressive of comfort, without superfluous luxury. The extensive gardens surrounding the house, and the Longfellow meadows on the opposite side of the street, are but one of the many examples by means of which much natural beauty is retained in the necessarily somewhat artificial life of Boston and Cambridge. Looking farther about us, we find that nearly every spot in the neighborhood has some claim upon our attention. Farther up the street is the house of James Russell Lowell, who succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. Not far from the corner of the street is the Harvard Annex, under the shadow of the Washington elm, while across the Common are seen the chief buildings of the University to which the poet gave the best years of his life

When, in 1836, Longfellow was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages in Harvard, he boarded at this house, then called the Craigie Mansion. Conceiving a great liking for the former home of the Father of his country, he resolved to buy the place when he had money enough. Probably this house was in his mind when he described the Wayside Inn as

> "Built in the old colonial day,
> When men lived in a grander way,
> With ampler hospitality."

One does not wonder at the poet's taste, if the Longfellow house of 1893 bears any resemblance to the Craigie Mansion of 1836. The well-kept terraces in front of the house, the lilacs and Virginia creeper hiding the fence, the pigeons flying over the roof, all suggest the peaceful home of the scholar, while the heavy door which might be taken for the portal of some mediæval castle, with its quaint old brass knobs and locks, seems to remind us of the warrior who once dwelt within. So few changes have been made in the house during the last decade that, when once we have crossed the threshold, we feel as if in the presence of the "Owners and occupants of earlier date." Half way up the stairs stands an old English hall clock which, though not the original of the "Old Clock on the Stairs," suggests to us all the changing scenes that it has witnessed.

On the left hand side of the hall is the drawing-room in which General and Lady Washington used to receive, while opposite it is Longfellow's study, still kept as it was when he was alive. In one corner of this room stands another tall clock, though much less handsome than the one on the stairs. The several carved bookcases and the "pleasant pictures" at once recall Whittier's description of the poet as he sat in the old historic mansion on his last birthday. This study is the castle mentioned in "The Children's Hour," by whose three unguarded doors the blue-eyed banditti used to enter, and here is shown the chair in which the poet used to sit between the dark and the daylight. The study table is still kept as if in constant use. On it is Coleridge's inkstand, which was sent over to Longfellow after the Lake poet's death. On the plate is the inscription:—

"Saml. Taylor Coleridge,
his inkstand."

Another prized relic is the pen given to Longfellow by Helen Hamlin; it is made from a piece of the pillar of the Prison of Chillon to which it is supposed that Bonivard was chained. A photograph of his grandchildren, and two or three pictures of the white-haired poet himself, stand on the library table, while around them are strewn some of his favorite books. Among the portraits on the wall are those of Emerson and Hawthorne, and one of Longfellow painted by his son.

Perhaps the most interesting object in the room is the chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree," and given to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday by the school children of Cambridge. It is stained black, as may be inferred from the poet's calling it a "splendid ebon throne." It is upholstered in green leather, and is decorated with carving of conventionalized horse-chestnut leaves. The following stanza from the "Village Blacksmith" is carved in German letters about the seat:—

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

The inscription on a brass plate underneath the cushion is:—

TO
THE AUTHOR
OF
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.
This chair, made from the wood of the 'spreading chestnut tree' is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by
THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,
Who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations
ON
THIS ANNIVERSARY,
February 27th. 1879.

A water-color of the chestnut-tree stands on a book-case near the chair.

Outside the house as well, we are reminded of the poet's love for trees. The beautiful grounds extend far in the rear of the house, and are well wooded. A path lined with trees on either side leads to a summer house, standing among tall pines. Nearer the front are rows of locust trees, surrounded by rather stiff-looking flower beds, hedged in with box-wood. Close by the house, ferns grow luxuriantly, and violets nestle in the grass, while the honeysuckles, the grape trellises, and the old-fashioned garden seats, make us forget that the busy streets of a great city are not far off. But this calm retreat is not unknown to many of the toilers of the town. Here, once a year, Miss Alice Longfellow entertains some of the working girls of Boston, shows them her father's study, and its sacred treasures, and afterwards takes them up to visit his grave in Mount Auburn cemetery.

As we unwillingly turn away from this interesting home, we are reminded of its similarity to that of Miles Standish, in that it was once the dwelling place of a fighter and a writer,—the latter himself a descendant of the stripling who shared the Plymouth captain's hospitality.

HONORA S. HOWARD.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Veteran of 1812. The Life of James Fitz-Gibbon. By Mary Agnes Fitz Gibbon. Toronto, Wm. Briggs; Montreal, C.W. Coates; Halifax, G. F. Huestis.

The book before us gives the life of a very noteworthy and active man, who played an important part in the stirring times of 1812-14. The first chapter gives a short account of Fitz-Gibbon's boyhood—of his early associates, his reading, and his farm duties on the south bank of the Shannon.

When only fifteen years of age, the French threatened to invade Ireland, and appeared off Bantry Bay. The boy joined a yeomanry corps, and thus began his military career. At that period the English were hated in Ireland. A regiment of English troops were stationed in the little village. A friendship soon sprang up between the sergeant and young Fitz-Gibbon. He joined the Tarbut Fencibles, and soon found himself stationed in England to do garrison duty. On August 6th, 1799, he was drafted as sergeant into the 49th, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. In a few days he was on his way to Holland. The brigade to which

he belonged, Sir John Moore's, was marched to the Helder. It will be seen that the hero of the book was early in good military company. Who amongst us does not know by heart "The Burial of Sir John Moore;" or, has not heard of that grand old war song, "We'll follow Abercrombie on the banks of the Nile."

After the Holland campaign, we follow Fitz-Gibbon back to Horsham barracks. The Grenadier company to which he belonged was detailed for active marine service, and he soon found himself on board the *St. George*, a three-decker of ninety-four guns, bearing the colors of Lord Nelson. The fleet was anchored below Elsinore, March 29th, 1801. On the 1st of April, we find him on board the *Monarch*, which did the lion's share of the fighting in the battle of the Baltic, in front of Copenhagen.

On his return from this scene of action, we find him in great distress over £2 of an error in his accounts as pay sergeant. He wrote the Duke of York at once. The matter was looked into, and it was found that the error arose out of his poor knowledge of book-keeping. All the while, Fitz-Gibbon knew he had not appropriated the money.

In 1802, he and his company were sent to Canada. On the way, he mastered every one of the new rules prepared for the army by Sir John Moore. In 1806, Colonel Brock obtained an ensign's commission for his "favorite sergeant-major," for he had not been forgotten by the Duke of York, who remembered the lad, and his application for protection. He succeeded to the adjutancy a little later.

When, in 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain and her colonies, Fitz Gibbon resigned his adjutancy in order to take command of one of the companies of the 49 h. Then began his real work. In charge of forts, supply parties, companies, and on the battlefield, our hero was ever active.

After the close of the war, we find him several times, with much tact, quelling the riots that troubled so many parts of Upper Canada for years prior to 1837.

Then came again a memorable period. The rumblings of discontent in the two provinces were keenly noted by Fitz Gibbon. He gave much valuable advice to Sir Francis Bond Head, but it was not heeded. The rebellion of 1837, under Mackenzie and Papineau, followed. We now find Fitz-Gibbon in charge of the forces for the defence of Toronto.

After this, he filled several important positions—one of these, that of judge in the military court. His case was freely discussed, and finally a grant of £1,000, with £300 a year as a pension, was made in 1845-46

He retired to England in 1847, and became one of the "Military Knights of Windsor." He took much interest in public affairs, and his extensive knowledge of Canada made his opinions of great value. He gave valued aid in promoting the welfare of soldiers and sailors, and in the education of children. With the views of Sir Charles Napier he sympathized, and thought that, had Napier's advice been taken, the great Indian Mutiny might have been averted. But the relationship between Sir Charles and the directors of the East India Company recalled his own with Sir Francis Head prior to the Rebellion of 1837.

The volume is a handsome one. The publishers have done excellent work on it. We heartily commend this volume to the Canadian reader. The authoress deserves the thanks of all interested in the country, for giving them so much valuable historical matter in a way which, if lacking somewhat in clearness and in felicity of expression, is yet very pleasing in the abundance of its interesting details. There is not a young man in the country but would be the better for reading it. J. F.

Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation. By James Douglas. G. B. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1894. Price, 75 cents.

This little volume of 114 pp. is No. 78 of the "questions of the day" series. It is written by a Canadian who has been for about twenty years in the United States and has travelled much and investigated thoroughly their business life.

We say at the outset that the work is a masterpiece. It is not the hasty product of a little spare time, but the mature judgment, after long years of study, of a careful observer and a clear thinker.

The author is of the decided opinion that the future of Canada is hardly to be found in the present condition of things. He does not think that the present relationship to the Mother Country can always continue. He thinks the parental control stage of Canadian history has ended, and remarks, "Now that this period has passed, it will be as ignominious to remain dependent and accept support from the parent state, as it is on the part of a full-grown man to look to his sire, not only for counsel, but for assistance." The author is strongly of opinion that as Canada does not support an army and navy of her own, and depends upon Britain for defence, that she should be denied the power of compromising the parent state. Most people will concur in this view. Serious complications might arise and create a crisis.

While the author thinks it is clear that some remedy will have to be applied ere long to the body politic in Canada, the relationships towards Britain being of a friendly character, it is difficult to see in what direction the change may tend. The present "circumstances do not point out any conspicuous goal as that toward which Canada should steer."

Imperial Federation is calmly discussed. The author contends that to bring about federation, Canada must first become independent before she can federate. The colonies could not be federated states, if subject even to a nominal control. The many difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation are clearly stated, such as the balance of power of the executive, legislative and judicial branches; to define the functions of the elective representatives of the Federal Council; to apportion representation to it. All these, and many other problems could only be solved where all the contracting

parties are completely independent of any paramount power.

If Imperial Federation ever takes place, "Sentiment, even more than self-interest, must be the federating force." But this would not be a strong foundation to build a great Empire upon, where many conflicting self-interests would be constantly looming up for settlement. To the author, therefore, this destiny for Canada becomes an impossibility. Self-interest might at any time destroy what sentiment had created.

The remaining alternatives, independence or annexation, receive full consideration. The author deals with the many disadvantages of annexation. If there be any Canadians who look to this solution of the question as a cure-all for every evil now thought to exist, I would advise them to read this book of Mr. Douglas'. In trade, manufactures, mining, lumbering, and wages, he gives strong reasons for thinking that we would not be any the better for political union; and the author very properly remarks that any improvements in these particulars that could be effected by annexation can be equally well accomplished by proper trade relationships, without the shock that must result from the former.

"Canada has only 5,000,000 of people to clothe and house; would her lot be any better were she coupled with her 63,000,000 of neighbors? We doubt it." This is frank enough.

But again the author states, "Canada must, therefore, face the fact that she has serious physical and geographical obstacles to contend against, and be content to make haste slowly. This, after all, is a lesser evil than being overrun by a large horde of ignorant alien immigrants." We think, from present indications it would have been as well if the United States some time ago had adopted the advice of Horace —*festinare lente*.

"There is in Canada a latent suspicion that something is wrong," says the author. But he thinks that Canadians should look to their own business methods in search of the remedy, and not to some external means, such as drastic political changes*, of relieving their troubles. The style throughout is calm and judicial, the matter good and the form excellent. We can commend highly this little book.

J. F.

* "It is possible for Canada to remain independent, and yet prove to her neighbor that civility is not servility, and that independent units of the race may be more helpful to one another, and more stimulating to healthy political and commercial rivalry than if organically one." Such plain talk is well calculated to make people think. J. F.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Mercury was visible in the evening during the last days of June; in continuing his journey, passed between the earth and the sun in July, and was hidden from us by the rays of solar during the greater part of the month. The planet was in a line between us and the sun at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th, and rising earlier and earlier each day, he will become a morning star during the first half of August. At this time, his position will be in Cancer not very far from Præsepe, the "Beehive." He should be fairly well seen as he works his way into Leo, a Constellation which he enters about the 22nd of the month.

Venus slowly receded from us and moved around the sun On the 1st of July, her disc was three-fourths alluminated; it will be almost circular on the 30th of August. Shortly before day-break on the 28th of July, Jupiter was in the same field with U Geminorum, the difference between the two bodies being only some three minutes of arc, a distance so small that, to the naked eye, the objects appeared as a most beautiful though very wide and unequal double-star, U Geminorum being of the third magnitude, while Jupiter much exceeded a first magnitude star in brilliance.

Mars will come into good position for study soon after midnight by the 1st of August, the planet being about thirty degrees above the Eastern horizon. So far as observers in this country are concerned, Mars will be better situated for telescopic work than he was in 1892, the year he caused so much excitement, as he was then very far south of the celestial equator, and, therefore, best placed for examination from the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. The surface markings should be seen to better advantage than they were two years ago, though the planet will be somewhat more distant from us than it was then. Some of these markings can be detected in small telescopes, and can be made out very well in instruments of medium aperture. Though Mars will for some years continue to rise higher and higher in our skies as he passes his oppositions, he will at the same time be more and more distant. For this reason, among others, he should be well and carefully studied during the month of August, September, October, and November, which will be certain to embrace some of the best observing weather in the year.

Jupiter and Neptune are improving as subjects for observation, but they will not be well placed until about September. Neptune is the most difficult of the planets to pick up, because, owing to his enormous distance, a really fine telescope is required to show him with an appreciable disc.



THE WHIRLPOOL—NIAGARA RIVER.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 5.

THE EARLY PARLIAMENTARY FRANCHISE OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

PRIOR to the enactment of statutory law defining the Electoral Franchise in England, there had been established, by long usage and general custom, a right of voting at Parliamentary elections which had become part of the common law of the realm. The common law of England, the *lex non scripta*; is nothing but custom established by long usage and the general consent of the English people. When any public practice or usage was found to be convenient or beneficial it was naturally repeated, became a general custom, was continued from age to age, and thus grew into, and obtained the force of a law, either local or national. If the custom or usage was national, or universal, it became engrafted into, and was recognized as part of, the common or customary law of England; if particular, or applicable to this or that place, it became a local custom.

Austin defines customary law to be a rule which a custom implies (or in the observance of which a custom consists), and which derives the whole of its obligatory force from those concurring sentiments which are styled Public Opinion. It properly obtains, as a rule, through the *consensus intentium*; its only source, or its only authors, are those who observe it spontaneously, or without compulsion by the state.[1].

The common law has been well defined by Lord Hale, as "that which declares and asserts the rights and liberties and the properties of the subject, the first known and common rule of justice and right between man and man, and the great foundation of the peace, happiness, honor and justice of this kingdom" [2] These principles of common right were illustrated in the early electoral franchise established in England.

There is clear evidence in the Public Records of England, that a well-recognized political right of voting had been exercised by all classes of people (*omnes inhabitantes*), in Parliamentary elections, without any condition as to the possession of a property qualification. This right, though originating in custom, was recognized and confirmed by successive sovereigns and Parliaments until 1429.

Thus, in Edward III.'s reign, an authoritative declaration of the right of election was made by the King, in answer to a petition of the Commons, respecting the election of Knights of the Shire: "The King wills that they shall be elected by the common consent of the whole county." And this right was also affirmed by the King's writs of election, some of which usually commanded the Sheriff to cause a member of the House of Commons to

1. Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence, vol. 2, p. 553.

2. History of the Common Law of England, p. 47.

be "freely and indifferently elected by them who shall attend upon the proclamation." Other writs directed that the member should be elected in full county court, and that "all that be there present, as well suitors duly summoned as others," should proceed to the election freely and indifferently. There is also on record, in the "Good Parliament" of 1376, a large number of petitions to the King, praying that the Knights of the Shire may be chosen by common election "from the better folk of the shire." But the King answered in the recognized formula, that the Knights shall be elected "by the common consent of the whole county." And when previously in 1372 a proposition was made to prevent the election of lawyers, the King gave a similar answer. Afterwards the Act 7 Henry IV., chap. 15 (1405), enacted that proclamation should be made in the full county court of the day of election, and that all who should be there present, should proceed to the election freely and indifferently. These authoritative records are but expositions of the rules and practice which established the early common law respecting the electoral franchise.

The ancient county court was a general assembly of the people, as well as an open court which had certain judicial powers, and was usually attended by large and promiscuous gatherings of the people of all classes —including persons of the lowest class, but of free condition of life.

And in the Saxon times, while legislation was the prerogative of the Sovereign and his witan, yet the mode of accepting the statutes and of carrying them into effect depended upon the consent and undertaking of the people given in a general assembly, (*totâ populi generalitate*). And the popular character of these assemblies was in a great measure due to the common practice of holding them in the open air, in an open and unenclosed place, where any exclusion of persons who might, under modern political rules, be defranchised, would have been impracticable.

Nor in later times, when Parliamentary or representative government became regularly established, and the county court, or popular assembly of the inhabitants, was held in a building appropriated for that purpose, were there any customary or statutory rules under which persons having no property qualification could be excluded from voting. The only qualification recognized and enforced, first by the King's writs of election, and later in the statutes of 1405 and 1413, was that "the choosers of Knights of the Shire be also *resident* within the same shires."

In those days, there was no legal jurisdiction or proceeding for taking a scrutiny of votes at a Parliamentary election, and the usual and only practicable way of determining the result, was by a show of hands, or some other rough and ready process of ascertaining the "number of voices" for a particular candidate.[3]

The historic commentaries on those early days seem to establish that the law of custom, or, more properly, the common law, recognized the principle of Manhood Franchise, and, as a necessary sequence, the political doctrine of "one man one vote."

In an historic work published in 1662, the early right of voting was thus described: "Every inhabitant and commoner in every county had a voice in the election of Knights, *whether he were a freeholder or not*, or had a freehold of only one penny, six pence, or twelve pence by the year."[4] And a writer on election law says: "The common law placed all elections in the hands of the people." Further on he adds: "The moment the elective system was adopted in

3 "Elections were originally made by voices or by holding up hands, or such other way wherein it was easy to tell who had the majority, and yet very difficult to know the certain numbers of them; and myself, in London, was elected by holding up of hands, but I could not tell how many there were that held up their hands for me."—Per Brooke, C.J., in *Plowden's Commentaries*, p. 129.

4. Prynne's *Brevia Parliamentaria*, p. 157.

counties, the common law immediately conferred the right of electing the representatives upon the community at large, to be exercised by all free and lawful men."[5] And in the published volumes of the late Keeper of the Public Records of England, containing copies of the earliest Parliamentary Writs, and of the returns usually made by Sheriffs prior to the change in the franchise, the Sheriff certified that the election had been made "by the assent and will of the men of the whole county."[6]

But during the reign of Henry VI. and about the year 1429, the aristocratic element in Parliament succeeded in restricting this common law right and in imposing a property qualification on the electorate. The county elections had been a subject of intermittent agitation and discussion from the beginning of that century, and resulted in the triumph of the aristocracy. The result was the Act of 1429, which established the rule that an elector's political intelligence, and right to control the policy of the Government, should be gauged by the value of his acres rather than by his common law rights of manhood, or his mental or educational equipment. The lowest limit of his political intelligence was fixed on the basis of his possession of "free land, or tenement, of the yearly value of 40s. by the year at the least above all charges." The title of the Act is, "What sort of men shall be Choosers, and who shall be Knights of Parliament." And as evidence of the aristocratic influence controlling both Houses of Parliament at that time, and as an illustrative corollary to Horace's *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, the preamble of the Act may be cited. Read in the light of the democratic tendencies of our days, it recites, with a refreshing plainness of speech, a supercilious, and doubtless a real, aristocratic contempt for the so-called "lower classes," and indicates the influence controlling the legislative policy of the realm, in phraseology which would be "cakes and ale" to an Anarchist in any similar modern legislative deliverance.

The Act 8. Henry VI., chapter 7, reads: "Whereas the elections of Knights of the Shires to come to the Parliaments of our Lord the King, in many counties of the realm of England have now of late been made by *very great, outrageous, and excessive number of people*, dwelling within the same counties of the realm of England, of the which the most part were *people of small substance and of no value, whereof every one of them pretended a voice equivalent as to such elections with the most worthy Knights and Esquires* dwelling within the same counties, whereby manslaughters, riots, batteries and divisions among the gentlemen and people of the same counties *shall very likely arise and be*, unless convenient and due remedy be provided in that behalf. Our Lord the King, considering the premises, hath provided, ordained and established by authority of this present Parliament, that the Knights of the Shires to be chosen within the same realm of England, to come to the Parliaments of our Lord the King, hereafter to be holden, shall be chosen in every county of the realm of England, by people dwelling and resident in the same counties, whereof every one of them shall have free land or tenement to the value of 40s. by the year at the least above all charges." The Act further provided for a scrutiny of votes, by directing that the Sheriffs should examine the electors upon oath touching the value of their freeholds.

It may be here noted that this statute only regulated the electoral franchise for the shires or counties; and its non-applicability to towns and boroughs left their franchises as regulated by the common law or their local charters.

Writers on Parliamentary Election Law have commented upon this first

5. Hudson on the Elective Franchise, pp. 81, 82.
6. Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs, p. 319.

enactment of positive law restricting the elective franchise of England: "This was the first statute which required a qualification of landed property, or, to speak in a manner more strictly constitutional, which deprived persons in a very low and dependent situation of the exercise of the privilege of voting."[7]

"This statute first required the electors to have a qualification of freehold to a certain value, thereby, as some think, restoring the aristocratic spirit of the Constitution, which had been lately broken in upon; or, as others assert, making an inroad upon the liberties of the people, by depriving the lower classes of a privilege they had always enjoyed before."[8]

"The statute of 1429, during the contentions between Duke Humphrey of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, presents a strong contrast to the legislation of the preceding reigns. The policy of former Parliaments had been to secure the whole body of the county population in the free and independent exercise of their electoral rights. Several reasons are assigned in the preamble for restricting the franchise. The true grievance appears to have been, not the mere number of the lower class of electors, but that their votes were of equal weight and value with those of gentle (*gentil*) condition."[9]

The practical working of this restricted franchise threw the electoral power into the hands of the great lords and land-owners, as appears by the letters written during this reign. One of them states, "It is thought right necessary for diverse causes that my lord have at this time in the Parliament *such persons as belong unto him, and be of his menial servants.*" Another says, "my lord took unto a yeoman of mine, a sedell (schedule) of my lord's intent, whom he would have Knights of the Shire."[10]

A few years later (1432), Parliament re-affirmed that the Choosers of the Knight of Parliament should be "people dwelling and resiant in the county whereof every man shall have freehold to the value of 40s. by the year, at least, above all charges, within the same county where any such chooser will meddle of any election." But, in 1704, the above condition as to "residence" was repealed, as having been found unnecessary by long usage, and having "become obsolete."

And there are also some historic records up to the 16th century that women, who since Lord Coke's time have been classed as persons under "legal incapacity," exercised the right of voting at parliamentary elections.[11] There is still extant an ancient "Resiant Roll" of the Borough of Lyme Regis, dated 29th September, 1577, which contains, among a number of male voters, the names of the following women, classed as *burgenses sive liberi tenentes*, who were entitled to vote at elections:—

"Elizabetha, *filia* Thomæ Hyatt; Crispina Bowden, *vidua*; Alicia Toller, *vidua*."[12]

But gradually, and especially under the influence of the writings of Sir Edward Coke, the judicial power appears to have legislated into the common law the argument of the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Strange: "The policy of the law thought women unfit to judge of public things. By the law infants cannot vote, and women are *perpetual infants*."

Another counsel urged that decency and the policy of the law excluded women from popular elections. As illustrating the struggle in the judicial mind between legal precedent and

7. Treatise on the Law of Elections, by Sergeant Simeon, p. 19.

8. Digest of the Law respecting County Elections, by Sergeant Heywood, p. 23.

9. Ancient Parliamentary Elections, by Homersham Cox, p. 113.

10. Original Letters written during the reign of Henry VI., published 1787, p. 103.

11. "Possibly instances may be found in early times, not only of women having voted, but also of their having assisted in the deliberations of the legislature." Per Bovill, C.J., in *Chorlton vs. Lings*, (1868), L.R. 4, C.P. 383

12. Luder's Election Cases, vol. 2, p. 13.

masculine ideas, the following quotations from a reported case will be interesting:

Lee, C. J. By a manuscript collection of Hakwell's, in the case of *Catharine* v. *Surry*, the opinion of the judges, as he says, was that a *feme sole*, if she has a freehold, may vote for members of Parliament; and by this it seems as if there was no disability. The right of voting in women, is to be allowed only *secundum subjectam materiam;* and in the case of *Coates* v. *Lisle*, 14 Jac. 1, women, when *sole* had a power to vote for members of Parliament, and whether they have not anciently voted for members of Parliament, either by themselves or attorney, is a great doubt. I do not know upon enquiry, but it might be found that they have. In the case of *Holt* v. *Lyle*, 4 Jac, 1, it is determined that a *feme sole* freeholder may claim a voice for Parliament-men, but if married, her husband must vote for her. But I would not be understood to declare it to be my opinion, that women may vote for members of Parliament. I only mention what I have found in a manuscript by the famous Hakwell, but I give no opinion at present.

Page J. I see no disability in a woman from voting for a Parliament-man.

Probyn J. This case cannot determine that women may vote for members of Parliament, as that choice requires an improved understanding which women are not supposed to possess. In elections for members of parliament women are not now admitted, whatever they were formerly. That they are not allowed to vote for members of Parliament is because of the judgment required in it.

Chapele, J. Women are in many respects in law as well distinguished from infants as men, being *sui juris* until they are married.[13]

Thus by a process known as judicial legislation, by which the earlier common law was converted into another and less logical or scientific law, "after the judicial fashion," the judges of England, without the sanction of a Parliamentary statute, much less a resolution of the House of Commons, declared that "women having freehold or no freehold," had no voice in the elections of members of Parliament.[14] And thus, under the later common law of England, women were declared to "lie under natural incapacities, and unable to exercise a sound discretion:"[15] and the married woman became, as she had been under the Roman law, as helpless as infants and lunatics, the two other classes of persons under legal disabilities in whose company she habitually figured in English jurisprudence until recent legislation restored some of her legal rights.

Modern political legislation has been struggling, but in a timid and reluctant spirit, to modify the restrictive electoral franchise imposed by the aristocratic Parliament of Henry VI., so as to placate the advancing and dominating democratic tendencies of modern times,—while retaining, however, a minimized grasp on a property qualification as the indisputable evidence of an elector's political capacity and intelligence. Our Canadian franchise, under an elaborated series of electoral titles, has created multiple votes in respect of real property, by giving to persons who are connected with the owner or tenant or farmer by a family and servitude relation, as sons, step-sons, sons-in-law, or grandsons, a vicarious right of voting in respect of the father's or mother's property, without, however, any corresponding recognition of multiple votes in respect of similar relationships to owners of personal property or earners of income. Grouped around these are income voters, wage-earners, annuitants charged on real estate, fishermen and Indians—with some local

13. *Olive* vs. *Ingham*, Modern Reports, vol. 7, p. 263, (1738.)

14. Coke's Fourth Institute of the Laws of England, p 5.

15. Digest of the law of County Elections, p. 16 [illegible].

recognitions of a Manhood Franchise. Inventive political minds have formed a collection of electoral mosaics—not picturesque or kaleidoscopic—which are moulded into unsymmetric shapes, according to unscientific and inharmonious rules as to values, ownerships, relationships, occupations, residences, Indians and Mongolians.

A return to the early Parliamentary or common law franchise of England, would provide a simpler electoral system, and would add little to the voting power of the present electorate.

FORD VS. DE PONTES, 30 BEAVEN, 572.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q. C.

I DESIRED to know whether a deed, invalid on certain legal grounds, would operate as a revocation of a prior will affecting the same property as that mentioned in the deed.

I was referred by the text-books to the above case, decided in the English courts, where I found, laid down in language sufficiently brief, that it would not. But what a mine of sorrow and unutterable woe it required to establish a point so apparently insignificant.

Ye who doubt that truth is stranger than fiction, and think that the practice of the law presents interest only for the legal dry-as-dust, listen to a tale of human tragedy, set down in the records of the above case, that equals the most heartrending offspring of the literary imagination.

On an afternoon in June, 18—, the sun was struggling hard to force his rays through the lofty trees that surrounded a stately hall in beautiful Gloucestershire, which constituted the country seat of the Earl of Payne, a title now extinct. Seated on the balcony in one of the numerous nooks formed by the irregularities in the wall, might, on this particular afternoon, have been seen the cause of the almost futile efforts of old Sol to peer through the foliage. I say, "almost futile," for some of his rays, disturbed by the trembling leaves, did succeed in flashing their uncertain light on a lady of such ravishing beauty that we would not wonder at a more frigid admirer than the King of Day struggling to obtain a glimpse of her. The uncertain light and shades, constantly trembling, and moving on her cheeks and neck, imparted an additional color to their naturally glowing tinge. Notwithstanding that she was the only daughter of and prospective heiress to an earl, Lady Eloise de Franc, was, it was easy to be seen, on this glorious afternoon, far from happy. The quivering nostril, perfect in its Grecian mould, was a sufficient indication of the high strung, nervous temperament of its owner. Some little distance away, on one of the seats that dotted the lawn, sat the stately old Earl and his Countess.

The birds sweetly poured out their songs in the trees; the busy bees hummed in the honeysuckles; the air seemed laden with sweet odors; brilliantly and generously the sun sent forth his rays; a pleasant mysticism seemed to pervade the atmosphere. All nature seemed at peace on this pleasant afternoon, and no unhappiness should surely have been there. The Earl, it is true, was not unhappy; but the other two were as sad as nature was smiling; the Countess, from sympathy with her daughter's sufferings. The mother, too, had had her romance Her lover was a lieutenant in the British army, who, having enlisted in

the Austrian service, was shattered by a shell in the terrible battle of Austerlitz, and her love was buried, far over land and sea, on the plains of Austerlitz with him. Secluding herself in her own house, she for nearly two years moaned the keenest edge of her sorrow away, when the Earl, although considerably her senior, presented himself as a suitor for her hand, which, on account of her parents, she scarcely dared to refuse; and feeling, besides, that life had no more interest for her, she finally, though reluctantly, yielded herself a sacrifice on the matrimonial altar.

Lady Eloise, although she might control her fingers, which were engaged with her needlework, could not control her thoughts, which wandered to that time, two or three seasons previous, when she accompanied the Earl and Countess to Paris, the former having been sent there on some affair of state. It was one of the gayest seasons at the gay French capital, and the Earl, being a prominent member of the British embassy, the Countess and her daughter were obliged to attend the round of balls, led off by one given at the Tuileries, given in succession by all the foreign diplomatists.

It was at this first ball that our heroine met her destiny.

It was not until late in the evening that she met the person who was to play so important a part in the tragedy of her life. He was introduced by the French King himself,—a thing almost unprecedented—with the words "Permit me, my lady, to present to "you one of my bravest officers and "future generals, I hope,—M. Devassies "De Pontes. I will leave you in his "brave charge—knowing how well "able he is to protect the weak, and "overthrow the strong," he laughingly added, as he hurried away. She languidly raised her eyes to the man thus introduced, and both seemed thrilled as if by an electric current, and an immediate instinct told her that her fate for good or ill lay there. She saw before her a towering form with a distinguished military bearing; and looking down upon her was a pair of dark, magnificent, speaking eyes, that fascinated her with the unconscious intensity of their gaze. "I trust that "my lady will not take His Majesty's "words to mean that she is compul- "sorily in my custody," he said, gaily. "My lady must understand that she "is not exactly my prisoner, as much "as I should like to make her one, "and that she is at liberty to go as "she pleases."

"Oh!" she added, in a somewhat more hurried tone than usually marked the repose of a scion of the line of Payne, "I don't wish to leave here at present."

Whilst saying this she unconsciously drew nearer his side; then, with mounting color, she fell to biting her lips with very vexation, as it struck her that to him the remark would appear unfeminine at least.

On his part the sensations he experienced were of an opposite character, when he found that this radiant creature, upon whom the brilliant and famous names present had not succeeded in making any impression, had unconsciously placed herself in his charge. There was no time, however, for adoration or sentimentalism, at that gathering; and they soon joined in the whirling throng of dancers, she with a strange feeling of lightness and airiness, and he with a subdued happiness, which shone in his face, as at the close of a waltz he led her to a seat.

Although Lady Eloise was in great demand throughout the whole night, yet Lieut. M. De Pontes found himself again and again at her side, with his arm around her beautiful waist in the circling dance. He had the felicity of leading her to her carriage on her departure from the ball, and of receiving a warm invitation to visit them at their hotel from the Countess of Payne, who had much admired the handsome officer whom the King himself had presented to her daughter.

Why repeat the tale of the next few weeks; its parallel has been so often told. We pass over this, and come to the evening prior to the departure of the Earl for England, he having concluded his mission to Paris. It was at the Earl's hotel, where a distinguished party of notables had gathered to bid the Earl *bon voyage*.

M. De Pontes, of course, was there. As the inevitable hour of departure approached, both he and Lady Eloise almost involuntarily arose for a walk on the piazza. They walked silently backward and forward several times, their hearts too full to speak. A presentiment that this would be the last time of meeting oppressed them both.

At last he said: "I suppose we may as well say good bye here." "I suppose so," she faintly murmured; then added, a little more firmly, fearing that he might say too much: "Had we not better go in now? I fear that we shall be missed."

"Oh! Eloise, Eloise," he broke out, "My love, my love will never come back to me." Then, putting one arm around her, and drawing her nearer to him, he went hurriedly on, scarcely realizing what he was saying:—

"Oh! My love, my love; I know you do not despise me because I am poor and apparently obscure. That is only in the present. The King has promised me promotion, and even though he had not, with you to look forward to, I can and must win a place that even you could feel proud of."

"Oh! don't; please don't speak so just now, at all events," she pleaded, "I am not my own to do as I like with myself. Please let me go now. Good bye."

Clasping her to his bosom, and raining kisses on her lips, he finally let her go.

When her thoughts had arrived at this scene on the piazza, on this lovely afternoon, her lips parted in a moan that drew the attention of the Countess

The Earl had another design for his daughter, which he communicated to her about a month after they left Paris, which was no less than the bestowal of her hand on his neighbor and the son of his old deceased friend, Lord Dolphin, of Ashley Park. Had her lordly parent struck her a blow, she could not have been more terrified and dismayed than she was with this communication.

And now, as she arrived in her ruminations at the scene on the piazza of the Hotel de Ville, her color came and went as she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the long avenue leading to the door of Payne Hall. As the horseman appeared, her worst fears were realized, for he was none other than Lord Dolphin himself, who had been riding across country and had dropped in to pay his devoirs to his future bride. He had already obtained the Earl's consent to do so, but had not yet opened up the important subject of his matrimonial projects to the lady who would be most interested in them if they succeeded—in fact he scarcely knew the lady by sight. His resolution to sue for her hand was the result of a suggestion, by one of his boon companions, at the close of a game of cards, at which his Lordship "went broke," as a way of repairing his shortened finances.

It was a strange coincidence that about the time that Lord Dolphin was preparing to put in force his benevolent designs, the old Earl conceived the idea of uniting his daughter with his neighbor, as a means of securing to her wealth; for, what was not generally known, Payne Hall was entailed, and would go out of the family if the Earl died without leaving a son; and that portion of the estate of which he had control was encumbered heavily to provide for the demands of a spendthrift ancestor, and to meet the requirements of the Earl's own position. So, after many misgivings as to the result of his suit, Lord

Dolphin was surprised at the cordiality with which the Earl received his proposal for his daughter's hand. For the old Earl, not having mixed much in the gay world of late years, was entirely ignorant of the fact that his lordly neighbor had made ducks and drakes with the patrimony his father had left him.

Thus stood the matter on this afternoon when our story opens, these two dignitaries working at cross-purposes. Lord Dolphin sprang from his horse, opposite the Earl and Countess, and paid them his respects. The latter extended her hand without rising, and, with many misgivings at her heart, as she observed his gross, dissipated appearance; but the Earl warmly grasped his hand; and, after exchanging some few conventional remarks on current topics, intimated by a nod in her direction, where Lady Eloise sat, and informed him that he had no doubt but that she would be delighted to see him.

He approached her with extended hand, and made an attempt at being gallant by awkwardly remarking that he thought the day was lovely until he saw her; but that she quite put it in the shade.

"Indeed," she coldly replied, "I am sorry that the day has become so disparaged in your lordship's estimation; for you will, no doubt, find it much more agreeable than my society."

"Egad," his lordship ejaculated to himself; "this is a filly that needs a tight bit;" and a wicked gleam appeared in his eyes as he seated himself beside her; and confused ideas arose in his mind about breaking in high-spirited horses, and about them afterwards becoming the best Derby winners, etc., etc.

Now, his lordship's conversational powers in the society of ladies never would, with the greatest amount of cultivation, have been of a high order; and this society having for many years been neglected for that of turf men, card sharps, and other kindred spirits, he felt himself nonplussed as to what he should say to this divinity, who seemed indisposed to help him out of his dilemma He picked up her book and examined it, thinking he might find something there to give him an idea; but as it had been some years since he had opened one, he was afraid that if he ventured on that line he would get beyond his depth. So, concluding to keep on safe ground, he remarked that he had had a jolly ride across country, getting everybody ready for the next hunt.

Receiving no response, except the faint click of the needle in Lady Eloise's hands, he continued:—"We're going to have a jolly time this year. Some entirely new blood, you know; Tony Blake, Cute Ableson, Ralph Cummings, and some others, perhaps. Not exactly in our set, may be," he continued, "but real good fellows. Lord Rosleigh and Squire Redpath were cut up about it when I told them I was going to have them. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, as he thought of the discomfiture of his friends. His lordship then paused, out of sheer inability to say anything further; and in order to relieve the extreme awkwardness, she replied that she was sure that he would enjoy himself.

Encouraged somewhat by this remark, he continued: "Following the hounds is much better and more exciting sport than shooting. Don't you think so?" he queried.

"Really, my lord," was her reply, "my experience in those lines is of so limited a character that I am not able to express an intelligent opinion."

Then another silence ensued, which was anything but comfortable to his lordship; but in which, it must be confessed, his companion felt a malicious delight.

Anxious to put an end to a scene that he felt was fast degenerating into a farce, but determined not to be

baulked of his purpose in coming, he remarked, as he watched her beautiful fingers moving to and fro, that that was a beautiful piece of work she was engaged on; "but, allow me," he added, attempting a gallantry foreign to his nature, "to lay it to one side," and, seizing her hands, he made a pretenee of using force.

She lifted her eyes in amazement, and a cold tremor passed over her at his touch. His lordship felt her shrinking from his touch, and another ugly gleam appeared in his eyes; but he was not without a certain amount of courage and persistency, especially when the opposite sex constituted his opposition.

"I saw some beautiful and rare lilies whilst passing through the park," he remarked. "Would you go with me and see them?"

Thus directly challenged, her sense of politeness would not permit her to refuse, and she reluctantly arose, but persisted in keeping ahead of him until the sequestered spot where the lilies grew was reached.

"I presume those are they that you referred to," said she, at the same time stepping to an adjoining bed, and plucking a rose, that she began to fasten to her own breast.

"That rose is the language of love, is it not?" said he, again seizing her small hand.

Now, it is needless to say that his lordship was not much of a love-maker. He had wearied his brain many hours that morning in planning this conversation, and the general plan of campaign against the citadel of Lady Eloise's affections But somehow the enemy's tactics were so different from what he had anticipated that his forces were thrown into entire confusion.

Her icy behaviour chilled him through and through. So, when he had arrived at this crisis he could only stammer, "Ah! er! um! your father, the Earl, intends you, ah! for me, Lady Eloise."

"Oh! indeed," she replied, drawing herself up, "I presume you are imbued with the same charitable purpose?"

"Oh! ah! my Lady, you know how deeply and truly I love you," he stammered.

"I'm sure you must, you've known so much of me," she replied. "Come, let us return to my father."

So saying she hurried ahead of him to where her parents were sitting, and said: "His lordship thinks he must go now."

"What! Not so soon," said the Earl.

"Yes; I've other engagements, you. know," said Lord Dolphin, not yet having recovered from his confusion

After receiving and accepting the cordial invitation of the Earl to become a frequent visitor at Payne Hall, he mounted his horse and rode down the avenue.

"Swamped, by G—" roared his lordship after he had got some distance away.

Startled by the loudness of his own voice, he turned around to learn if the sound would carry to Payne Hall.

"So that's your game, is it, my lady? But I'll have you yet, you'll see."

Another oath, "and then we'll see who'll do the snubbing; d—n her," he hissed through hisclenched teeth,"to humiliate me so;" then he roared again, "ha! ha! ha!" His lordship was not without a sense of humor, even when the joke was at his own expense; and when he reflected what a sorry figure he had cut whilst making love to Lady Eloise, he roared again with laughter.

Then the blood would mantle his cheeks as he recalled the bitter humiliation he had been subjected to, and bitter were his curses.

"I'll have her yet," he declared, with a great oath; "and then we shall see who will be humiliated"

Then, as it again flashed across his mind how his friends would have laughed had they witnessed his love-making, he roared with laughter at

the absurdity of the image his mind would form.

Finally, dashing his spurs fiercely into his poor horse, he dashed along the road at a fierce gallop; alternately roaring with laughter, and with swelling veins and heated brow hissing out curses. He looked the picture of a laughing demon, until, at last drawing his half spent steed up at his own door, he hurried to his own room and ordered brandy and sherry to be brought to him.

He sat, alternately drinking great draughts of the liquor, laughing, cursing and swearing, and repeating again and again that he would marry her, until, almost helpless, he, far into the night, rang the bell for his valet, who helped him off to bed, where he lay in a drunken stupor until far into the next day.

Somewhat different was the scene at Payne Hall. Lady Eloise, as soon as her wooer had disappeared, returned to her own apartments, where she remained far into the next day. Late that night, when all the household was still, the Countess might have been seen in her white robes, standing with a lighted taper outside of her daughter's bedroom door.

Having satisfied herself that her daughter was asleep, she noiselessly opened the door and stole softly to her bedside. Although one beautiful arm was thrown across her face, the Countess saw signs of weeping and sorrow there; and stooping down she tenderly kissed her. Then, seeing the sleeper move uneasily in her slumber, she moved quietly away. When she arrived in the hall she pressed one hand to her brow, as her thoughts flew across land and sea to the plains of Austria, and she muttered: "She is as much my daughter as his, and I will save her." That night there came near being a rebellion in the House of Payne.

It was not that the Earl was lacking in affection that he desired this marriage. Having been implicitly obeyed by all around him since he was three years of age, it had become as impossible to move him from a fixed purpose as to move the adamantine hills. He had also been brought up in an atmosphere that led him to believe that no one could know as well what was good matrimonially for a daughter as her male parent

The first meeting that took place between Lord Dolphin and his inamorata was not a bad sample of the subsequent ones, she repelling his advances, he going away mentally cursing everything around him, but growing stronger at each visit in his determination to possess her. Not that he loved her. He would have positively hated her had she been a being less fair and lovely.

It was a natural desire to obtain what was difficult to get; combined with a not very well defined, but an ever present, desire for revenge. So, it all ended in her ostensibly, but the Earl and Lord Dolphin in reality, fixing the wedding day for September.

The night after one of her wooer's visits, about four weeks before the fatal day, was a feverish and wakeful one for Lady Eloise In the morning she nervously and excitedly paced the floor of her apartment, pressing her hands to her brow, exclaiming just above her breath: "Shall I send it? What will he think of me if I do? Can he save me? Will he? He only can."

She pulled from her bosom a letter, looked again at the address, went to the bell to ring it, then withdrew her hand, returned the letter to her bosom, threw herself on the sofa, rose again and paced the floor again, saying: "What would he think of me?" She repeated this many times, becoming more and more excited.

Then, finally, with a resolution formed of desperation, she rang the bell for Julia, her maid, to whom she handed the letter, telling her to give

it to William to post. Hastily glancing at it, Julia saw that it had the Paris address, and rightly concluded that it was for M. De Pontes. Lady Eloise returned to the sofa, and, burying her blushing face in the soft cushion, softly murmured "Oh! what will he think of me?"

Time literally flew now for Lady Eloise. She felt the coils now rapidly closing around her. Bitter was her disappointment at receiving not even a message from Paris, and she was obliged to confess, with burning blushes, that her object had miscarried. So, having, as she supposed, lost M. De Pontes' regard, she calmly resigned herself to her fate, so that the Countess was surprised as well as relieved at her daughter's apparent indifference to coming events.

The lawyers were now called in to prepare the settlement. Then it was that Lord Dolphin had another bacchanalian orgie all by himself in his own room. He was told by his professional man that the Earl was very much disappointed and chagrined at the smallness of the sum that he could bring into the settlement.

This would not have disturbed his lordship in the slightest had the information not been accompanied by the intelligence that the Earl was only able to bring in a few thousand pounds himself. "Stumped again; by G—!" he exclaimed. "Just my luck lately! Why, it's only a beggar girl I am marrying, after all. So the old chap was disappointed at the smallness of my fortune, was he? Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is rich. That is why he was so anxious to make me his son-in-law, was it? I really thought it was on account of my own amiability of character. Ha! ha! ha!"

He at one time thought of throwing the whole job up, as he expressed it; but there was the absorbing desire to possess her that he experienced. Besides, as he reflected, parents of late years had shown an indisposition, for various reasons, to throw their daughters at his head, and he concluded that he might not do even as well.

As the Earl paced the floor of his library that night, far into the morning, pale and dejected, he bitterly reproached himself for not having seen to the settlement before the engagement was made public and invitations to the wedding were issued. He had been so sure, however, of the extent of Lord Dolphin's patrimony. How he could dissipate £250,000 within eight years was beyond the Earl's comprehension. He tried to console himself with the thought that there was something substantial left, and that, perhaps, after marriage he would settle down and take care of it.

It was a September sun that now shone on Payne Hall, as carriage after carriage rolled on their way to the church.

"Don't she look bootiful, Jim," said an urchin who was gazing through the stile as the carriage containing the bride elect passed.

"Yes," responded Jim; "but she is just like the statoot of the woman I saw in Lunnon, whiter n'er snow."

Five days previous to this M. De Pontes returned to his apartments in Paris from the north of France, where he had been sent to quell an anticipated disturbance. His heart thrilled with delight as he observed a letter awaiting him in a well-known female hand-writing Hastily opening it he observed that it was dated over three weeks previously, and read as follows:

Payne Hall.

My dear Friend,

Do come to me *at once*. I am in great danger and distress. It may affect you too. Do not delay. ELOISE.

He hastily began preparations for the journey, and having obtained leave, started early the next morning, and, travelling night and day, he was enabled to drive up to the inn near Payne Hall as the gaily caparisoned equipages were rolling to the church.

"There must be some unusual occurrence here," he remarked to the obsequious landlord.

"Yes," replied the latter, "the marriage of Lady Eloise, at the Hall, to Lord Dolphin. Why, what is the matter," he added, as he saw his guest reel and stagger.

"Weariness," was the reply. "I have been travelling day and night." Calling for a glass of brandy, his resolution was taken.

Having changed his clothes, and refused refreshments, he sauntered to the church.

He followed what he supposed to be the general public into the gallery, and seated himself by the side of the great organ, leaned on the railing, and gazed full at the ceremony with throbbing temples and breaking heart. He arrived a little before the fatal "yes" was pronounced, and waited until the bridal party turned around and walked towards the door, the almost fainting bride leaning on the arm of her husband. He gazed at her with such unconscious intensity that Lady Eloise, now Lady Dolphin, felt the magnetic influence of his eyes, and almost involuntarily raised her face; and her eyes, after wandering around for some seconds in an uncertain way, finally fixed themselves fully on his. With an ill suppressed scream, she fell into the arms of the Earl, who was close behind her. Observing a tendency in the eyes of the party to follow the spot where Lady Dolphin's were last fixed, M. De Pontes hastily withdrew behind a pillar. After all others had left the church, he departed, reeling, in spite of all the self-control he could muster, like a drunken man.

Ten days later, at three o'clock in the morning, a tall, magnificent form, muffled to the eyes in a military cloak, was pacing the deck of a ship that was hurrying across the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Algiers, with supplies and reinforcements for the small French army that was trying to quell one of the numerous rebellions that had broken out in Algeria, which had recently been acquired by the arms of France.

Sometimes a shifting of the cloak would, in the light of the moon, reveal the features of M. De Pontes, now General De Pontes, his dark eyes blazing more magnificently than ever in contrast with the ashy color of his face.

Having hurried back to Paris from that terrible wedding scene, he implored the King to permit him to engage in active service; he did not care in what capacity,—as a private, if need be,—so long as he would have work to do. His Majesty, smiling, commended his zeal, and ended by making him a general in command of a division, and he was now on his way to take charge of his troops. He also intimated that as the commandant in Algeria was in failing health, there might be still greater promotion for him.

Tremendous had been the struggle with his love during the last ten days, but the firm, compressed look that was settling about his mouth was a sufficient indication that he was fast obtaining the mastery over himself.

Backward and forward he paced until the sun arose, when his face took a set like flint, which never afterwards left it, the volcano of his affection having burned so fiercely that it had expended all its force; and his heart was now left a cold, dead crater, never more to give forth the least spark of the life of love.

Returning to the bridal pair, we shall not follow them through the various cities on their honey-moon, nor have we space to describe the acts of refined cruelty the bridegroom invented, either to gratify the fiendish disposition within himself, or to wreak vengeance on his wife for antinuptial slights. Baden-Baden was the last place they visited, where she would have felt humiliated at the low company he kept with both sexes, had she

not got past all feeling on the subject. Here, one night, he lost all his money at play, and requested his wife to give him what she had, in order to get home.

On his promising to return home, she gave him a letter of credit for the £300 that the Countess, as she was leaving for home, had slipped into her hands for an emergency.

He kept his promise, and in due time they were at Ashley Park.

Then followed two years of debauchery on his lordship's part. Terrible was the scene when her ladyship refused to receive or even to see his boon companions; and it required all the traditional spirit of her house to enable her to sustain her part. The morning after a night of his usual debauchery, he presented himself before his lady and bluntly informed her that he had been ruined the day before on the turf and he was stranded high and dry, and was about being raided by the sheriff; and he ended by requesting her to get the Earl to advance her some more money.

She replied that her father had crippled his finances, as he well knew, on their marriage, and it was useless to apply for more.

He declared that he believed nothing of the kind, and expressed the opinion that the old Earl was a miser; and, he added, getting warmer as he proceeded, and as the fumes of brandy rose to his head: "If he hasn't any money he had no business to palm off his pauper daughter on me."

Something of her old spirit was aroused in her. She sprang up and faced him, and retorted that "his motive may have been the same as that which prompted him to fasten her to a human hyena."

This unexpected exhibition on her part had a slightly sobering effect on her amiable spouse, who, somewhat ashamed, beat a retreat.

He mounted his horse, and, lashing him with his whip, galloped like a madman, he knew not and cared not whither, until he unwittingly approached the estate of a maiden aunt of his, of great wealth. Strange to say, this aunt loved her nephew, a fact that he well knew; and a happy thought occurred to him, and he slapped his knee and swore a great oath, as he thought of it, that he would ask her for aid.

To make a long story short, after calling on her several times, and flattering her, he succeeded in his object. Lawyers were again called in, and the settlement was prepared which forms the foundation of the action which forms the title to this story, and without which the courts would never have been encumbered with its record, and this true report would never have been written.

Shortly;—she advanced her nephew a considerable sum in cash, and settled a valuable property on Lady Dolphin, who was to receive the income during her life, with power to say by her will or deed to whom the whole estate should go, and, in default of her exercising such power, then the whole estate was to go to Lord Dolphin.

Another year passed, and his lordship was again "strapped," as he expressed it.

His last night at Ashley Park was a fair specimen of many a previous one, and was spent in the card-room with his old cronies, Tony Blake, Cute Ableson, Ralph Cummings, and some fresh blood in the person of Lord Rosleigh. The last-named gentleman, to tell the truth, was ashamed of his company, and he only came out of deep sympathy and respect for Lady Dolphin, whom he wished to believe that all her old friends had not deserted her.

So, after midnight her ladyship was disturbed by an uproar in the card-room, not, it must be confessed, an unusual occurrence. His lordship, the host, was endeavoring to eliminate the

element of chance, which is the great drawback to all games of cards, by practising what is known to the fraternity as marking and holding back cards. He had been detected in the act; hence the uproar. Lady Dolphin, on going to the head of the stairway, overheard Lord Rosleigh inform her lord and spouse that unless he left England by to-morrow morning he would publish him in every club in the country as a common card cheat and blackleg. She could not hear the angry but cowed retort of her husband. She was startled and terrified.

An hour or so later, when his lordship presented himself at her bedroom door with bloodshot eyes, hair tossed, and unshaven face, she trembled lest he should desire to impose his agreeable society on her. After staring at her for some time in a half-tipsy unconsciousness, he changed his mind, if such had been his purpose, and withdrew.

On rising the next morning she learned that his lordship had departed for London, leaving word for his valet to follow him with all his clothing; and he thus disappears from the scene for some years,—from England forever, some good people prophesied—a prophecy which, like most others, was not to be verified, as will hereafter transpire.

PART II.

His Majesty the King of France was right when he informed General De Pontes that the commander of the forces in Algeria was ill. So ill was he that the conduct of the whole campaign fell almost entirely on the new general, and the result justified the wisdom of the choice; for, after a brilliant campaign, the rebellion was quelled. The only criticism the general was subjected to was that he exposed himself too much to danger, apparently being a man who did not fear, but actually courted death.

The commandant having shortly afterward died, General De Pontes was promoted to the vacant position. He had been stationed a year at Algiers before the time when our noble lord retired so quietly from Ashley Park, when the startling intelligence was conveyed to him from reliable sources that the natives were in great numbers marching to capture a French stronghold in the Kabyle territory. Not anticipating any trouble, the French were unprepared, and considerable delay was experienced in getting ready the reinforcements. But having with his usual energy overcome all obstacles, the commandant was, within ten days, by forced marches, a considerable distance on the road to the relief of the garrison.

Having halted a few hours for rest and refreshments, the army again, on the tenth night, resumed its march at about eleven o'clock. Every man had a sickening knowledge of what it meant for a French garrison to fall into the hands of the natives,—this filled them with a determination to succeed.

The advance guard of the French had proceeded some distance, when it unexpectedly came to an immense host of the Kabyles. Both armies were surprised. Their foes had the advantage over the French, who had by the noise of their march disturbed them from their slumbers, and they had formed some kind of order before the French came up, and had made some preparation to receive them. A volley of musketry fired from the darkness into the French ranks revealed the presence of the enemy. The advance guard of the French began quietly to extinguish their torches, and as they did so, strange to say, their foes began to light theirs. Supports having arrived, there ensued a desperate hand-to-hand conflict; the French, by reason of the enemy's ranks being to some extent lighted by their torches, were able to do some execution with their rifles.

They were being slowly driven back, however, when the commandant appeared on the scene. Throwing himself at the head of the troops, his voice rang out above the turmoil:—

"Shall Frenchmen be cowards? Is this what the great Napoleon taught you? Be soldiers! Be men! Follow me.—Charge." Regardless of native weapons, his sword flashed, and it never fell without carrying death and destruction in its course. The native chiefs shrank from these terrific blows. The French, inspired by the example of their leader, returned to the charge with renewed vigor and determination. At this juncture two or three cannon were placed in position, and shells were cast at random into what was supposed to be the enemy's centre.

At this moment multitudes of waving torches flashing among the surrounding hills, the fitful fire of musketry, the clash of arms, the groans of the wounded and dying, the shrieks of the cannon, heard in the still night air, all combined to make the scene one of terrible magnificence and grandeur. The old story was finally repeated of barbaric hosts going down beneath the steady valor of European discipline. The commandant, somewhat exhausted by his gigantic efforts, fell behind when he saw the ranks of the enemy giving way, and, leaning against a rock for support, he exclaimed: "O my God! am I not to find death yet? How long, O how long am I to carry the burden of life!"

Confused sounds of voices, some in distress, from behind a near projecting rock, attracted him, and hurrying to the spot, he witnessed a scene that aroused every emotion of passion and resentment within him. By the light of a torch, held by one of his own soldiers, he observed a magnificent-looking Kabyle chief of high rank, reclining against a trunk of a tree, severely wounded. Over him half knelt and half reclined a lovely creature, evidently his daughter. Accustomed as he was to the beauty of the native Kabyle women, the commandant thought that he had never before seen one so lovely. Her right arm was around the old chieftain's neck, whilst the left was extended above as if to ward off the blows that two of the French soldiers were aiming at him. Her large, liquid eyes were uplifted to them with a pleading, supplicating expression, while she earnestly and piteously addressed them in her native tongue, which they did not understand, and which only excited their ribaldry. Two more soldiers were also struggling to drag her away, they laughingly remarking that they had got a prize at last.

The commandant sprang like a tiger to the spot, and, striking up the weapons aimed at the old chief, in a stentorian voice shouted: "Cowards! is this the way you show your bravery? There is your place," pointing with his sword to a spot where the enemy was still holding out, and striking each of the soldiers who had hold of the damsel a fierce blow with the flat of his sword; then the whole four slunk shame-facedly away. Beckoning some of his attendants to him, he directed them to carry the chief to his own tent, and quietly taking hold of the damsel, he intimated to her by signs that she could follow. He accompanied her a short distance, binding with his handkerchief a wound that had been inflicted on her perfectly shaped arm by one of his soldiers.

The commandant knew well the native disposition, and that after the great repulse they would not be able to collect their forces again that season; so, sending forward part of his forces under his second in command, with the promise of more reinforcements, if necessary, he returned to Algiers, conveying the old chieftain and his daughter with him. Two days after they had started on their return trip, the chieftain died of his wounds, and was, with torches wav-

ing over him, buried at dead of night in a hillside. The burial was conducted under the direction of the commandant, with such military honors as he could, under the circumstances, command. By his order, great stones were placed to mark the grave, and he caused the interpreter to explain to his mourning daughter, that every facility would be offered for his being removed to the burial-ground of his fathers, any time that she desired; and that he would also see her conveyed safely to her friends now if she wished. To this last proposition she strongly objected, and throwing herself at the commandant's feet, she implored him, according to the interpreter, to allow her to accompany him, saying that she was the daughter of a chieftain and the last of her line, and that she had no friends but him, and would love and serve him always for saving her life and that of her father. He ordered, then, that she should be placed in the conveyance in which some of the wives of the officers were returning to Algiers. After once more throwing herself on the grave of her father in a passionate fit of weeping, she suffered herself to be led away.

Four years now passed during the administration of the affairs of Algeria by the commandant, and never did French justice shine to more advantage. There was no question of partiality for European over native. Condign was the punishment inflicted in several instances on his own countrymen when he detected them in acts of oppression towards the natives. The poor natives did not know until now what justice meant; and they learned to love and revere that stern, just man who was never known to smile.

About four years after the battle among the hills, the commandant was greatly agitated at observing a letter in his mail, in a well-known femiinine handwriting that he had not seen since that afternoon in Paris on his return from the north of France. Hastily opening the seal he discovered, as he suspected, that it was from Lady Eloise. It told him a pitiful tale of the sorrows of her two years of life with her husband, his subsequent desertion, the death of both the Earl and the Countess, her four subsequent years of lonely life, of how she suspected that some terrible misunderstanding had arisen to disappoint them both in their loves, and ended by asking if he would care to relieve the loneliness of a sad life by becoming again her friend, and, at least, corresponding with her. Long and deeply did the commandant ponder over the problem whether or not he should answer this letter. Closely he examined himself, and he knew that he did not, and never could again love her. Those flames had been forever quenched that night on the Mediterranean sea. He believed that no good could come of the correspondence. All night long he sat on his piazza overlooking the beautiful sea and bay; he held communion only with the moon, stars and soft sea breezes. The red glow of his cigar never ceased until, as the gray of dawn began to creep over the mountains, he went wearily to bed.

His sense of gallantry towards a lady in distress had triumphed; and letter after letter passed between them. Those from her he could easily detect breathed between the lines the deepest love. One day he was still more than ever surprised to receive one, which is set down in the records of this suit, and copied in the reports, enclosing a deed of all the property over which she had the power of appointment, reserving an annuity of only £500 per annum to herself. She declared in her letter that this was only an act of justice towards one to whom she had unwittingly caused so much sorrow, and was one that had received the sanction of her mother on her dying bed. An act of such self-sacrifice determined the commandant

to perform one on his part in order to make her happy,—a proposal of marriage.

The only obstacle in the road was Lord Dolphin, who was, in the eye of the law, though not in the sight of Heaven, Lady Eloise's husband. The lawyers were again called in, and they solemnly advised that the way to dispose of that difficulty was for his lordship and his wife to reside in Scotland for forty days in order to obtain a domicile, and then obtain a Scottish divorce. His lordship, for an ample money consideration, readily consented. That amiable gentleman would as readily have consented to go to Labrador and marry an Esquimaux for a sufficient consideration, spot cash, provided it was not saddled with any inconvenient conditions that would prevent him from deserting his wife, and returning to his usual haunts of civilization.

The forty days' residence was completed and the divorce obtained.

Again, a bark is ploughing the beautiful Mediterranean between Marseilles and Algiers. The night is a balmy one, the brilliant moon and stars causing the peaceful waters to flash with a silvery brightness. Two female forms are on deck, one, Lady Eloise, and the other, her faithful maid Julia. The former is on her way to Algiers to become wedded to her only love, who could not leave his military post to come to her "I never expected to be so happy again," she said to Julia, and leaning over the railing of the boat, she softly murmured: "My love, my love will come back to me." The lovely daughter of the late Earl of Payne was the admired of all on board, who were charmed with her vivacity of manner and marvellous beauty, chastened, as was easily to be seen, by the marks around her mouth, by some deep sorrow.

In due course the boat dropped at anchor in the bay, and she was soon in the arms of her loved one. Another wedding took place, at which the bride's face shone with a happiness she did not attempt to conceal. As for the commandant, one of his officers remarked that he had often seen him march to the cannon's mouth with more pleasure.

Then followed weeks of unalloyed happiness for Lady Eloise, she performing the social duties of her station, as she so well knew how. What, though her lord was not demonstrative in his affections, she possessed him all herself, and her soul fairly revelled in its happiness.

As week after week, however, and month after month, flew on with no response to her affections, she began to grow weary waiting for it. Nobly she fought against her craving for a return of love. Surely she was cast in a too sensitive mould for this cold world. She tried to excuse to herself his neglect of her by thinking he was pressed by the duties of state. In spite of all this, the affectionate Julia saw her mistress slowly pining away for the want of love.

The commandant had, at the commencement of their married life, expressed the desire that she should keep near her person the Kabyle maid, the old chieftain's daughter, whose refined beauty now outshone that which she possessed when we last saw her weeping over her father's grave. Besides her rich, warm, dark complexion, she had a perfect form, set off by a willowy grace of motion that enchanted the beholder. She seemed to follow with her large, lustrous eyes every movement of the commandant, in a look of devotion not equalled by the expression that any painter has yet given to the Madonna. Lady De Pontes readily consented to this request, in order to please her lord, but would not dismiss Julia, who was always at her call. Lady Eloise could never fathom the Kabyle maid, whose confidence or affection she could never gain. The girl, so warm and affectionate in the society of others, froze

like an icicle in that of her mistress. One day, as she was arranging her mistress's hair, she suddenly stopped in the operation, which caused Lady Eloise to look up, when she saw reflected in the mirror such hatred towards herself, and ferocity depicted on the countenance of the girl, that she hastily turned around, and in doing so also caught the girl in the act of drawing a dagger from her bosom. When she saw herself detected, she threw the dagger to the floor, and flinging herself on her knees, seized hold of the hands of her mistress, and passionately kissed them as well as the slippered feet, begging her in broken French to forgive her, for she did not know what she was doing. "I will go away from here, miladi," she continued, "and never see nor trouble you any more. He was mine before he was yours, but he is yours now, and I give him to you; but I cannot stay here."

At this stage the door softly opened, and the little three-year-old son of the girl ran in, crying: "Mamma."

Seizing him with one arm, she said, "Look here! can you wonder why I love him so."

Lady Eloise did look; and in looking, the whole story was revealed to her, and she wondered at her stupidity in not having read it before; for she saw in the arms of the Kabyle girl the perfect form and image of the commandant. Sinking back in her chair, she faintly requested that Julia be sent to her. When Julia entered, seeing the dagger on the floor, and having seen the girl leave her mistress's room with the child on her arm, and an agitated look on her countenance, she quickly divined what was wrong. She quickly applied restoratives to her mistress, who was unconscious, and was rewarded by soon seeing her revive. Lady Eloise faintly requested to be removed to the window overlooking the Mediteranean. Not that she desired to look upon the beauties that were spread before her gaze. She felt that she had no place to look now. Many a night had she, alone with the moon, looked from the window at Ashley Park across to France, until her eyes had acquired that far-away look remarked by her friends, and, when in France, after learning that her love was in Algiers, she looked to that place; but now she simply lay with closed eyes and allowed the soft sea breeze to fan her aching brow.

That night the commandant was informed that her ladyship was too indisposed to appear for dinner. She lay by the open window all night, agitated in her mind as to her future course. After many a struggle, she concluded that she could not suppress her love, and she resolved to look for no more happiness for herself, but to spend her life in the endeavor to make her husband happy.

With this resolve she went down to breakfast, smiling and trying to look composed. The commandant looked curiously at the pale and worn expression on her face, for he had got some inkling from the girl herself as to what had taken place. She might have kept her resolution, but that afternoon, as she was walking through the garden, weak and worn, with nerves unstrung, and unable to control them, she observed the Kabyle maid issue from one of the arbors, followed by the commandant, who unexpectedly encountered his wife face to face. The old Payne pride arose in her, and she reproached him bitterly, and requested to know if he had brought her there to humiliate her.

Stung by her reproaches, he replied: "Rather ask yourself if this is what you came for. I was not aware that I was the moving party in that act." So saying, he walked past her.

Stung by the taunt, which she felt was not altogether untrue, and feeling more broken in spirit by the consciousness she now possessed that he did not and could not love her, she went to her apartments. That even-

ing the commandant heard loud shrieks from his lady's rooms. On enquiry he learned that she had had an attack of hysteria.

All that night the commandant again sat on his piazza, busily thinking, his cigar-end being again one perpetual glow. Several times he sent up enquiries after his lady's welfare, and learned that she was becoming composed. When the gray streak of day began to appear, he went again wearily to bed.

Our story is now soon told. The last scene is again in sunny France, three weeks later than the events last above recorded. The day is intensely warm. The sun is pouring his rays, with all his fury, on the bare, white, hot-looking hills in the neighborhood of Sedan. These hills seem to reflect and concentrate these rays on the hot, dusty roadway leading to the convent of St. Bride, along which, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage drawn by two horses is wending its way. All day had the weary horses drawn their burden along in the scorching sun. The driver seemed almost spent with the heat. Seen through the doorway of the carriage were signs of bed clothing, indicating that one of its occupants was an invalid. Another was the faithful Julia; the third, a lady friend of the invalid, and the fourth, a physican.

From the tones of the voices in the carriage, a stranger would conclude that there was considerable difficulty experienced in soothing the invalid. At last, towards evening, as the horses were about spent, the weary party drew up at the door of the convent, which nestled at the foot of a steep, verdure-clad hill, and was surrounded by a landscape that would ravish the painter's eye.

The Mother Superior having answered the bell, after some words of explanation from Julia, exclaimed: "Why, you said I was not to expect you for two days at least, and I am not prepared."

Julia hastily told why they were obliged to hurry on. In answer to further enquiries, Julia was obliged to explain that the patient, Lady Eloise, for she it was, was somewhat violent.

"Well then," replied the Mother, "we shall be obliged to put her in the cell until we get ready the apartments we intend for her."

The patient was then, in an unconscious state, carefully taken to the cell, lifted into the bed and undressed, whilst the Mother hastened away to prepare her apartments, leaving the patient in charge of Julia. The latter, happening to think of some necessary article, left the cell for the purpose of obtaining it, leaving Lady Eloise alone. The latter shortly afterwards regained her consciousness, and gazing around could not conceive where she was. Her eyes, however, caught sight of the iron bars of the room, and she hastily slipped from the bed and went to them and caught hold of one.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is what I want, strength," and she tried to shake it with both her hands. "Oh! so strong," she continued. "Had I always had these to help me I should not be so unhappy!" "Unhappy!" she exclaimed, again, laughing. "I forgot; I'm not unhappy. Oh! I'm so happy. You remember that night on the boat, Julia? How happy we were! I going to my true love. But, listen! I hear the cry of the child of the Kabyle girl. Oh! it's his voice, his look, his form. Oh! save me," she sobbed, "I'm so unhappy. No! I forgot; am I happy or unhappy? Which is it?" and she pressed her hands to her brow in a vain effort to arrange her confused thoughts.

Then she took hold of the iron bars again, and began pacing to and fro alongside of them, drawing her fingers across them time and again.

"Oh, how strong they are!" she exclaimed again. "How I love them!" and she kissed them again and again.

"Hark!" she called, "I hear his step coming up the stairs. He is com-

ing into my room. He is there, staring at me with his bloodshot eyes. You villain! how dare you call me the pauper daughter of an Earl. But, oh! that's all over; all over." And she again pressed her hands to her poor, puzzled forehead.

"Eloise, Eloise; I love you, I love you," she repeated.

Then she began walking to and fro, as before, drawing her fingers, till they were sore, across the iron bars, all the while singing, in a low, mournful tone, "My love, my love will come back to me."

Looking at her fingers, she discovered that the constant rubbing of the rough iron had worn away the tender skin, and that they were bleeding. This seemed to afford her much amusement, for she laughed hysterically and kissed them, repeating several times: "How good is blood, for it is that which saves." She again walked backward and forward, drawing her fingers across the bars, all the time repeating the same things as before, until she again looked at her fingers, which were bleeding sorely now, and exclaimed: "Oh! I forgot, it's His blood that saves," and, with a loud shriek that rang through the corridors, she fell, hitting her head on the hard stone floor.

Both Julia and the Superioress hastened to her and lifted her upon one of the beds, where her spirit, almost immediately, made one desperate struggle and tore itself from the tabernacle in which it had been so tempest-tossed and torn, and flew away to the land of rest.

You ask me why I close my story so sadly. I can only reply that I set out to report the main facts of this case, and my record must be true; and secondly, it is as well to have the reverse side of the medal presented to us sometimes, and thus learn that there is much sorrow in the world as well as happiness. A recognition of this fact would, perhaps, conduce more to human sympathy and mutual help than does the opposite belief, that every tale of human experience must necessarily have a happy ending, an opinion as untrue as it is comfortable in enabling us to pass quietly to the other side of the street when we observe human suffering lying on this, in the fond delusion that in some incredible way, without our aid, everything will come out all right in the end.



THE BATTERY AT FORT MACKINAC.

THE GATE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY CAPT. J. A. CURRIE.

AMONG the many charming spots known to summer tourists in the northern part of this continent, there are two places that, by their natural beauty and historic interest, easily rank first. The one is the ancient city of Quebec; the other, the Island of Mackinac. The one guards the entrance to the great inland seas and waterways; the other stands sentinel at the spot where three great lakes almost meet, and from its strategical position and military history can well be called the Gibraltar of the inland seas. The natural charms and traditions of the *ancient city* of New France have been so often told by abler pens than mine, that it would be a waste of effort to retell what is known to all. But with respect to Mackinac it is different, and I may be pardoned if I briefly give a description of this beautiful island, its history and traditions. For—

We have been there, and still would go.
'Tis like a little heaven below.

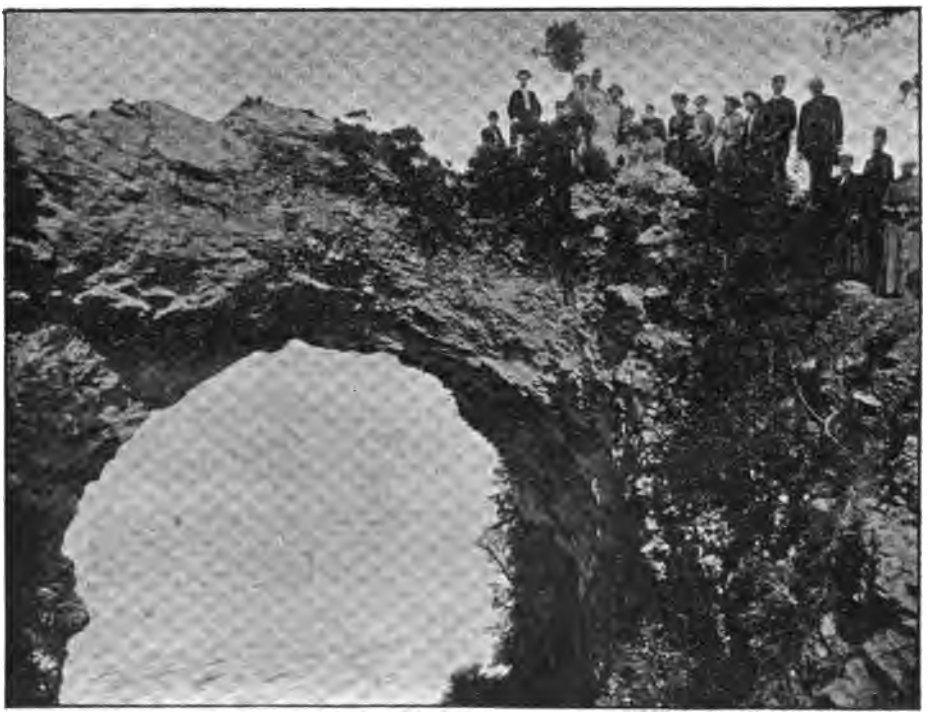
Mackinac has already been immortalized in some of the romances of that charming American story-teller, Constance Fennimore Woolson. In the novel, "Anne," and the short sketches, "Flower of the Snows," "The Old Agency," "Jeannette," and "Fairy Island," the scenes are laid in this beautiful spot. A more appropriate place for romance could not well be chosen.

Year by year Mackinac is becoming more famous as a watering place and health resort, for the climate is exceptionally good for invalids, and the natural beauty of the scenery and surroundings is such as to give one a feeling of rest and contentment seldom elsewhere experienced.

The Island of Mackinac is to be found on the maps where Lake Michigan adds its waters to the great, majestic Huron. It is situated in the straits of Mackinac, four miles east of the narrowest part, thirty miles from Lake Michigan, and fifteen miles from Lake Huron. The chartographers will tell

you it is latitude 45° 51′ north, and longitude 80° 36′ west of Greenwich. The average highest temperature for June, July, and August is 83°. Owing to the large areas of water on each side, the temperature varies but little. The air is very pure and bracing, and admirably suited for those in poor health, especially those suffering from nervous diseases, or lung trouble.

The island is shaped like a kite without a tail, the stump of the caudal appendage towards the north. Its area is 2,221 acres; of this the United States government holds 911 acres as a national park, and 103 acres for a military reservation. The geological formation is such as to cause many interesting natural curiosities. The Arch Rock and the Sugar Loaf are examples. The rocks are of a limestone formation, and show evidence of the water having at one time been two hundred and fifty feet above its present level. It is a grave question whether the lake has fallen, or the island has risen by some great convulsion of nature many centuries ago. The highest point on the island is the lookout at Fort Holmes, 336 feet above the level of Lake Huron. Nothing can surpass the picturesque beauty of the interior. Here and there huge rocks tower aloft like gothic temples; arches innumerable have been formed in the calcareous rock, and there are many curious caverns; whilst nature is lavish in her profusion of foliage and flowers.



THE ARCH ROCK.

Let me take you in fancy to this island. The steamer has just landed us at the harbor on the south side, and this sheltered cove is dotted with numerous yachts, the property of wealthy visitors who spend their summer days in the picturesque cottages found further inland. About the harbor clusters an old-fashioned town,

which reminds you of the pictures of quaint fishing hamlets in Brittany. The streets are narrow and winding, and the houses are old, some of stone, and some of wood. Here we come to the Astor House. This house has a history, for it was at one time the headquarters of the great fur trading company of which the moving spirit was the ancestor of the present proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.* It was here that the foundation of what is perhaps the greatest fortune in the world was laid. But that is nothing. Stranger things than that have happened here. A little further on they will show you a cottage at the corner of Astor and Fort-streets, and they will tell you that it was here that Alexis St. Martin was shot in 1821. But who in the world was Alexis St. Martin? If you are not a medical man, you cannot be expected to know. Let me tell you the story. St. Martin was a French Canadian employed by the American Fur Company. One day he was accidentally shot. In brief, a heavy charge of duck shot made a large hole in his stomach, which healed up but never closed. Dr. William Beaumont, the post surgeon, attended the wounded man, and fitted a piece of glass in the aperture, and through this window he was able for many years to observe the action of various kinds of food on the man's stomach. The discoveries made through this animated telescope were of more importance to science than any so far made through the Lick telescope. These experiments of Dr. Beaumont's form one of the most interesting chapters in medical science. Dr. Beaumont was filled with morbid curiosity, and in the building inside the walls of this fort, built as an hospital by the British, they will tell you the ghosts of long since departed Indians nightly frolic, as they were victims of his inquisitive knife. Thus Mackinac has made important contributions to finance and acience, as well as history and literature.

The fort is, perhaps, one of the most interesting places on the island. Over its ramparts the flags of France, England, and the United States have successively floated. Originally the fort consisted of block houses, earth-



A STREET IN MACKINAC.

works, and a palisade ten feet high made of cedar pickets, with sharp iron prongs projecting. There has been some improvement since then, but the walls and works would not very long withstand the fire of modern high-power cannon.

The Chippewa name for Mackinac Island is Mishinimaknaug, signifying "at the great uplifted bow," or "at the great hanging arch," possibly so named from the great natural curiosity, the Arch Rock. Many Indian legends are associated with the spot. The Indians believed that the island was the Fairy Island—the abode of spirits. It was here, according to Indian tradition, that Hiawatha was born. It was here also, after observing a spider weaving his web, that that hero invented the art of fishing with a gill net. A few antiquarians claim that the island was first inhabited by the "Ancient Miners" of Upper Michigan, a race that has completely disappeared, leaving behind it nothing but a few excavations, and copper tools with flint-like edges. Tradition says that this race was exterminated by the Iroquois. The first white man to visit the island was John Nicolet, who went as far as Green Bay in 1634. Several French traders visited the island in 1656, looking for furs, but Nicolas Perrot, the well known writer, saw Mackinac in 1665, according to his "memoirs." In 1670 a Jesuit mission was established at St. Ignace. In 1672 Joliet arrived, and, accompanied by Father Marquette, who had charge of the mission, he made his celebrated journey towards the Mississippi. Father Marquette died at St. Ignace in 1677, and was buried there. His grave has been discovered recently. Two years later, La Salle arrived at Mackinac with the *Griffin*, the first ship built on the inland lakes. Hennepin, the first writer to give a description of Niagara Falls, and Henry de Tonty, the chevalier of fortune—"Le Bras de Fer"—accompanied him. The rest of that part of the story of New France relating to Mackinac is made up of war and adventure, plots and counter plots, punctuated with alternate massacres of Huron and Iroquois.

When Canada was ceded to the British the latter took possession of the island and surrounding country. On September 28th, 1761, Captain Belfour, of the 80th Regiment, arrived from Detroit in command of a detatchment of the 60th and 80th Regiments. He left Lieut. Leslie, of the Loyal American 60th Regiment, with twenty-eight men, in charge of the post.



THE SUGAR LOAF.

Three years later, the great conspiracy of Pontiac was formed. A high bluff on the south side of the island —"Pontiac's Lookout"—is still named after this treacherous chief. On June 2nd, the garrison, consisting of Capt. Etherington, Lieutenants Jamel and Leslie, with thirty-five men, were in-

nocently watching a great game of lacrosse played by a band of Chippewas outside the fort. It was one of those charming days when all nature appears to be at peace; and there was not the faintest suspicion in the minds of the garrison. The Indians were congregated in large numbers outside the palisades, and, inside, the parade ground was well filled with squaws. Not a weapon except the lacrosse stick was visible. Suddenly the ball shot high in the air and descended inside the fort. The braves, apparently excited in the chase after the ball, rushed inside. Suddenly, as if by magic, the war whoop was raised, The squaws congregated inside the stockade had weapons concealed under their blankets, which were handed to the excited warriors, and the garrison was taken by surprise. Lieut Jamel, and fifteen men who happened to be inside fought with the dogged tenacity of their race. They were all killed, but such of them as were able to pick up their weapons sold their lives dearly. Captain Etherington, Lieut. Leslie, and the remainder who were outside, were pounced upon and taken prisoners. They were afterwards ransomed by Lieut. Gorell and his command from the fort at Green Bay. By the conspiracy of the crafty Pontiac eleven posts were attacked in a somewhat similar manner almost simultaneously, and eight were captured and the garrisons tomahawked.



LIME KILN, BUILT BY THE BRITISH, 1780.

It was in 1780 that the British removed from old Mackinac to the present fort on the island. It was not till 1796 that the fort was formally ceded to the United States.



OLD STONE QUARTERS, BUILT 1870.

The Americans remained in possession till July, 1812. On July 15th of this year, Capt. Charles Roberts, of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, who had command of the British post

at St. Joseph's Island, received word from General Brock that war had been formally declared by the United States, and ordering him to adopt "the most punctual measures." Capt. Roberts had 46 regulars and 260 Canadian militia, mostly Glengarry Fencibles, under his command. He immediately decided to take the aggressive, and the following day he embarked his command in ten batteaux, seventy canoes, and the North-West Company's ship *Caledonia*. He had two iron six-pounders, but many of his troops were poorly armed. About three o'clock in the morning of the 17th the expedition arrived at the spot now called the British Landing. An Indian guide at dawn led the British to the highest point on the island, now called Fort Holmes. Here an earthwork was hastily thrown up and a gun planted commanding the fort about half a mile below. When morning came and the Americans sounded "reveille," they were amazed to find the enemy in possession of the strongest position on the island. A flag of truce was sent to Lieut. Porter Hanks, who was in command of the garrison, and after consulting with his officers he decided to capitulate. In looking over the fort the visitor will be shown the old north sally-port. It was outside this gate that the British troops stood in line and presented arms on July 17th, 1812, when Lieuts. Porter Hanks and Archibald Darragh marched the American troops out with reversed arms, to become prisoners of war. The British at once proceeded to strengthen the place, and Fort Holmes, then called Fort George, was built. This fort was a quadrangular redoubt, with ramparts, a ditch and a covered way. Guns were mounted there by the energetic Roberts, and the island was rendered



BEACH VIEW AT MACKINAC.



CANNON FROM COMMODORE PERRY'S FLEET.

almost impregnable. Consequently, when the Americans returned in 1814 to recapture the place, they received a warm reception. Commodore Perry had fought the celebrated naval battle on lake Erie in the fall of the previous year, and written the famous despatch to General Harrison, which Americans are fond of quoting: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." The American fleet swept Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan, and a determined effort was made to capture Mackinac, which alone menaced its supremacy. Colonel George Croghan, with a large force of infantry, after landing and



A LOOK OUT.



BLOCK HOUSE.

setting fire to the old fort at St. Joseph's Island, which the British had left unoccupied, arrived at Mackinac on the morning of July 26th. His force consisted of companies of the 17th, 19th, 24th and 32nd Regiments, the Ohio Militia, United States marines and artillery. He did not make an attempt to land, however, until August 4th. The British and Canadians had strongly fortified the approaches from the British Landing with a series of earthworks, which the guides will still point out to you. The redcoats were under the command of Lieut.-Col. Robert McDougall, of the Glengarry Fencibles, then in command atthe fort. Under a heavy fire from the war vessels anchored about 300 yards from the shore, the Americans landed and the line formed up. They advanced only a short distance, until they found the British waiting for them. A desperate struggle ensued. The British were outnumbered and outflanked, but they stood their ground firmly, and charge after charge was repulsed with heavy loss. Finally the Americans fell into confusion and retreated to the landing, where they were taken on board the boats. The Americans in this engagement lost Major Holmes, second in command, Capt. Van Horn and twelve privates killed, one captain, one lieu-



FORT MACKINAC FROM THE SOUTH.

tenant, six sergeants, three corporals, one musician, and thirty-eight men wounded, and two privates missing or taken prisoners. A short distance from Fort George, now called by the Americans Fort Holmes, after the gallant officer that fell there, the guides will show you the military cemeteries where those who fell were buried. In one part of the cemetery the soldiers of the King sleep, in the other the equally brave Americans; and Indian superstition used to have it that nightly, and more especially on the morning of the anniversary of the battle of Mackinac, the hosts of the illustrious dead used to fight the battle over again.

Thus ended the last attempt of the Americans to capture Mackinac by force of arms. On July 18th, 1815, Col. McDougall, according to the terms of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, marched out, and the stars and stripes were raised on the ramparts once more, the fort being taken possession of by two companies of American riflemen and a half company of artillery, under the command of Col. Anthony Butler.

This ends the military history of the island, so far as the stirring episodes of war are concerned. The only other incident in this connection was the imprisonment of several important State prisoners here during the American civil war. Among them were General W. G. Harding, General Washington Barrows and Judge Joseph C. Guild.

I have briefly given an outline of the history of this beautiful island. I will now refer to a few of the natural curiosities. Perhaps the most important is the Arch Rock, which ranks in interest with the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and the celebrated Newmarket Caves in the same state. A short distance below it is found a smaller arch called the "Fairy Arch." South of the Arch Rock, a high cliff that overlooks the straits below is called, "Robertson's Folly." Legend has it that Capt. Robertson, a young British officer, became enamored of a phantom Indian maiden that used to meet him in the woods on moonlight

evenings, but would always elude him. One night he stated to his brother officers that it was his intention to follow the lovely creature, if it need be, to the next world. His body was found next evening dashed to pieces on the rocks below the cliff. The charming phantom that he loved, and that always escaped him, led him to this fatal cliff and vanished. In his madness he followed her too far, and paid the penalty with his life.

West of the town the guide will show you another spot equally romantic, also a cliff with the water and a strip of sand at its base. This is the "Lover's Leap;" it is so called after an Indian legend which tells that at this point an Indian woman jumped to her death because her lover had been slain in battle by the Iroquois. Close by this, huge caldrons in the rock are called the "Devil's Kitchen," because his Satanic Majesty is supposed to have some corner of this paradise to himself. Another natural curiosity is the Sugar Loaf Rock, which is formed like a pyramid. About half-way up, a ladder will take you to a cave which no doubt was often a place of security for some roving aborigine. The rocks all over the place are scribbled with names. Thousands of people have left their autographs on the different caves of the island. It is foolish, but you cannot resist the temptation.

At another point a number of steps lead to a well in the rock, which is called the "Wishing Well." You wish something and take a drink, then you climb the steps without speaking, or breathing, or something—I hardly know what the conditions are—and you will get your wish. Well, all I know is that I did not get mine, and I suppose I belong to the great majority.

I could not, in the space of a short article, tell all that is to be told of Mackinac Island. To-day it is one of the best patronized watering-places on the great lakes; and as I sauntered up and down the verandah of the Grand Hotel, watched the sunset tint the clouds in the east, heard the roar of the sunset gun echoed and re-echoed from cliff and shore, and then listened to the sweet, plaintive notes of the bugle sounding "Retreat," I could not help thinking that those sounds, recalling some of the stirring scenes of the past, seemed strangly out of place amid such peaceful and fashionable surroundings.

THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION ; ITS FICTIONS AND REALITIES.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

IN speaking of the British constitution, it may be said: "Things are not what they seem." The contents of the bottles do not correspond with the old labels.

The walls of the building still stand massive and hoary, to outward appearance, the same as in ages past; venerable, because of their antiquity, but within, the occupants are new and different. So with the British constitution. The monarchical structure, in form and appearance, remains unchanged, but the old occupant is gone, and the new tenant is a real democracy. Living in a palace built for kings, he has acquired somewhat of a regal aspect, sufficient to justify the title of "KING DEMOS."

Geologists tell us those great boulders which are found imbedded in the sand and clay, were brought, by glacial drifts and floating icebergs, from distant countries in remote ages. So, many institutions which we now find imbedded in the political constitutions of modern countries, were brought by the drift of invasion from other countries at different times.

Archæologists tell us the Pyramids, the Colosseum, and other great structures of antiquity, have been the quarries from which many modern buildings have been constructed. So, the constitutions of Greece and Rome have been the political quarries from which valuable material has been taken to construct modern political edifices.

Political constitutions have been evolved and built up out of the materials furnished by agitations, rebellions and revolutions. Migrations and invasions have performed their work and played their part. The *debris* of the constitutions of ancient nations has furnished suggestions and warnings, and taught useful lessons to modern statesmen.

Great Britain, owing partly to the conflicting characteristics of the different races composing her population, partly to the spirit of independence fostered by her many natural resources, and by her sea-girt protection from invasion, alone, of all the nations of Europe, developed in the direction of political freedom, and has evolved a model of government which all have admired, and many have tried to imitate. Hence, she has justly earned the high distinction of being "the mother of all Parliamentary governments of modern times."

The constitution of the United States is the lineal descendant of the British constitution, the legitimate offspring of the struggles for legal and popular government, and of the victories and conquests won by the revolutions, rebellions, and agitations carried on for centuries in England. But the model, in imitation of which the constitution of the United States was constructed, was the British constitution as it existed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, eliminating what were supposed to be its defects, and adding what was thought would be important improvements. The evolutions of a century have modified and improved the British constitution, and the constitution of the Dominion of Canada is framed in the likeness of this improved model.

By an Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, which came into force on the 1st of July, 1867 (30-31 Vic., cap. 3), four of the British provinces in North America, viz., Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova

Scotia, were, at their own request, united together under one Parliamentary government.

The united provinces were named the "Dominion of Canada." Subsequently the provisions of "The British North America Act, 1867," (as the Canadian Confederation Act is called) with certain unimportant changes, were made applicable to the other provinces of British North America that were brought into the Canadian Confederation, and now the whole of the British possessions in the northern part of the continent of America, with the exception of Newfoundland, have been confederated and consolidated under the legislative and administrative control of the Parliamentary Government located at Ottawa, composed of a House of Commons, a Senate, and a Governor-General, and styled the "Parliament of Canada."

But the principle of local self-government has been established and adhered to throughout, each province possessing a local legislature, a provincial government, and a municipal system.

The intention of the British North America Act was to carry into effect the desire of the provinces to be federally united into one Dominion, with a constitution similar in principle to the constitution of the United Kingdom. The constitution of the United Kingdom is a parliamentary constitution, with the legislative and executive functions combined and performed by the same persons, Parliament being the administrator, as well as the legislator for the nation. The Imperial Parliament is composed of the Queen, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons; and section 17 of the British North America Act provides that "There shall be one Parliament for Canada, consisting of the Queen, an Upper House styled the Senate, and the House of Commons. Under the unwritten British constitution, the Sovereign is the head of the executive as well as of the legislative department of government. In theory, the executive and administrative functions are directed and exercised by the Queen, aided and advised by a Privy Council chosen from time to time by her.

So, the B.N.A. Act provides that "the executive government of and over Canada, is vested in the Queen," and is to be carried on by the Governor-General, in the name of the Queen, with the aid and advice of a Council to be chosen by the Governor-General, styled, the "Queen's Privy Council for Canada." There is, however, this difference: The powers, authorities and functions to be exercised by the Governor-General are limited by the various statutes, imperial and colonial, relating to that office, and by written instructions from the Imperial government.

But the executive and administrative government is not really so carried on, either in England or in Canada. In England, the government, both legislative and administrative, is really conducted and carried on by a council or committee of the Houses of Parliament, called the "Cabinet," or "Ministry," and this committee is chosen by the House of Commons—the elective branch of Parliament. Its members are the heads of the various departments of the government. It is not the "Privy Council," but it has taken the place of the Privy Council of former times. In theory it is chosen by the Queen; in reality it is selected by a party having a majority in the House of Commons. In theory, it merely advises the Sovereign and is directed by the Sovereign; in reality, it is supreme and governs the nation in the name of the Sovereign. Its only master is the House of Commons, and it must have the approval and support of the House of Commons, or it must give place to a council which can command such approval and support.

Thus the legislation and administration is conducted and controlled by

the Cabinet; the Cabinet is governed by the House of Commons; and the House of Commons is subject to the will of the nation.

The Premier, or first minister, is the head of the Cabinet; he moulds and directs its policy, both legislative and administrative, and, so far as any one individual can be, he is the ruler of the nation. It is said the Queen reigns, but the Premier rules, and this is true. Being appointed by the House of Commons, and thus by the representatives of the nation, he is truly a democratic ruler chosen indirectly by the people. A century ago the Sovereign exercised a real, a potential influence, in the government of England, both legislative and executive. The Premier and the ministry obeyed the will and executed the commands of the Sovereign. To-day the conditions are reversed. The Premier and his Cabinet, supported by the House of Commons, are the absolute and undisputed rulers of the nation. The Sovereign obeys the will and executes the commands of the Premier. Such, in substance, is Parliamentary government, as it exists in England to-day, and such is the nature, in reality, of the Parliamentary government established in the Dominion of Canada, under the British North America Act.

The constitution of Great Britain, retaining its old forms, has gradually changed into a representative Parliamentary Democracy, and the constitution of the Dominion of Canada works according to this new model. Yet, any one reading the British North America Act, and unacquainted with the actual *modus operandi* of modern parliamentary government would be misled, and would form a very imperfect and erroneous idea of its working in Canada. He would imagine that the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governor of each of the Provinces had a great deal to do in governing the country; in fact, he would almost suppose that our governments are actually carried on by these officials, in the name of the Queen. All such imaginings would be erroneous. Practically these functionaries have very little power.

The British constitution is unwritten. The framers of the British North America Act attempted to reduce it to writing, but in doing so they have used the language of the theorists of a by-gone age, and the language used is misleading, in some cases entirely inaccurate. For example, section 9 says: "The executive government and authority of and over Canada, is hereby declared to continue and be vested in the Queen." This is the old theory, but it is very far from the literal truth. If the word "Premier" were substituted for the word "Queen" in the section, the language would then express more accurately the actual source and centre of executive authority. The Queen has little to do with the executive government in Great Britain; she merely does what the Prime Minister directs. So, in Canada, the Governor-General performs no important executive act of his own volition; all executive acts, though performed in the name of the Governor-General, or of the Queen, and in accordance with the statutes, Imperial and Canadian, relating to that office, are directed by the Premier and his Cabinet.

Then again, section 11 says: "There shall be a Council to aid and advise in the Government of Canada, to be styled the Queen's Privy Council for Canada; and the persons who are to be members of that Council shall be from time to time chosen by the Governor-General, and may be from time to time removed by the Governor-General." Here, again, the language is totally at variance with the facts, and fails to describe the actual machinery of government. The only Council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, is the Cabinet. The Governor-General might appoint Privy-Councillors, but such appointments would be meaningless and useless. No such Privy Councillors would have any

right to give advice or suggestions on any matter of government; on such matters the Governor-General can only be advised by, and can only act on the advice received from, the Premier and his Cabinet. This principle is as well settled as any other law or rule of responsible Parliamentary government.

The Cabinet, the real Privy Council, is not chosen by the Governor-General; it is chosen by the party having a majority in the House of Commons; and the person who is to be the leader in the Cabinet—the Premier—is chosen by the same majority. It is this leader whom the Governor-General must summon to be his first minister. He has no choice in the matter. If he should summon the leader of the party in the minority in the House, or any other person, to form a ministry, the ministry so formed, could not carry on the government. Its measures, both legislative and administrative, would be rejected by the House of Commons. The Cabinet must therefore be chosen by the House of Commons, and the Governor-General must be advised by such a Cabinet, and by no one else. Chosen by the majority of the people's representatives in the House of Commons, the ministry represents the will of the nation, and the Governor-General must obey the will of the nation, or his recall would be demanded. And the Governor-General cannot remove this Privy Council, or any member of it; should he do so, he would at once come into conflict with the House of Commons.

And yet, strange to say, neither the word "Cabinet" nor the word "Minister" is mentioned in the act, nor is any description of this committee or of its functions given. It receives a vague recognition in those portions of the act relating to the constitution of Provincial governments in Ontario and Quebec, where, instead of "Privy Council," the words "Executive Council" are made use of, and the officers who are to compose these Executive Councils in the first instance are pointed out. Yet even here the words of the act are: The Executive Council shall be composed of such persons "as the Lieutenant-Governor from time to time thinks fit." (*Vide* sec. 63.) Such language must seem absurd to any person who is informed, for the first time, that the Lieutenant-Governor appoints nobody, and could not say a word if the most unfit man in the Province were made a member of the Executive Council.

Then, with regard to the Canadian Senate, the act (sec. 24 to 34) provides that the Governor-General shall, from time to time, summon a certain number of qualified persons to be Senators, that he shall summon fit persons to fill vacancies in the Senate, and may appoint a Senator to be Speaker of the Senate, and may remove such Speaker and appoint another.

Here, again, the language is misleading, and must not be taken literally. In making appointments to the Senate, the letter of the act is complied with. The Senators are summoned by the Governor-General in the Queen's name, but the appointments are all made by the Premier and his Cabinet. The intention of the act no doubt was, that the most suitable persons should be selected from the different provinces, so that the Upper House might be composed of men of experience and ability; but in practice, political motives govern; the Premier selects such persons for the Senate as his party approves of.

I am not now discussing the merits of the Canadian system of creating a Senate; I am merely endeavoring to penetrate the shams and fictions which exist, and which we are content shall exist, with a view of showing what are the real governmental powers operating in our Canadian constitution.

A curious survival exists in the provision as to money appropriations. Section 54 of the act expresses the parliamentary practice as it exists in England, in providing "that it shall

not be lawful for the House of Commons to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address or bill for the appropriation of any part of the public revenue, or of any tax or impost, to any purpose that has not been first recommended by message of the Governor-General." Of course all the messages to the House from the Governor-General are prepared by the Cabinet, and are mere intimations or outlines of the policy or plan of government which the Cabinet intends to pursue.

Hence, I think it may be affirmed, as well settled, that no act, either of legislation or of administration, can be performed by the Governor-General personally, that is, without the consent and direction of a Cabinet supported by a majority in the House of Commons.

The Parliament of England is the most supreme and absolute free government in the world. There is no written constitution to restrict its jurisdiction. There is no other power above or behind it, nothing to share in its supremacy, nothing to limit its omnipotence, and the B. N. A. Act confers on the Senate, and the House of Commons of Canada, all the powers exercised and possessed by the British House of Commons, the ruling branch of the Imperial Parliament. Section 18, as amended, in effect says, the powers, privileges, and immunities to be exercised, held and enjoyed by the Senate, and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof, shall be such as are from time to time defined, by act of the Parliament of Canada, but are not to exceed those held, enjoyed and exercised by the Imperial House of Commons, and by the members thereof. But in considering the powers of self-government possessed by Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures in Canada, it must be borne in mind that the Canadian Dominion is not an independent Sovereign State. It is a member of the confederacy of countries and nations which form the British Empire. Its relationship to the empire is that of a province, and so long as this relationship subsists, the Imperial Parliament necessarily retains the function of legislating on all matters affecting Canada's relations with foreign nations. Hence, treaties and legislation governing the commercial intercourse between Canada and other countries, must be made by, or have the sanction of, the Imperial Government. Yet, even in such matters, the Canadian Government is always consulted where Canada's interests are concerned. And section 132 of the Act provides that, "the Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all powers necessary or proper for performing the obligations of Canada, or of any province thereof, towards foreign countries, arising under treaties with such foreign countries." As the Canadian Constitution has been created by Imperial legislation, it is, therefore, theoretically at least, subject to the overruling legislative control of the Imperial Parliament, and to the right of the Imperial Parliament to repeal, alter or amend it, and no doubt the Imperial Parliament has the theoretical right to legislate for Canada, even in matters respecting which legislative powers have been fully conferred by constitutional acts. Mr. James Bryce has enunciated the principle that the Imperial Parliament cannot divest itself of the power to legislate for the colonies, and may do so, notwithstanding the constitutional acts, creating parliaments in the colonies with very wide legislative powers. Speaking in the House of Commons in support of Mr. Gladstone's first "Home Rule Bill," he said: "There is no principle more universally assented to than the absolute omnipotence of parliament, because there is nothing beyond or behind us. There is one limitation, and one only, upon our omnipotence, and that is, if we pass a statute annihilating our right to legislate, it may be repudiated by our successors." And all writers on constitutional law and

government, from Sir Edward Coke down to the present day, substantially agree in this view of parliamentary omnipotence.

The fundamental principle, the backbone as it were of parliamentary government, is, that the whole legislating and governing powers of the nation have been entrusted to parliament, and can only be exercised by it. There is no reservation by the people of any rights or authority to be exercised only by themselves. There are no constitutional limitations or restrictions, and these remarks apply to the Canadian Parliament as well as to the British Parliament, with this difference—the former has been created by the latter.

The parliamentary system is a representative system, and parliament represents the whole people, and all the legislative and governing powers of the whole people, every day of its existence. Admitting the omnipotence of the Imperial Parliament, its inherent power to change the Canadian Confederation Acts, and its theoretical right to legislate for the Dominion of Canada, yet, practically, it will never exercise the power it possesses; it will never repeal, change or interfere with the Canadian Constitution, or legislate for Canada, except when, and to the extent, requested by the Parliament of Canada; and any unnecessary or unsolicited interference by the Imperial Parliament with the Canadian Constitution, or any unsolicited Imperial legislation affecting Canada, would be regarded as an unjustifiable disregard of the understandings and conventions of the Constitution.

Furthermore, as an abstract proposition, the right of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for the colonies upon matters over which it has granted to the colonies legislative powers, has been disputed. A grant means all that the language expresses. There is no implied reservation. When the Imperial Parliament grants legislative powers to a colony, it parts with part of its domain, and the intention is, that thereafter the colony shall exercise, to the fullest possible extent, all powers conferred upon it. Such grants cannot be resumed at pleasure, nor can they be justly ignored or disregarded.

Imperial Acts creating Colonial Constitutions are not only to be observed and respected as grants; they are in the nature of *agreements* between the mother country and the colony, and agreements assented to by two parties cannot be violated or disregarded by any one of the parties without the consent of the other. They are solemn compacts, founded upon the highest and strongest considerations, executed after the fullest and freest discussion, and in the most formal and deliberate manner. How can it be contended, with justice, that one of the parties to such a compact can disregard its intention, without the consent of the other? I therefore venture to think that legislation, by the Imperial Parliament, over matters within the legislative and administrative powers conferred upon the Dominion of Canada, or upon the provinces, unsolicited by either, could only be justified on the ground of some urgent Imperial necessity, such as the welfare of the empire, or the preservation of Imperial unity or supremacy.

There is another ground upon which it is claimed the plenary legislative powers granted to Canada are restricted, and by reason of which its legislation, on some matters, may be declared invalid. The Imperial Parliament passed an act, called "The Colonial Laws Act of 1865," containing an express reservation of general legislative powers. Sec. 2 says: "Any colonial law, which is or shall be in any respect repugnant to the provisions of any act of parliament, extending to the colony to which such law may relate, or repugnant to any order or regulation made under authority of such act of parliament, or having in the colony the force and effect of such act, shall

be read, subject to such act or regulation, and shall, to the extent of such repugnancy, but not otherwise, be and remain absolutely void and inoperative."

But upon the principles applicable to the construction of statutes, the British North America Act, being a particular statute relating to the Dominion of Canada, and to the provinces of the Dominion, must necessarily control and over-rule "The Colonial Laws' Act of 1865," or any other general act to which its provisions may be repugnant. Note also that the B.N.A. Act and its amendments are subsequent to the Colonial Laws' Act.

It may therefore be reasonably contended, that, to the extent to which legislative powers have been conferred upon the Dominion and its provinces, the Imperial Parliament has practically denuded itself of power to legislate for them, and that within the limits of the Canadian constitution, the legislation enacted by the Dominion parliament and the provincial legislatures respectively, is supreme and absolute in its authority and operation.

And there is in reality, no veto power in the Governor-General, as Mr. Bryce, Prof. Dicey, and some other writers have erroneously supposed, for although sec. 55 provides that when a bill "is presented to the Governor-General for the Queen's assent, he shall declare, according to his discretion, but subject to the provisions of this act, and to his instructions, either that he assents thereto in the Queen's name, or that he withholds the Queen's assent, or, that he reserves the bill for the signification of the Queen's pleasure;" yet, like other sections of the act already referred to, this one must not be taken literally. The Governor's discretion must be exercised "subject to the provisions of the act," and the provisions of the act must be interpreted according to the conventions, understandings and practical working of the constitution. The veto has not been exercised for over a century and a half in England, and it has never been exercised by a Governor-General in Canada. (See Bourinot's Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada. Ed. 1892. Veto.) It has become obsolete. Indeed it is contrary to the principles of ministerial government as now well understood. The Governor-General must be advised by his ministers, just as the Queen is advised by her ministers; therefore he cannot veto a measure except on such advice; but the ministry represents the majority in parliament, and is responsible to parliament. No legislation can pass without its sanction, therefore, if the ministry advised the Governor to veto a measure which had passed the Houses of Parliament, this would, in effect, be rejecting a measure which they and the Houses had sanctioned—an absurd supposition. The principle expressed in the maxim: "The King can do no wrong," must mean, if it means anything, that the Sovereign does nothing, except as directed by a ministry responsible to parliament. If the Sovereign could veto legislation he might do wrong, at all events, he would come in conflict with the party in power, that is, with the nation. Hence, in practice at least, there is no veto power in the Governor-General.

There have been some few instances, however, in the Maritime Provinces, (which retain, to some extent, their pre-confederation constitutions), in which Lieutenant-Governors have exercised what was practically a veto on legislation passed by those legislatures, but such personal acts cannot be explained or justified on any principle or theory of responsible parliamentary government. (*Vide* Bourinot, Veto and Disallowance.)

Disallowance takes the place of the Veto.—There is the power of disallowance reserved to the Imperial Government over the legislation of the Canadian parliament.

Sections 55, 56 and 57 provide, in

effect, that, after a bill has been passed by both Houses, the Governor-General may do either of two things:—(1) He may assent to the bill in the Queen's name, when it shall immediately become law, subject to the right of the Imperial Government to disallow it at any time within two years from the time of its passing, when it shall cease to be law, from the time of such disallowance; or, (2) He may withhold his assent and reserve the bill for the approval of the Imperial Government, when it shall not become the law until such approval. In both cases, the bill is forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. If, however, a reserved bill is not allowed by the Imperial Government, within two years from its passing the Canadian parliament, it never becomes law. All Dominion acts are thus forwarded to an Imperial Secretary of State, so that such as may not be in harmony with the general laws or policy of the empire, may be disallowed,

By section 90 of the act, the Dominion Government is clothed with the same power of disallowance with regard to the legislation passed by the provincial legislatures which is reserved to the Imperial Government, with regard to legislation passed by the parliament of Canada, except that the time within which the disallowance of provincial legislation must be exercised, is limited to one year from the passing of each act; the Lieutenant-Governor performing the same offices with regard to the provincial acts, by assenting to, or reserving them, which are performed by the Governor-General with regard to the acts of the Parliament of Canada, and the Dominion Government allowing or disallowing the Provincial legislation, just as the Imperial Government allows or disallows Dominion legislation.

With the exception of being presided over by the Queen's representative, who merely performs the dignified or honorary functions of government in the Queen's name, and does not and cannot exercise any real governing power; and with the exception that all treaties and transactions with foreign nations must naturally and necessarily be conducted by or through the British Government—the head of the British Confederacy of nations: and with the further exception that the Imperial Government may disallow Canadian acts of Parliament which conflict with Imperial policy, or which are not in harmony with the constitution of the empire, Canada is practically independent, and possesses and exercises all the powers of self-government, legislative, administrative, executive and judicial, possessed or exercised by any independent Sovereign state.

The Canadian constitution was not modelled upon, nor is it similar in principle to, the constitution of the United States, as Prof. Dicey so persistently asserts. There are some resemblances which will be referred to later.

The preamble of the Canadian Confederation Act states the design to be, to create a federal union of the provinces under one Dominion, with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom. And the Canadian constitution is so framed.

This is also the design and intention in regard to the local legislatures and local governments established in each of the provinces.

The important distinction between the Imperial system and the Canadian system is that, except in so far as the whole empire may be, to some extent, regarded as a federation, the federal principle does not belong to the former, but is adopted in the latter. The language used in the act, means that the machinery of parliamentary government established for the Dominion and for each of the provinces, shall operate in the same manner as the parliamentary government of the United Kingdom operates. There is a fusion of the legislative and executive

powers in each parliament. No doubt, one parliament would have been sufficient to have performed the legislative and governmental work of the whole Dominion. By many it was thought such a legislative union would have been preferable. (See confederation debates). But the provincial governments existed before the Dominion Government was created, and the majority were in favor of each of the provinces retaining legislative and executive power to deal with all matters of a local and private nature, granting to the Federal parliament all other legislative powers; and such is the nature and effect of the Canadian constitution.

It differs from the constitution of the United Kingdom in the fact that it has created a Federal Union of provincial legislative divisions, instead of a legislative consolidation of all the parts. The result is that the Dominion of Canada is a Parliamentary Republic, embracing a number of subordinate Provincial Parliamentary Republics, having the legislative powers of each of the Provincial Parliaments limited, circumscribed and defined, and the legislative powers of the Federal Parliament only limited to the extent to which powers of legislation are conferred upon each of the provinces.

In its Federal aspect, the Canadian constitution bears some resemblance to the constitution of the United States; it also resembles the American constitution in that it restricts the powers of legislation and government, both Federal and Provincial, within certain limits; and in the fact that notwithstanding the power of disallowance possessed by the Imperial Government over Dominion legislation, and by the Dominion Government over Provincial legislation, the courts of the provinces, the Supreme Court of the Dominion, and lastly, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, must decide on the constitutionality of all acts, both of the Federal Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures, when their validity is questioned in actions, or a case is submitted.

In other respects the differences are very wide.

The Government of Canada is Cabinet Government, the same as in England. The Government of the United States is Presidential Government.

In Canada the legislative and executive powers are combined, and are performed by the same officials, the same as in England. In the United States, the legislative and executive powers are separated and performed by different sets of officials, the legislative by Congress, and the administrative by the President and his Cabinet.

In Canada, the powers of parliament are supreme and unlimited, the same as in England. In the United States, the legislative and executive powers are circumscribed and limited by written constitutions.

In Canada, all the legislation must be enacted by parliament, the same as in England. In the United States, constitutional legislation, and much other legislation, is enacted by plebiscitary vote; in other words, directly by the votes of the people.

In Canada, the residuum of the legislative and executive powers is in the Federal Government. In the United States, the residuum of legislative and executive powers is in the State governments, or in the people.

In Canada, the Queen's representative has no veto power. In the United States, a real veto power is lodged in the President.

In Canada, the power of disallowance actively exercised by the Dominion Government over Provincial legislation has a tendency to preserve uniformity, to promote unity, and to prevent erratic laws. In the United States, no such power exists. Only unconstitutional legislation can be declared *ultra vires.*

In Canada, the criminal law and

procedure in criminal matters is under the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament. In the United States, it is divided between the Federal and State Governments and Courts, according as the offence may be a violation of Federal or State law.

In Canada, the constitution can be amended either by the Imperial, Dominion, or Provincial Parliaments. In the United States, the Federal constitution can be amended only by the concurrence of three-fourths of the States, and the State constitution only by the votes of the people.

The Canadian Senate is differently constituted from the American Senate. The Senate in Canada is not a House of Lords, nor is it an hereditary House; it was not created to represent, nor does it represent, the Provinces or Provincial rights. In the United States, the happy idea was hit upon of constituting a second chamber, by empowering each of the State corporations to choose an equal number of persons to represent them. Thus, says Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," the United States Senate was created, and it represents State rights.

In England, the House of Lords and the Sovereign represent the imposing and dignified parts of the constitution (says Bagehot in his "English Constitution,") and, in a certain sense, the House of Lords represents the traditions, the chivalry, the experience of the nation. But the fathers of Confederation adopted a different plan; they evidently intended that the Senate should be composed of experienced representative men, selected from the different provinces, who would become judicial, and free from party prejudice in their habits of thought, and in their treatment of questions. In practice, it must be admitted that this ideal has scarcely been realized. Senators are appointed by the Premier to meet party exigencies. He must preserve the strength of his government and party, and when a party has been long in power, the Senate becomes wholly of the political complexion of that party. A Senate so constituted may have the wisdom, but cannot have the prestige, of the House of Lords. In England, a deadlock may be overcome on very important occasions by the creation of new peers. In the United States, the political complexion of the Senate is continually undergoing change, by the constantly recurring elections, and deadlocks are overcome by elections, or not at all. But in Canada, neither of these methods is available, the Canadian Senators being appointed for life, and their number being limited by the Confederation Act. But deadlocks are as often blessings as otherwise, and this defect in the Canadian system, if it can be called a defect, is not likely ever to be serious.

There are some strong considerations in favor of the Canadian method of constituting an Upper House, as contrasted with the constitution of the English House of Lords, or with that of the American Senate.

The members of the House of Lords represent classes, families and vested interests. The Canadian Senators do not.

Many members of the House of Lords are young, or inexperienced, and influenced by the prejudices and preferences of the respective classes to which they belong. The Canadian Senators have all, by some means, won their way to the Senate, and hence they are all necessarily men of some experience, character and standing.

The American Senators are chosen for limited periods, and they expect to be re-elected. They, therefore, retain their party connection, and are influenced by it. The Canadian Senators being appointed for life, their party connection should cease with their appointment. They have nothing more to gain or expect from parties, hence they are more likely to become non-partisan and judicial in their treatment of legislation than American

Senators, and they are not influenced by class feelings or prejudices, as the members of the House of Lords are liable to be. The Canadian Senate, thus constituted, and possessing similar powers to those possessed by the British House of Lords, should exercise a salutary influence and check upon legislation.

Upon the whole, I think the Canadian constitution, by introducing the Federal principle, thus giving local self-government to each of the provinces, is more suitable to a nation composed of different races, and extending over a wide area, than a legislative union would be; and by adopting the Parliamentary system, combining the legislative and executive functions in a Cabinet, the Government escapes the paralysis caused by conflicting departments, and its action is more direct and vigorous than in systems where the legislative and executive powers are separated and jealously kept distinct from each other. For example, if a tariff bill had been amended by the Canadian Senate as the Wilson bill was by the U. S. Senate, the Premier, instead of accepting the ammendents, could have dissolved the House, and appealed to the country, thus submitting the questions in difference to the arbitrament of the electorate. Such a course cannot be resorted to under the American Constitution; all parties remain in office for the stated periods for which they were elected; there is no fear of dissolution before their eyes. I mention this as a striking illustration of one of the principal differences between Cabinet Government and Presidential Government.

AT MINAS BASIN.

About the buried feet of Blomidon,
Red-breasted sphinx with crown of grey and green,
Swirl the tides of Minas, their crescent queen
On high, fleet-oared by galleys of the sun.
The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale!
The blue air winks with life like beaded wine!
Storied of Glooscap, of Evangeline—
Each to the setting sun this sea did sail.
Opulent day outpours its living gold,
Till all the west is belt with crimson bars,
Then darkness lights its silver moon and stars,—
The festal beauty of the world new-old.
Facing the dawn, in vigil that ne'er sleeps,
The sphinx her secret of the Basin keeps.

PARTRIDGE ISLAND. —THEODORE H. RAND.

CECIL RHODES AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

BUT few men are born to wield supreme power and exercise unlimited influence in controlling the affairs or moulding the destinies of what is, or will be, a great people. Yet, for the first time in South African history, a British war has been carried on successfully and finished victoriously without Imperial aid or practical interference. For the first time, a strong man appears in control of the complicated interests and difficult problems of the South African States, and demands the right to guide their affairs without the friendly but often mistaken dictation of the Colonial Office; and the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes has been practically accorded the power to carry out his policy in his own way.

The result has proved a remarkable tribute to a great personality. Mr. W. T. Stead, who is a keen though erratic observer, has described the Cape Premier as having only two English superiors in the art of governing. The one is Mr. Gladstone, the other Lord Salisbury. Possessed of a determined concentration of purpose and devotion to the end he has in view, with an absolute indifference to public sentiment, or to that fear of public opinion which weaker and lesser men feel so intensely; characterized by a complete faith in himself and his projects, and by an utter absence of hesitation or doubt at those critical moments when decision is the supreme factor of fate; Mr. Rhodes is undoubtedly a great man. He has been described as having the face of Cæsar, the ambition of a Loyola, and the wealth of a Croesus. He is at this moment President of the South African Company, which controls the destinies of millions of human beings, and he has annexed great territories to the British Empire. He is Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and head of a company which manipulates the greatest diamond mines in the world. And withal, he is only forty years of age, in the prime of manhood and vigor, and possessed of a reputation which is Imperial in extent and is daily growing.

The recent Matabele war was only an incident in such a career. But it is none the less destined to be one of the most important landmarks in South African history. It marks the end of that prolonged period of well-intended but ill-directed interference which has brought the name of the British Colonial Office into oft-times merited contempt. The situation, however, has always been a difficult one. Practically the control of the native races, under many different stages and forms of government, rested in the hands of the High Commissioner for South Africa, under the direction of the Colonial Department in London. But the same official was also Governor of Cape Colony, and compelled by its constitution to follow the advice of his ministers. As their views of the treatment policy to be pursued towards the native races, by whom the colony is in the main surrounded, often differed diametrically from those of the High Commissioner and the Home Government, it is easy to see how complications constantly arose. Now that the native races come so largely within the sphere of the great Chartered Company, whose interests are, of course, identical with those of the Premier of the Cape, it is evident that the situation has been greatly simplified. There is, however, no doubt that in obedience to the agi-

tation of men like Henry Labouchere, who do not scruple to call the company "a gang of adventurers and filibusterers," an attempt at interference was made from London during the Matabele war, and Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, instructed to assert his old-time supremacy in native affairs. The result in dealing with a man so mentally strong as Cecil Rhodes might have been expected, and is seen in the fact that he has since carried on and finished the war in his own way, and with the Company's troops, aided only by Cape Volunteers. Genuine English opinion in this connection may be summed up in the words of the *Times*, October 25th, 1893:—

"The company is regarded here in its true light as the pioneer of Empire, and its task is one which must not be impeded by unnecessary restrictions. At the Cape and in Mashonaland, there are very large intere ts, which come more closely home to men's bosoms than the most vivid sense of Imperial needs. Men have staked their prospects, their capital and their lives upon the successful prosecution of the great enterprise of reclaiming Southern Africa This war is waged by the very men whose interests are at stake, and whose knowledge is immediate and living."

To those who know something of the country in question, this expression of popular opinion—this evidence of a disinclination to interfere with the policy of Mr. Rhodes,—was a distinct victory for home rule and for colonial freedom to expand in a way suited to local requirements and in accordance w.th local ambitions. It was a great personal triumph for Cecil Rhodes, but it was more than that. It meant that neither Liberal nor Conservative Governments in Great Britain will interfere with future colonial expansion in South Africa, and that before many years are passed Rhodes will probably have used this privilege of a free hand by uniting more or less closely all the countries of South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi.

The central figure in the drama of war and peace which has lately passed before the eyes of the world; the central power in this coming process of development, is a remarkably interesting character as well as what may fairly be called a great man. What the statesmen who moulded the American constitution tried to do for the United States; what Sir John Macdonald achieved for Canada; what Cavour did for Italy, or Bismarck for Germany, Rhodes is doing for South Africa. Much of his greatness is a future, rather than present quality, but if Emerson's definition be correct, the Cape Premier may well be included within the sacred portals of that sphere which so many strive in vain to enter. The Sage of Concord counts him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He is one who has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations. And Cecil Rhodes is nothing if not large in ambition, quick in thought, and apt in the seizure of opportunities The Duke of Abercorn, who is the London Chairman of the South African Company, says that Mr. Rhodes has annexed to the Empire territories larger than Central Europe, including all Mashonaland—which is as large as Spain — Bechuanaland, Manicaland, and North Zambesia, and much more which hardly possesses a name. The region, as a whole, is one where white men can work profitably and pleasantly. Out of part of these territories he practically kicked the Portuguese—much to the comfort of the unfortunate natives—and everywhere he is running telegraph lines and establishing peace and order. Two railways are being built, one to the coast, and the other to connect with the Cape Colony system, while a telegraph line is projected to Uganda, and thence through the Mahdi's territory and the Soudan to Egypt. The Mahdi will not be conquered by force,

but will be made subservient to Mr. Rhodes's ambitious schemes, through the potent action of gold, and by means of a yearly subsidy. Thus, the British possessions in South Africa, in Central Africa, and the great Protectorate upon the banks of the Nile, will be connected by wire, and ultimately, he hopes, by rail. Gordon will be avenged, and peaceful commerce take the place of war and slavery throughout the greater part of the Dark Continent. The scheme is a great one, but who will say that it may not be accomplished. There never was an age when energy and genius could find so great a scope as in the present, and Africa certainly provides the widest of all spheres for the exercise of these qualities.

But in this creation of a new Indian Empire on African soil, there are many preliminary steps. The first has been taken, and the defeat and death of Lobengula means that the control of the native races of South Africa is to be practically in the hands of the chartered company.

The company, so long as Mr. Rhodes is Premier of the Cape, will work in harmony with that colony, whilst the recent gift of Constitutional Government to Natal, enables that next door neighbor to stand upon a level with the Cape in the consolidation of their mutual interests.

For the present, the Dutch influence, which is very great in Cape Colony, and is controlled by Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, a delegate to the recent International Conference at Ottawa, is not manifesting any hostility to the Premier, who has also been successful in keeping the Transvaal Boers well in hand. Two years ago, the latter threatened to "trek," or march, an organized, armed settlement into Mashonaland, and establish there another Dutch Republic, but the combined and determined action of Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Rhodes prevented this most dangerous move. The character of the latter had already made itself felt in the councils of President Kruger. That he was able to take a strong stand in this matter without antagonizing Dutch support at the Cape shows what a remarkable man Cecil Rhodes really is.

His policy, in a general sense, has been described. But his local South African policy finds fuller expression in the following extracts from a speech delivered at Kimberley immediately after his return from England in 1891. The Premier was dining with the leaders of the Afrikander Bond—the great Dutch organization of the colony, so that his language is doubly significant:—

"A change must in time occur from the Chartered system of Government (in the territories on the Zambesi) to the Imperial system of Self-Government, and from Self-Government to a system of union with Cape Colony. I think that we shall gradually go from the Cape to the Zambesi. * * * It is not for us to interfere with the independence of States that are neighboring to us. It is for us to obtain customs relations, railway communication, and free trade in products with them, but never to interfere with their independence. But it is for us, who have the power and means, to take the balance of the map and say, that shall become part of our system. * * * If you desire the cordial and intense co-operation of the English section of this country, let us unite and be of one mind on this question of self-government. We believe that with your help it is possible to obtain union fulfilling in every respect your ideas of self-government, and yet you are not asking us to forfeit our loyalty and feeling of devotion to the Mother-Country."

This remarkable and comprehensive speech, coming from a man who is at once an irresponsible head of an autocratic company, and the responsible Premier of a free colony, shows clearly his ambition and policy. It will take time to accomplish. No one knows that better than the manipulator of diamond mines who took more than a decade to amalgamate them under one controlling power, but who found himself at the end of that period many times a millionaire. With equal skill he has drawn together the apparently divergent interests of the

company and the Cape. The former supports him as a matter of course, because he is the head and inspiration of the whole colossal enterprise. The colony supports him, because it appreciates his distinct and avowed aim of making Cape Town the centre and capital of the whole of South Africa. Skilful diplomacy has made the Orange Free State and the Transvaal respect his influence, and aid his schemes in the direction of commerce and transportation. A strong popular belief in his loyalty and imperial spirit has produced in England that confidence in his policy and intentions which is shown in the recent willingness to give him full liberty of action.

A word as to the personality of the man. The Hon. Cecil John Rhodes was born on July 5th, 1853, at Bishop Stortford, England. As the son of a clergyman, he naturally received a good education and finally went to Oriel College, but he left before finishing his course, in order to accompany a delicate brother to the Cape. There he devoted himself to supplying the diamond mines with water. In this, and by jobbing in claims, he made considerable money, and then turned his attention to amalgamating the mines. Ultimately, successful, the "great amalgamator" entered the local Parliament, and four years ago became Premier of Cape Colony. Not long afterwards, he was instrumental in organizing the British South African Company, and became its President. In Cape politics one of his recent acts has been the presentation of a site valued at $80,000 to found at Cape Town a university, which he hopes will attract the youth from all the States of South Africa, and become a vital unifying force in its history. For some time he was chiefly known in English political circles as the man from South Africa, who gave Mr. Parnell £10,000 to forward Home Rule. For a while, and until the character of Mr. Rhodes became better understood, the gift was the subject of some misapprehension. Cecil Rhodes was, and is, an ardent Home Ruler, but he is an equally enthusiastic Imperialist. He believed self-government as necessary for Ireland as for South Africa, but he also believed that the absence of Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament meant separation. He wrote Parnell upon this point, and on being assured that the Irish leader would not consent to the exclusion which was then being suggested, he forwarded him a cheque for the large amount mentioned The result of Home Rule, he thinks, will be a Federation of the whole Empire. And to this end Mr. Rhodes supported warmly, when in England last year, the commercial union of British countries upon a basis of preferential duties against foreign powers. Since then he has sent delegates all the way to Ottawa to discuss the question of closer colonial relations. Curiously enough, Mr. Rhodes was a great admirer and personal friend of General Gordon, and only the accident of his having just assumed the post of Treasurer at the Cape prevented him from joining his friend in the fatal mission to Khartoum. General Gordon, who had met the South African statesman when in Basutaland, cabled him an invitation to go to the Soudan. If the clear perception of Cecil Rhodes had been united with the patriotic purpose and Christian fortitude of Gordon in that famous mission, who can say but that its disastrous end might have been averted. On the other hand, however, it is probable that all the ability in the world could not have surmounted the obstacles raised by the vacillation of the Home Government during that shameful period. Upon the refusal, therefore, of Mr. Rhodes depended to all appearances the future of South Africa, and perhaps of more than even that geographical expression will cover.

To return, however, to the present period. Mashonaland, the country which the Matabele Impis regarded as

the legitimate field for marauding operations, for wholesale massacres, and pleasant slave-hunts, is thoroughly known to Mr. Rhodes. Two years ago, he travelled over the greater part of it accompanied by only a small escort and met with various stirring adventures, besides discovering that the territory in question was a veritable Land of Ophir, rich in gold and other minerals, teeming with animal life, possessed of an extremely fertile soil and magnificent grazing lands. From Beira, on the coast, Mr. Rhodes and his party sailed up the Pungwe River for seventy miles to Mapandas, then struck across the fever belt, where the temperature ran up to 130° in the sun, to the higher lands, where both country and climate improved immensely. One section of country, about forty miles of which they crossed, is described by Mr. D. C. De Waal, M.L.A., who accompanied the party, as a huge zoological garden. Wild animals simply swarmed on every side, and at night the place appeared fairly alive with lions, one of which, by the way, nearly ended the career of the Cape Premier. At a place called Umtali, a piece of territory was traversed which the visitor could only describe adequately by terming it "the Garden of Eden." For a hundred and seventy miles they passed through a land of hill and dale and woody knolls, a country of natural fertility and wonderful beauty, with scenery resembling somewhat, it is said, that between Rome and Naples. And so to Fort Salisbury, Fort Victoria, and thence to the Land of Lobengula.

Mashonaland seems, therefore, to be a country of varied resources and considerable climatic differences, but upon the whole, reports which are as reliable as the nature of things permit, indicate it to be one of the richest territories opened up to civilization and settlement in recent years. It is certainly well worth the effort which has been made by Mr Rhodes and the Chartered Company to free it from the curse of Matebele raids and to open it up to white colonization.

South Africa is now at the tide which reaches nations and countries, as well as individuals. Taking it at the flood, as seems likely to be the case, Cecil Rhodes will probably lead it on to fortune and find himself the founder of what in days to come will be a great African Empire. He is strong, self-reliant and resourceful, and it will not be his fault if the self-governing colonies of the Cape and Natal, the Orange Free State, which has always been friendly to the British, the Transvaal, which is now partly settled with Englishmen, Zululand, which is practically British, and all the territories and countries up to the Zambesi, which the collapse of Lobengula bring within the sphere of British protection or Company control, do not in time become parts of a united South Africa. In the interest of peace and progress, the unity and power of the British Empire, the welfare of the great State which is thus being slowly evolved, it may be hoped that the ambitious, noble, and far-reaching schemes of the Napoleon of South African politics may be ultimately achieved.

AHMET.

And still the mighty river drifted on,
Under the shadowed night and moving mists,
And towered the iron mountains, dark and stern,
Under the arctic whiteness of the north.
And out of the far horizon's sullen edge
The night-winds stirred amid the lonely dead,—
Stark, moveless, gazing upward at the skies,
Where silent and cold the unanswering stars looked down.

And Ahmet raised him from the battle-field,
Where stunned he lay beneath a Tartar horse
Huge, stiff and dead, transfixèd by a spear;
And left the awful plateau of the dead,
And stood upon the high-raised river bank,
Beneath the white stars of the wintry heaven;
And moved himself, and beat the life-blood back
Into the death-like torpor of his veins:
And looked abroad, where all the night lay still
And dim with murk far over that lone waste.
Leagues to the north, under the mighty Bear,
Folded in fog, a fleeting silver dream,
The river moved and sang into the dark,
Under the frosty splendor of the stars.

And Ahmet stood and gazed into the night,
And lifted his face up to those watchful lights
That looked from out their lonely homes on him
And saw the Pleiades, a tangled mist
Of moveless jewels in the sky's blue deep,
Or pale grape-cluster in some great god's hand

And felt the old religion of his race,—
A nomad people on the northern steppes,
Who wandered from place to place tracking their gods —
The stern, white wanderers of the trackless heaven —
Beat in the stirring pulses of his blood.
And Ahmet prayed in his heart's agony,
Unto the fathers of his race, the gods,
For his own people in their distant home,
And for himself on this lone, desolate waste,
And the great dead, who battling through that day,
Went to the gods from off their foeman's spears.
Then rang his song of triumph to the night,
Of those his blade loosed to the land of death,
Threading the carnage on that awful field;
Then ceased, nor ever echo answered there,
Save the far moaning of some mountain beast
Haunting the jungle by some night-ward shore.
And never a sound came over that lone waste,
Where the far mountains raised their iron heads,
And the great river sang its sleep below.

Then strode he past the pallor of the night,
Like some huge shadow 'mid the shadows there,
Unto the unwaked slumber of that plain;
And moved amid the hushed and sombre dead,
Awful and stern in their last, silent sleep,
With clotted blood congealed on shield and helm,
And stony faces staring at the stars,
Great blade or spear still clasped in each dead hand;
And came to where the young boy-chieftain lay,
The last grim prince of his rude southern race,
With whom he rode to battle yester morn,
Now stark and motionless beneath the stars,
With his life's foeman silent, face to face!

And Ahmet lifted up his sombre face
To the white heaven and the stars, his gods,
And moaned, "O, awful rulers of my race,
Looking from out the mighty deeps on me,
Ye who on radiant thrones of splendid light,
From out your far halls gaze upon this earth;
And know, perchance, her motions through the deep,
Her changes and her seasons, and perchance
The strange, weird agony and joy of man,
Who rises from her breast, as some dim mist,
Then sinks forever on her meres again:
Know ye that unto me this night is given
The woeful part to answer for the dead
Unto you gods, who rule the afterworld.
My part it is to bury this great King,
The mighty son of a once mighty race.
Now 'tis for me to hollow his last bed,
And lay the holy earth upon his face,
His breast and limbs, and shut him from the light,
So that ye gods, in looking from your thrones,
May see no part of what is shape of him,
And curse him, banished from your halls forever.

"Yea, more, in keeping with that ancient law,
Stern and relentless, given to my race,
And handed down the generations long,
And kept by us with solemn reverence,
I must this night find seven of our race,
Who went out here upon this battle-field,
And lay their shapes of them with decent care,
Stark, side by side, in this young prince's grave,
Ere the white god of dawning pales yon east;
Or else this prince, belovèd, noble, brave,
Who hath gone out in his old foe's embrace,
Must ever, doomèd, wander the trackless way,
Shut out from all the homes of your white splendor
And searching forever,— like some lonesome wind
Beating about the hollow halls of night."

Then wresting a blade from some grim foeman's hand,
Strode once more outward to the river's bank,
Where the great waters moved beneath the mist;
And never a night-bird called from bank to bank,

But the cold river mists encircled him,
And there he toiled with quick, despairing will,
And made an opening in the wind-swept sands,
Red, desert-blown adown the centuries.
The solemn night-winds crept about his toil,
Loosening the mists along the lonesome shores.
And now a slinking jackal wandered past,
Then stole to some far shadow of the field
To his weird feast upon the unburied dead.

Then with stern face, across the lonely field,
Like some great hero of the olden days
Working by night some splendid titan deed;
Or, as the shadow of some olden god,
Paying by night the last, sad, hallowed rites
Over the form of some great chieftain slain;
With reverent duty to the spirit fled,
Bare he the dead young king with awful toil,
Unto the grave that he had hollowed there,
With six men more, and laid them in that grave,
With faces fixed, limbs rigidly composed,
And mute, dull eyes, dumb staring at the stars.
Then went again with agonizing tread,
As a young lioness might hunt her cub
In some great slaughter of huge jungle beasts,
And circle dumb, yet never find him there;
So, he in vain, amid the silent dead,
Searching the heaps, went through the haunted dark,
Praying the gods in his great, dread despair.
Then, sorrowing, back, came to the high-raised bank,
And saw the lonely river and the night,
The iron mountains, and those dead men there!

And now it seemed to Ahmet standing by,
That out of the sombre shadow of that pit,
Those silent faces pleaded with him there.
And well he knew that somewhere off afar
In outer space, this side Valhalla's gates,
These seven souls awaited heaven's doom.
With that a bitter sorrow filled his soul
For those, his warrior-comrades lying dead,
And that young prince whom he had loved so well:
That they should never see Valhalla's doors
Wide-open to the welcome din within,
Of mighty warriors at eternal feasts,
And glorious songs of titan battle-joy,
Of lofty heroes, told unto the gods.
"Nor could I enter there myself," he dreamed,
"And know their joy, if that I die not here.
And did I now wend backward to my home,
And live mine after days in earthly peace,
And turn mine aged face upward by my hearth,
Surrounded by my loved, in days to come:
Could I a warrior, to the Warrior-gods
Go in, nor answer for those dead ones there,
And meet their hero faces without shame,
And know these poor ones wandering in the dark,
Despairing ever through the endless years."

Whereat he rose and looked up to the stars,
And spake: "O Mighty Ones, it is well seen
That I must see mine olden home no more,
But I must end me here on this dread plain,
Loosening my soul, even that these poor men
May know the golden glory of the gods;
Returning never to the ones I love."
Whereat a great sob rent his anguished frame,
And all his face, across the shadowed light,
Showed with an awful woe, for he was young,
Scarce yet a man, and this his first of battles,
Where he had come in his fierce warrior-joy,
For that glad love wherewith he loved the king.
And far at home his agèd father sat,
And his old mother, mourning for their son;
And in the dark he saw his betrothèd's eyes
Soften to tears, at memory of his name.
Whereat deep anguish smote his strong, young breast,
And looking to the sky, cried out: "O, Gods!
Is there no way? A sign! great Gods, a sign!"
Whereat a splendid meteor blazed and fell
Across the silent wonder of the night,
Girding the horizon to the iron hills.

And then a thrill of greatness shook him there,
For now he knew for certain he must die.
And looking on the dead face of the prince,
He spake: "O noble soul and brave and true!
Great heart that never fled from human face,
Nor yet would go back from some wondrous doom,
Such as is laid on thy loved comrade here!
That such dread woes are fallen from the gods
'Tis not for souls like mine to question why.
But I will follow whithersoe'er thou goest,
Thunder thy shadow-steed o'er trackless heaven,
Or to the brink of floorless night and hell.
Yet comrade, friend, forgive thine Ahmet here,
If he finds woman's grief for what he leaves.
Like thee, I never more will see my home,
My boyhood's country in its golden prime:—
The happy hearths and plains we loved of yore.
No more must see the parents of my youth,
Nor guard their age, nor close their sightless eyes,
Nor know the joys of husband or of sire,
Of children's prattle, glad about the knees,
The loved home comforts, and the wintry fire,
And all the glories of this splendid world.
All these must I forego, nor know old age,
And the last peace at golden life's decline,
Because of some weird doom that hath been mine
Given of old, from out the mighty gods."
Then ceased, and, with soft hands of loving care,
Took earth and laid it on the dead young king:—
Upon his face and his still, rigid limbs;
And said; "I now commend thee to the gods."
Likewise, in turn, he did unto the others,
As was the ancient custom of his race.

Then Ahmet rose and stood in his own grave,
And bearing in his hand the naked blade,
Spake: "Now am I resolved with conquering hand
To cleave this murky curtain of my flesh,
And hew a doorway past these walls of life
Unto the outer splendor of the gods.
And ye, white watchers of the wheeling world;
O, ancient makers of my doom, Behold!
O, lonesome desert, wintry to the south,
O, luminous stream and desolate iron hills;
Your glory will fall on Ahmet's eye no more!
And thou, my love, whose holy love was mine,
Snatched by the fates from my too-passionate grasp,
Thou wilt know sorrow when thine Ahmet's gone.
Yea, thou wilt sit across the wintry years,
Turning thy wheel by morn or sunset door
Brooding upon a face that comes no more!
And ye my parents! One will hobbling go,
Past the familiar haunts and quarrel with death
Who claimed the wrong one first. The other, she,
Will croon, with grief-filled face, the fire beside,
Peopling in vain the home with olden dreams,
And all the joyous sounds that should have been.
Farewell, O glorious stars, and sun and moon,
Now I go out upon this journey dread,
I hear my charger, slain this early morn,
Neighing beyond the gates of outer dark,
Watching for the master who should come."
Then lifting up his strong face to the skies,
Took one last look on all the wheeling worlds,
And with glad challenge to the foeman dark,
Struck home the thirsting blade to his proud heart,
And with one mighty shout there backward fell!

Then there was heard a thunder of shadowy hoofs
That out of the deep wells of the night swept past;
And as they went a riderless steed there neighed
Joyously, to him who leaped to saddle,
With splendid mien of conqueror just returned
From some far titan battle of the gods;
Then all swept up the steep, sheer depths of heaven,
Thundering up the glorious slopes of blue,
Striking fire-hoofs upon the flinty air,
Onward to the ramparts of the skies,
Where some day through long ages they will scale,
And clang the golden gates and enter in

But still the mighty river drifted on,
Beyond the night to meet the coming day;
Beyond the iron mountains and the dark.
And out of the wintry radiance of the stars
There grew a beauty of the lonely night,
That clothed those mighty dead, and came and fell,
Like on some peak that fronts the far-off dawn,
On Ahmet's face, a silent majesty.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

WITH THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN IN MANITOBA.

BY R. S. MASSON.

"BANG! Bang! Bang! Chickens galore!" I was in a veritable sportsman's paradise. Chuckling inwardly, a feeling of self-satisfaction crept over me, as I thought of the "glorious bag" I would return to the city with; when the banging of several doors in some distant part of the house awakened me with a start. I had been in dreamland. A long day's work in court had paved the way for an after-dinner nap in my easy chair. To-morrow, office, Court House, clients and easy chair would all be left behind. Dogs and gun were to be my companions for the next two weeks, and the anticipation of pleasure in store did not leave me even in moments of slumber. It has ever been my opinion that much of our pleasure is derived from the faculties of anticipation and reflection; in looking forward to some new "outing," or in conning over in our mind's eye some past events, the dark side of the picture is usually omitted. The Real, seldom, if ever, equals the Ideal.

Accounts of preparations are, as a rule, boring. Suffice it to say that Monday night saw us all comfortably installed in my little hunting shack in Southern Manitoba. "Us all" includes the "Doc," my two dogs, "Grouse" and "Meeme," and, naturally, myself. "Billy," a native pony, is not in it, as he has to be contented with a pair of hobbles and such freedom as he can find with these upon the adjoining prairie. Billy is a jewel, in his own way, and I sometimes fancy almost glories in the smell of gunpowder and the crack of a gun. Driving over the prairies, he will stop at once if a chicken rises from the grass near him, and many a fine bird have I dropped from my seat in the buckboard. The "Doc" and I, ever since our college days have continued inseparable chums. There is only one thing he did for which I never could wholly forgive him, and that was choosing medicine instead of law.

Of my dogs, a splendid pair of English setters, I'll say nothing. Once on that theme, the boys say, there is no stopping me. I love my dogs better than I do myself.

The two weeks at the "shack" passed away all too soon. When the "whirr" of the chickens, as they rose from the grass, ceased to startle us, and right and left seldom failed to drop their birds, a drive of four or five miles would take us into a land where geese, ducks and sand-hill cranes afforded all the sport desired, and gave Grouse and Meeme a well-earned rest.

A glorious two weeks. 'Twould be difficult, indeed, to single out any one day and say that on it the sport was best.

And here, while I am trying to recall to memory some of the most interesting incidents of our little holiday, let us imagine we are all gathered around a cosy grate fire in our easy chairs, listening to the oracle while he tells us of some of the habits of the bird we have been hunting, and especially those which have come directly under his own observation.

To a man who loves his dogs and gun, what is more to be desired than a day with the prairie chicken? A most wary bird, indeed, it is. In the fall of the year, early in the morning, you can count upon finding chickens perched upon the top of any of the numerous stacks of golden grain. Approach these stacks then, if you can, without disturbing the birds. The

winking of an eye is almost sufficient to make them take to flight. The loiterer, lazy, or curious bird,—and there is invariably one in each flock,—is the only one at which you will obtain a shot just now. Watch the flock closely and mark where they light. A short flight and they will settle in the long grass, or among the clumps of bushes scattered here and there over the prairie. Then look well to your gun and have your cartridges handy; the sport is about to commence. The bright barrels will likely be warm before you finish with this flock. Do not hurry, for the bird is nearer than you think, and too much haste is apt to cause a miss. There is plenty of time; make certain that your aim is true. Pull the trigger and the shot will do the rest. Never move without reloading. One step may cause another bird to rise, when both barrels may be needed.

Bravo! Five out of this covey and one wing tipped, marked down by yonder clump of bushes! Search carefully for it, and see that the dogs find; 'tis a shame to leave a wounded bird to the mercy of the hawks or foxes. One afternoon I chased a chicken with broken wing for fully fifteen minutes round and round a large clump of willow bushes. The willows grew so closely together that it was almost impossible to kill by shooting through them. Besides, I enjoyed witnessing the sagacity of the wounded bird. It could run around that bush just fast enough to keep out of my reach. If I turned to go the other way in order to head it off, the quarry would turn too. Drive it away from the willows, out into the open ground, I could not. It was a case of "catch me if you can." At last, tired of the running, and concluding that the bird would not give in, I circled out some distance from the bush, and with a shot put an end to the game.

In the winter time, a deep snow bank makes a splendid nest or shelter for the feathered beauties. Lighting on the surface of the soft snow, their weight and a little scratching soon make a deep hole in the "Beautiful," and to this they will return night after night. In one small field I have seen dozens of these holes, all from twelve to fifteen inches in depth, and showing plentiful signs of being the home of the chickens. Now is the time for the coyote and fox; and numbers of fine birds, seized in this snug retreat, go to replenish the larder of the prowlers.

Another thing I have noticed about the prairie chicken is, that, although after the season opens they quickly become very wary, and take to flight on the slightest provocation, yet with the close season again, they just as quickly become reconciled to the sight of man, and it is no uncommon thing during the winter months to see these stately birds strutting around the barnyard with the domestic fowls, and hardly moving out of the way at the farmer's approach.

During the hatching season, if any one approaches too near these interesting birds, I have known the old ones to resort to all kinds of cunning devices to lead off the interloper. They will fly off a few feet, and, lighting, run along the ground, trailing one wing, as if broken, even falling over at times, as if completely exhausted. When they have fooled you away to a safe distance, the antics are suddenly abandoned, and your apparently wounded bird, no doubt smiling inwardly at your gullibility, flies away, leaving you staring in astonishment.

The oracle pauses. The imaginary fire has gone out, and the easy chairs have vanished. It is my turn now.

A cool, bright morning, with the dewy drops lying thick upon the long, tough grass. An involuntary shiver runs through the Doc's frame, as we emerge into the open air, and a wish, though unuttered, arises within me that he may not notice my chattering teeth. Even the dogs at first

step high as they walk through the cold, wet grass.

A sharp walk soon sends the warm blood coursing through our veins, and before the chicken grounds are reached we are revelling in the beauty of the morning, and making good resolutions to rise with the sun, even after our return to the city. For, see! A rim of fire is swiftly rising in the east. The clouds above us are now decked in brilliant hues, as if to welcome the King of Day. The tree tops, too, they also are singing forth his praises, and now the glorious orb bursts upon us in all its brilliancy.

Our dream is finished, and with a start we look around for the dogs. They have disappeared. Ah! There comes Meeme, swinging full tilt around the bush ahead of us. Look! What is the meaning of that sudden stop? That transformation from a racing dog to a marble statue?

"She must be right on top of the birds," I whisper, as we hurry up.

"Steady, girl! Steady!" With a whirr and a whiz, seven large birds rise together from the grass, almost under our feet. By some fluke I pull both triggers at once, without putting the gun to my shoulder. Needless to say, not even a feather falls to the ground. What a withering look the good old dog seems to bestow upon me. In sheer desperation, and very much out of humor with myself, I crowd in two more cartridges, and with a well-directed right, manage to drop the last of the flock, as the others disappear over the top of the bush.

Only now I turn to look at the Doc; and as I gaze am consoled for my misses. He had neglected to load when we started out, and in the hurry of the moment had endeavored to slip in a tight cartridge instead of dropping it and trying another. There the poor fellew stood, a picture of misery, gazing at the flying birds. Truly we were excited that first stand on our first morning out.

But birds are plenty, and we are soon in the midst of them again. I notice that even the dogs are getting excited, and not as steady as they should be.

In little more than an hour I find my shooting coat too heavy for comfort, and am ready to return to the shanty for breakfast.

A whistle brings the dogs to heel, and the Doc and I compare notes. Sixteen birds in his coat, and fourteen in mine!—Not a bad morning's bag! And it is not over yet. That black streak in the sky, seemingly coming towards yonder stubble field—what is it? And, as if in response to my question, the "honc, honc, honc" from a flock of geese is borne to my ears. The same impulse seems to move both of us, for we are already down behind a neighboring bush, imitating the call of the geese to the best of our ability, and at the same time I change the cartridges from my gun, and put in others loaded with heavier shot.

Almost before the change is effected, I can hear the beat of their wings, and the flock is nearly over my head. Selecting what seems to be the easiest shot, I fire my left barrel, and before the report is ended let the right go at another. One bird tumbles all in a heap, while the other takes a graceful sweep and comes down two or three hundred yards away. And there is a third bird from the Doc's gun. What a disturbance has been created in the unsuspecting flock! They have wheeled about, and come flying back carefully and slowly, until directly above the wounded goose, calling loudly all the while, full of wonder at the strange antics of their fallen companions. Curiosity satisfied and sympathy expressed, they all wheel again and are off at full speed.

Thirty chickens and three geese before breakfast! What luck! Surely this is a realization of my dream.

Winnipeg.

IRRIGATION IN THE ARID REGIONS OF AMERICA.

BY HARRY S. INGLIS.

To a person coming from any country where the rainfall is usually regular and sufficient for all or nearly all agricultural purposes, there is no feature in the material development and prosperity of the states forming the arid, or semi-arid, region of America more striking, or indeed more interesting, than that of irrigation. Irrigation is indeed the very life-blood of the country. One hears of irrigation before going west, but there is usually little conception of the necessity for such a system, of its manifold and great advantages, or of the magnitude of the works necessary for its efficiency. It is almost impossible for the eastern farmer, who looks to the former and latter rain to fall upon the earth and bring forth the fruits thereof, to realize the situation. In his part of the world, if the rain does not fall and the crops suffer, and he is religiously inclined, he devoutly prays to the Lord of the harvest for such moderate rain and showers "that we may receive the fruits of the earth, etc.;" if not, he sits on the back stoop after the day's work is done, and grumbles at the fates and all things generally, feeling, and, as he thinks, knowing, his utter helplessness. He does not lift his hand to help himself out of his difficulties; he has not thought such a thing practicable or even possible

Such dry seasons come seldom. Men do not act in matters of this kind till necessity, ever the mother of invention, compels the mind to think out and develop some scheme of relief. The pioneers who came west in the early days, were confronted with continuous drought; and we may well imagine their utter despair, as crop after crop failed them, and each season was as dry and barren as the previous one. But their unconquerable pluck and perseverance prevailed. Compelled by dire necessity, they adopted the plan of irrigation. The earlier settlements were along the rivers and streams, but even these, at times, and in certain seasons, dried up. The unfortunate settlers sank wells with the result that, while in some localities they could get water in abundance, it was often so impregnated with alkali that it was useless, at least for domestic purposes. The number of immigrants rapidly increased, and the lands away from the "bottoms" began to be settled. The wide acres of the prairie could no longer be left to the tender mercies of the coyote. These lands, though, produced nothing, and would not and could not, except as grazing lands, unless watered. Then it was that irrigation was commenced.

The idea, of course, was not a modern one, for long years ago, during the time of the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Assyria, had this same means of overcoming similar difficulties been utilized. The modern world afforded abundant evidence of the vast utility of irrigation. And even in this country the Spaniards and Jesuit Fathers had built reservoirs and irrigating systems about the old missions in Texas and Southern California, where to-day their *zanjas* are still used as channels for conveying the water. Some peoples, generally, unknown to the settlers, and long forgotten by the aborigines, had irrigated in Arizona and Southern Utah, as is evidenced by the ruined canals and ditches now to be seen there. The Mormons, however, were probably the first Americans to irrigrate. This

was in Utah in 1848, but it was not until 1870 that any really systematic work was done.

It will be of interest, here, to note the extent of the arid region. Incredible as it may seem, and as it seemed to me when I first learned the fact, no less than 1,652,060 square miles are included in it—about one half the total area of the United States. This includes the states and territories following: Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Kansas (west of 97°), Nebraska, Wyoming, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and the eastern parts of Oregon and Washington. Of this vast area, at least four-fifths absolutely requires irrigation for production at all, or, in other words, without it the land would be absolutely valueless, except in certain parts suitable for a sort of pasturage. Lands which now yield valuable crops of fruits, alfalfa, grain and all sorts of produce, were, twenty years ago, worth less than $1 an acre. So effective is the system that, according to the report of a committee appointed in 1890 by the Senate of the United States, to investigate the question, it is calculated that, in any given period of ten years, irrigated land will produce from three to five times as much as land cultivated under a normal rain fall, a fact which has been illustrated even in the experience of a few market-gardeners in western Ontario. If this is the case,—and it is undoubtedly the opinion of many ranchmen with whom I have spoken that it is so,—is there no lesson to be deduced by farmers living in the more favored east?

It is quite true that in the arid regions the cost of irrigation generally is very great, but in the east of the United States and of Canada, where the rain-fall is normal, and creeks and streams, lakes and springs abound, the cost would be very much reduced. To get an idea of the benefits, take any crop, as, for example, the peach crop. How often have we seen the peaches falling, half formed, for lack of rain and nourishment, when a little exertion and a very small outlay would have saved the orchard's yield? While large sections of the western country are under irrigation—that is, are irrigated by systems of canals and ditches controlled by companies—very many ranches, especially in the small valleys and on mountain slopes, where irrigation is only supplemental to the rain-fall, are watered by private systems. In the east, where there are few farms without abundance of water available for the purpose, this is more practicable than in the west. Certain it is that, if once the immense benefits of irrigation were realized by eastern farmers, it would be rapidly adopted where now it is scarcely even known.

Rapidly has the idea developed in the west. According to the official statistics of 1891, California had 4,500,000 acres under ditch, and 3,500 artesian wells; Colorado, 3,007,050 acres under ditch, and 4,100 artesian wells; while the whole arid region had, under ditch, 17,177,843 acres, and 13,492 artesian wells. The total of acres cultivated by the irrigators was 7,988,000. These figures rapidly increased year by year, and when we consider that the whole of this development has been accomplished practically since 1877, when foreign money was first put into the ditches, we can judge of the immense benefits that are realized from it. The figures I have given do not include private irrigators, whose number is very great, and who have reclaimed a vast quantity of land.

In Colorado I have seen a market-garden looking fresh and green, yielding vegetables and small fruits in abundance, from which the owner was making a handsome profit, and this under a scorching sun and where there had been absolutely no rain for four months. Not a stone's throw

from this garden was an uncultivated prairie, with hardly a spear of even prairie grass upon it; so burned and brown had it become that it was almost impossible to believe that, but two years before, the garden plot was in the same condition At Redlands, in California, there is a hill known as Smiley heights. Four years ago two brothers, the Messrs. A. H. & A. K. Smiley, owners of a large hotel in the White Mountains, purchased this hill side, which consisting of some fifty acres, and put water upon it. To-day it is a most magnificent garden of semi-tropical fruits and flowers, with perfect roadways winding in and about amid the most luxuriant verdure and vegetation. I do not suppose there is a more perfect expression of the landscape gardener's art on this continent. When we look upon the barren land and hillsides roundabout, and then upon the beautiful watered ranches, and garden tracts, it almost seems as if it must have been the magician's wand which has wrought the change.

As may well be imagined, the legislatures of the various states have passed many statutes, regulating the whole question of irrigation, and it has been considered whether or not it would not be well for the State, or even the Federal authorities, to have complete control of the irrigating systems. Irrigation journals and conventions are continually discussing this and analogous questions. At present the governmental regulations vary much in the different states.

Colorado is divided into water districts, in each of which an irrigation commissioner is appointed by the governor. The duties of the commissioners are judicial in their nature, disputes as to priority of right, etc., being referred to them.

Ditch companies, as they are called, are usually mutual companies. Each farmer takes a number of shares proportionate to the area of his land to be watered, the quantity of water allowed each depending upon the number of shares held. Stock companies sell water rights, by which is meant in Colorado, a supply of water sufficient for 80 acres of land.

In most cases the ranchmen have perpetual water rights. These rights vary in cost from $400 in the San Louis Valley in the southern part of the state, to $1,200 in the valley of the North Poudre in the north. Each right is still subject to a small annual assessment for working expenses. Superintendents of the companies mete out the water to the various "takers," at regular intervals. Frequent are the disputes as to the quantity of water taken, and frequent are the stealings, especially from the smaller ditches.

In the case of mutual companies, each farmer has the use of so many inches of water (according to the number of his shares), for a fixed number of days at a time. The quantity of water is measured at the flume of the intake into his farm. On receiving it there, he runs it into a system of ditches across his ranch, and goes through the fields with a shovel opening the ditches, cutting down hillocks, stopping up outlets where the water would overflow or waste and generally directing the water, so that it will cover the land to be irrigated as uniformly as possible. If the ranch is a large one, the work is kept up night and day for several days. It is no easy task. Each grain or alfalfa crop is usually watered about twice.

It is in Southern California, however, that irrigation has attained its greatest development, and there it might most profitably be studied by the eastern fruit-grower or gardener. Fruit culture may there be seen to perfection. Water poured on the rainless desert makes it bloom under the torrid sun; where the cactus and sage bush alone held sway, vineyards and orange groves, peach and apricot orchards, flourish and yield fruit to a luxuriance and extent almost unthought of in countries wholly depen-

dent upon the rain fall. The broad range of the Rockies seem to have been especially designed by nature to furnish reservoirs from which these parched, arid plains may be watered.

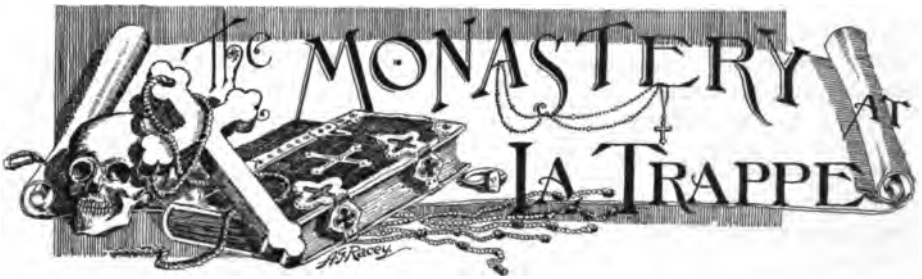
The water is brought down from the mountains by different systems in different parts of the country, and is distributed in canals, flumes, or pipes.

Sometimes it is under pressure and sometimes not. The ranchman, who is usually entitled to from an inch to five acres, to an inch to seven acres, generally receives it in an open flume at the highest point of his land. The land has been carefully graded so that the water shall run in one direction over the whole ranch. This flume is placed across the highest side of the ranch, and the water is let out into furrows previously run alongside the rows of trees. It is usually allowed to run slowly through these furrows for two or three days, so that the ground throughout the orchard becomes thoroughly soaked. This is repeated from May to November, about once a month. Nearly every orchardist has a different theory as to the proper mode of applying the water, but the general principles are the same. The holdings are usually small, each ranch consisting of from 5 to 15 acres, and 10 acres is about the average.

One law, peculiar to California, and known as the Wright Act, has had the effect of rapidly increasing the number of acres underwater. By this act any section of the country having a common water source may, by certain processes provided by the act, bond the lands to raise money for developing water, and delivering it to the ranches. These bonds form a charge upon the land, similar to municipal debentures. In some localities the act has been found to work well; in others it has proved a detriment.

Reference must be made to some of the gigantic systems, in order to give an adequate idea of the magnitude of these works. Three and a half million dollars have been expended upon a fifty mile canal, from the Merced river, with a carrying capacity of four thousand cubic feet per second, and with one hundred and fifty miles of subsidiary ditches and a reservoir, Lake Yosemite, covering a square mile to a depth of 30 feet. In Kern County there is a system of 27 main canals, with an aggregate length of three hundred miles, and having about eleven hundred miles of permanent laterals. The system has cost over $4,000,000. In San Bernardino County is the Great Bear Valley system, having a reservoir in the mountains, with a capacity of about twenty billions of gallons, from which the water is carried some twenty-five miles, and poured over thousands of acres in the several fertile, Eden-like valleys within its sweep. The products of these lands are carried east, and the district is known through the medium of the finest orange produced on the continent—the Redlands Navel.

Besides these gigantic companies, there is the small private tunnel, well, or reservoir, often found in parts of the country where the rainfall is, in some seasons, sufficient for agricultural purposes. It is from these, as I have said, that the eastern fruit farmer can learn a lesson to his advantage. Regular, unvarying crops would indeed be an unheard of blessing in the east. Such crops in the west are the rule. It is no exaggeration to say that any one, with but a small expenditure of money and energy, can ensure this certainty, at least so far as prevention of destruction by drought is concerned. It does not require an expert in the business to figure the financial benefit from irrigation.



BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

(Illustrated by A. G. Racey.)

NESTLED among the great range of Laurentian Hills, three and a half miles back of the quaint village of Oka, which is situated on the banks of the picturesque Ottawa River, is the monastery of Notre Dame du Lac des Deux Montagnes, where dwell some three-score men, who for religion's sake have taken the most solemn vows to devote their lives to mortifying their bodies. Some of them will never leave the monastery until they are carried from it by their brethren and placed in the open grave which years ago they dug for themselves.

The new stone monastery, which has been erected near the old wooden one, is a fine structure, and forms a hollow square, enclosing a large courtyard. The western wing is called the hospice, and is set apart for the use of guests. The eastern and central portions are occupied by the monks.

Interesting indeed is the history of this order, and equally interesting is the remarkable life led by those who have devoted themselves to it.

Thirteen years ago, ten men, tired of the pomps and vanities of the world, were given one thousand acres of land on these wild and densely wooded hills, for the purpose of forming a monastery, and, by cultivating the land, to pay for the humble buildings they purposed erecting and passing their lives in, and for the little they ate. As the years slowly stole by, their numbers gradually increased, and as they did, the dense wood which surrounded them began to recede back and back from the valley where the monks had built the little wooden monastery, toward the vast range of hills on the north. Soon the large area of cultivated ground brought forth far more than their needs called for, and they sent the fruit of their labors to Montreal, where it was sold. The money thus procured was invested in farm implements, and in improving the land. To-day they have a fine stone structure, scores of fine horses, over two hundred head of cattle, and hundreds of pigs and sheep, besides valuable barns, gardens, young orchards, a blacksmith's shop and a small saw-mill, all of which are tended by the monks, who begin work long before the sun illumes the broad blue Ottawa,—which the monks can see in the distance—and even after it has sunk to rest behind the vast, silent range on the west.

A visit to this remarkable monastery brings vividly back to one's memory the history of the Middle Ages, and the austere lives led by the monks of those days; in fact the monastery at Oka is simply are vival of the monastic days of that period.

The monastic life, as known, is, either Christian or Jewish, as old as Christianity. During the first five centuries of the church, cenobites existed without fixed rules, and were not very numerous. St. Benedict, in 529, gave such an impetus to monastic

orders, and placed them on so firm a footing, that he is considered the founder of monasticism.

During the trying times following the French Revolution, the Trappists were expelled from France, and wandered over Europe. Finally, Don Augustin, Abbot of La Trappe, once more, with a small band, found a resting place in France, and soon the order began to multiply and spread to other countries. The large majority of Trappist monasteries to-day are in France and Germany; but there are two in England, two in Ireland, two in Italy, one in Turkey, one in Algiers, two in the United States, and there are two in Canada,—one in Nova Scotia, founded in 1814, and that at Oka. To these are soon to be added two more, one at Lake St. John and one at St. Norbert, in Manitoba, an offshoot from the Abbey Bellefontaine, in France. Considering the lives the men who embrace these orders are compelled to lead, the growth of the order since the days of Napoleon,—when the order was well nigh extinct—is incomprehensible.

Before a man is allowed to take the life vow at the monastery at Oka, he has first to spend two years in the institute preparing for the solemn and momentous ordeal. If he finds his health gives out under the rigorous rules laid down, or, to his dismay, discovers that although the spirit is willing that the body longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and like Banquo's ghost, will not down, he can depart as freely as he came.



THE NEW MONASTERY.

On entering the grounds, one is struck with the quaint dresses of the monks. The working dress is a long white robe, looped up from the waist in order not to impede walking, while a black scapular encircles the head and falls below the knees, and a huge leather belt is fastened around the waist.

In the great fields around the monastery the monks can be seen at work, feeding pigs, driving horses, milking cows, turning over the earth, or, if it



THE MONKS HARVESTING.

be in July, cutting hay and loading it on carts. The butter, cheese and cider which they make is considered very fine and commands a good price in Montreal.

As we stand and watch the busy workers, we soon realize that there is something strange and weird about them and we try and try to think what it is. Suddenly the mystery is solved; we miss the voices of the harvesters and we turn to the "guest master," and ask him why they do not talk, and he tells us that they all have taken the vow of perpetual silence, and that the only time they hear their voices is when they lift them up in prayer to confess their numerous shortcomings. The Bishop, or Abbot of the order, and the "guest master," being compelled to meet visitors, are alone exempt from this most trying rule; but with the Brothers they never converse unless it is absolutely impossible to avoid doing so.

The visitor, on entering the monastery, is shown by an old monk, clad in a dark-brown robe, into the "guest room," which is adorned with the pictures of two men who have been benefactors of the place; the otherwise bare, grim-looking walls, lofty ceiling and rude wooden benches impart an air of severity to the room.

After a short wait, a key is heard being inserted into the ponderous lock of the door at the far end of the room leading directly into the monastery, and a moment later the "guest master," a man of pleasing and intelligent countenance, enters, and warmly welcomes the visitor, leads him through the door he has just entered, once more locks it, and then indeed is the visitor in the famed monastery of La Trappe at Oka.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more uninviting than the dining-room, which is situated in the basement. A narrow rough board supported on legs about three feet in height is the table at which they dine;

queer little unvarnished stools serve for dining chairs; the floor of the dining-room is dark, unattractive stone; even the whitewash on the walls has been darkened, in order to make the place as unattractive as possible. One meal a day is all the monks get—and such a meal! At two o'clock, in single



A MONK.

file, they enter with bowed heads and silently range themselves around the long narrow table on both sides of the room. They sit only at one side of the table, the side nearest the wall; thus they all face the centre of the room. The Superintendent, at one end of the room, with a small wooden hammer strikes the table; instantly the monks draw from their girdles small knotted whips, and then they chastise themselves on the shoulders and legs. At short intervals the hammer sounds on the table, and the whipping continues, and must continue, until the hammer ceases.

At last they are seated at the table and their food is passed to them—a small tin of soup composed of bread, water, cabbage and onions. A small piece of bread is also handed them and a generous supply of water. This wonderful diet is never changed unless in cases of severe illness.

Soon a strange scene is witnessed. One or possibly more of the monks are observed, before they touch this meagre food, which they have waited twenty-four hours for;—to stand up. The brother who is serving understands, and takes away the food and in exchange brings empty tin dishes, which the penitent monks take, and with bowed heads walk around the room to the silent eaters and mutely beg a little to eat. It is a strange sight to see the monks donating a spoonful of soup or a small piece of bread to the penitents, who voluntarily in this manner make known that they have unwittingly committed some little fault, not a sin, and for which to show their deep contrition, and to make, as they think, their salvation more secure, they seek to bring the sinful body more and more under subjection by depriving it of the needed only meal, and endeavor to chasten their souls by begging a morsel from those who can ill afford to spare it.

Even at meal-time, they are not allowed to ask a brother to pass them the salt or water.

Many who have the wish to be monks and are willing to devote their lives to mortifying the body, often have to leave the monastery, for their health gives out through lack of nourishment. Sometimes it takes many years to subdue the body to such an extent that it no longer protests against one meal a day, and that meal bread, weak soup and cold water. The monks at La Trappe who have succeeded in this difficult undertaking are a fine healthy body of men, and are seldom ill.

Apart from the dining-room, there is scarcely a chair or table to be seen in the whole monastery, and not a picture except in the cloister where

there is a set of Stations of the Cross, and these are very plain. In order that all sound may be prevented, the latches of the doors are made of wood, and the forks and spoons are of wood. The little chapel, with its narrow windows, letting in but little of the inquisitive sunlight, the carved wooden stalls, and, strangest of all, the enormous leather brass-bound breviaries, with the lines of the chant nearly an inch wide and printed entirely by hand, by means of stencil-plates, is a place that the visitor never will forget.

The great aim of the monastic life is the complete annihilation of Self, and to aid the monks to attain this end, mottoes such as these are painted on the walls of the monastery, and even in the stables and cow-shed:—"Think not, brothers, that you are humbling yourselves, for you are not; you are merely putting yourselves in the position in which you really belong" "This life is nothing; eternity is everything."

Once a day the monks repair to a long room, furnished with wooden benches, for meditation and public confession of faults. For an hour nothing can be heard but their suppressed breathing. The confession of faults at last takes place; those who have inadvertently upset salt, or let fall a vessel, or in fact done anything which their conscience tells them calls for penance, walk into the centre of the room, and, face downward, lie upon the floor which they penitently kiss.

Their form of burial and their efforts to keep the grim reaper, Death, ever in memory, are weird in the extreme. When a monk leaves this world of suffering and tribulation, he is carried to the little graveyard, which he has daily seen, and to the open grave which he has helped to dig, and is buried in it, without any coffin, or covering except his quaint robe, which he has never been allowed to take off when going to bed. Flowers are plant-



LED BY THE ABBE TO CHURCH

ed over his grave, and a huge plain cross marks the spot where lies he who has deprived himself of everything which men consider makes life bearable.



DOING PENANCE.

The strangest of all their ceremonies is the preparing of a new grave. Each of the monks, by the side of the grave just filled, at intervals takes away a small portion of earth, and continues the excavation till the grave is nearly deep enough for the next monk who passes to his reward. The graveyard is near the monastery, and the monks are thus kept in mind of what their end will be.

Many of the monks find the penance of being compelled to sleep in their clothes a most trying one. The beds they sleep in are composed of straw that has been pressed together so tightly as to make them as hard as boards. Some of the monks have pillows of this hard straw, while others in their anxiety to forego the slightest ease, pillow their weary heads on square pieces of bare boards. Before resting their bodies in these comfortless beds they take down from the foot of the bed the knotted whip, and again punish themselves.

With the exception of a narrow strip of hair, which is meant to represent the crown of thorns, their heads are devoid of hair, it being shaven off close to the skin. The monks receive many letters from devout Catholics who believe the prayers of the monks will avail much, to pray for the dead. These letters are fastened to the wall in the cloister, and are read by the monks; thus the necessity of reading them aloud and thereby breaking the vow of perpetual silence is avoided.

The one great aim of the monks is to wean themselves from thoughts of the world; consequently curiosity is considered a most deadly enemy, and is closely watched. When one of the monks wishes for the prayers of his brethren for his father or mother, who may have died, he fastens on the cloister wall a petition for prayers, worded as follows: "Brother ——— wishes for the prayers of his brother

monks for the repose of the soul of his father who has passed away from this life." The natural curiosity which may have been aroused in the breasts of the monks as to who the monk is who has lost his father and craves their prayers is not gratified.

Never was a monastery more guarded against the fair sex. On the entrance to the monastery, and over the doors of all the other buildings connected with it, are notices that almost a blind man could read, that women are not allowed to enter. The vault under the monastery, where are stored great casks of apple cider, which is sent in great quantities to Montreal, and, as stated, is considered very fine, is another place which impresses the visitor with the feeling that he no longer lives in the nineteenth century, but in the days of long ago, when the Church of Rome was associated with dark passages and huge underground vaults, and where monks of goodly proportions manufactured wines that were supposed almost to be worth their weight in gold. The vault at La Trappe is not a very large one, but, nevertheless, it is very quaint. The door leading into it is opened from the inside by a strangely clad monk, who spends nearly all his time there. The damp smell which assails the nose of the visitor generally takes away his anxiety to explore the place, small although it be.



"A Strangely Clad Monk."

The Trappist divides his time between prayer, labor, study and sleep. At seven o'clock he retires to his comfortless bed, and is up again sharp at two on the following morning. On Sundays, however, when matins are sung, they rise at one, and on special feasts, called "doubles," when the "office" is unusually long, they rise at midnight. The rule is strict that two minutes after the ringing of the bell for prayers the monks must be out of bed and down to prayer in the chapel. As they sleep in their habit, they are thus enabled to accomplish this difficult feat. After an hour of earnest prayer in the chapel comes half an hour of meditation. The monks are obliged to commit to memory the "Little Office," and also portions of the canonical office, and to recite or sing them without lights. Strangely weird is the scene in the chapel at these early hours; the intense dark-



"The Strangest of all their Ceremonies."

ness which seems to be accentuated by the glimmering altar lamp, the ghostly white-robed figures scarcely visible in the surrounding gloom, and the echoes awakened by their prayers, produce an impression not easily to be forgotten. There are sixteen distinct offices during the day. After the "Little office" of Matins and Lauds, and the half hour of meditation, the lights are lighted and the canonical matins are sung,—the whole lasting until four, when the monks separate, those of them who are priests to say Mass at the various altars, and the others to serve or assist, or else to attend to some other duty of the day.

At a quarter past seven, "Tierce" is said, and is followed by the Conventual Mass, but in winter, when time will permit, High Mass is sung.

After Mass the manual labor of the day begins for the choir monks; the lay monks, however, who are exempt from many of the offices, begin work at three. At a quarter past twelve, the monks again assemble in the chapel for the office of Sext and the Angelus. Then they again return to work. At ten minutes past two "None" is said, and then the monks, for the first time during the day, go to the refectory and break their fast; after which they again return to work until a quarter to five, when they attend Vespers, and once more return at twenty-five minutes past six, when "Complin" is said. The singing of the "Salva Regina," concludes the religious ceremonies of the day.

During the hours devoted to study, and while in the chapel, the monks wear a full white garment, which is very graceful. As they descend the long stairs on their way to the chapel, clad in these white flowing robes, they present a most picturesque appearance. With the novices, the scapular is

white instead of black, and the over-garment is a sleeveless white cloak, reaching almost to the ground. The dress of the lay monks is of similar make, but dark brown in color; the over-mantle is a sleeveless cloak.

No matter what the weather may be, the monks never wear any covering on their heads; yet they rarely ever suffer from colds.

Never do they complain, no matter how menial the work is they are given to do. The Bishop and the superintendent work just as hard and do just as menial work as the monks, whose duties they assign. It is no unusual thing to see the Bishop, on whom has been bestowed the ring and mitre, carrying swill to the pigs, water to the cattle, or stacking hay.

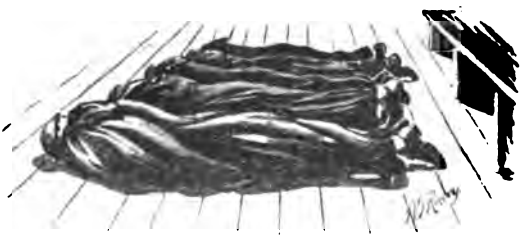
Before going out to work, the monks assemble in the work-room, where they take off their sandals and put on heavy sabots, and then, side by side, patiently wait for the superintendent to appoint them to their tasks. To avoid any task becoming interesting, none of the monks are often given the same duties over once or twice to perform; happiness must not be derived even from work, no matter how menial it may be.

The Trappists are excellent farmers, and have now a model farm. Several young men, sons of well-to-do farmers, are living at the monastery and are being taught farming. So persistently have the monks labored that they have already cleared five hundred acres, the greater portion of which is under cultivation. It is impossible to excel them as butter and cheese makers.

When they first went to Oka the farmers there were very poor, and knew little or nothing about modern farming: to-day, owing to the example set them by the monks, they are much better off. Their reverence for the monks is very great; for they are devout Catholics, and always ready to uncover the head to those who have devoted their lives to the church.

The monks are all French Canadians, and many of them belong to wealthy families. The son of a well-known French Canadian judge, much against the will of his father, about a year ago joined the order. The rule not to allow a man to take the life vow until he has been in the monastery for two years, is a very sensible one, as it has been found that more than one devout, or world-wearied man, after passing several months in the monastery, has been glad to return to his friends again. Several boys, novices, are in the monastery, and intend to become monks when they reach manhood.

So much in earnest are the little fellows that they would willingly now take the life vow, were they allowed;



"And penitently kiss the floor."

but before they can take that momentous step, they have to be twenty-one years of age. It is touching to see them, clad in quaint garments, marching to work with sealed lips, and modestly bowed heads. On account of their youth, the tasks assigned them are not severe.

It would be unfair to the monks to leave the impression that they are unhappy; if looks go for aught, it can readily be said that they are perfectly contented, and to be contented is to be happy indeed. "There is not one of the monks," said the "guest master," "who would leave the monastery and live in the world again, were the whole world given him."

The monks believe that they do the world more good by isolating them-

selves, and constantly offering up prayers for those who never pray for themselves, than they could do by living among sinners. They argue that there are plenty of societies devoted to looking after the bodies of men, and not enough wholly devoted to fervently praying for their souls.

Very often the large wing set apart for visitors is filled. Many visitors stay a day or two, and fast and pray. There are many who go and make what is called a "retreat," and stay for months at a time. Most of those making retreats are fired with ambition to deny themselves food, and to punish themselves as the monks do; but the abbot, who knows that they would injure their health by this sudden determination, always advises the devout visitor to eat three meals every day, as he has been accustomed to do. The spiritual director is always in close attendance on those making retreats, and it is his duty to give wise counsel as to how the most spiritual help can be obtained during the retreat. The visitors are told that, not unless they desire, is it necessary to get up at two and attend all the offices in the chapel. Certain prayers are recommended. The necessity of an hour's meditation every day in a kneeling position is strongly impressed upon those making retreats. No meat is allowed at meals, but visitors are given plenty of fresh milk, butter, eggs, cheese, and cider. The monks do not charge anything for their hospitality; but, as they are deeply in debt for the new monastery, they do not refuse what may be given them.

Excursions to the monastery from Montreal, Quebec, and even from the United States, are becoming common occurrences. Last July, over a thousand visitors went to the monastery. There is every likelihood that the growth of this order will be very rapid in the Province of Quebec, which seems to be peculiarly adapted to it. Already, arrangements are being made for the erection of a Trappist monastery at Lake St. John, where the Government has donated a large tract of land.

Only three monks have died at La Trappe since the order was founded; and two of these were accidentally killed.

The village of Oka, although small, boasts of a very fine church, which contains a silver statue of the Virgin, presented by Louis XIV., also a number of valuable paintings sent from France during the Revolution. The first thing which arouses the attention of strangers when they reach Oka is the immense cross on the summit of the towering hill in the distance. It marks one of the "Stations of the Cross," of which there are twelve. Every summer thousands of visitors climb up the steep, rugged sides of the hill, and pray at every station.

To a Protestant, a visit to the Trappist monastery at Oka cannot be but exceedingly interesting, for there he sees customs and life exactly as they existed in mediæval times, of which the monastery is a relic.

"Sacred religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd?
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear?
What stately piles we prodigal erect?
How sweet perfumed art thou, how shining clear,
How solemnly observ'd; with what respect—
Another time all plain; all quite thread-bare!
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light—disrob'd; no care
Of outward grace t'amuse the poor devout:
Poor and unfollowed, scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out."



THE PAGAN IROQUOIS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY A. H. H. HEMING.



IN the language of the Iroquois, the title of their confederacy is "Kayaner-enyhkowa," which, translated, signifies The Great League. This historical league and government was founded about the year 1459, by that great Onondaga chief, Hiawatha.

He had long beheld with grief the evils which afflicted not only his own tribe but all the other nations about them, through the constant wars in which they were engaged, and the miseries and misgovernment which these wars produced. When he first proposed to his people the grand system of government which he devised, he received from them no support whatever. So that, rather than fail in completing the great work he had in view, and which he well knew would be of lasting benefit to all the tribes concerned, he left his people and his country, and journeyed to the land of the Caniengas—commonly known as the Mohawks. They endorsed his project, adopted him, and gave him a place of high honor among the rulers of their tribe. A year afterwards, with the assistance of the Mohawks, he persuaded the Oneidas to join the proposed league. Then followed the Cayugas, the lordly Onondagas, and the Senecas. The Iroquois composed a league of five nations, until 1714, when the Tuscaroras were admitted, thus making the "Six Nations," by which name it is generally known today. Later on, in 1753, the confederacy was enlarged by the admittance of the Tuteloes and the Nanticokes, and afterwards the Delawares and fragments of the tribes of the Eries, Hurons, Saponies, Mohegans, and Missessages.

The country occupied by the Iroquois prior to the Revolution was the northern and western parts of the State of New York; but the Tuscaroras and Tuteloes originally came from North Carolina, and the Delawares from Pennsylvania.

By the events of the Revolutionary war, the league was considerably broken up, the majority of the members following their chief, Thayendanega —Captain Joseph Brant—to Canada, where, as a reward for the support they had given the loyalists, the British Government appropriated for their use a large tract of valuable land, through which the Grand River flows. There the ancient league was re-established, with all its laws and ceremonies. Since that time there have been sold to the whites many hundreds of acres of the best land fronting on either side of the river.

The total number of resident and nomadic Indians on the Grand River Reserve, which is situated in the counties of Brant and Haldimand, in the Province of Ontario, was, in 1890,—according to the annual report of the Department of Indian Affairs—3,425, which shows an increase of 221 since 1880. They compose the largest band of Canadian Indians east of Manitoba. Religiously, they are divided as follows:—2,144 are Protestant, 23 Roman Catholic, and 630 are Pagan. There are nearly four times as many Pagans among these Iroquois as there are in all the other aboriginal tribes of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

To-day, the reserve extends over more than 50,000 acres, of which nearly the whole is excellent farming land. More than 19,180 acres are 15 acres. For the year 1890, the harvest of roots and grain amounted to 61,453 bushels, and 1,400 tons of hay were stacked. There is about one



THE BRANT MONUMENT, BRANTFORD.

broken and cultivated; the remainder of the land is principally covered with second-growth hardwood. If the land were equally divided among the Indians, each person would possess about house for every five inhabitants, and a barn or stable for every second house. Of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, there are fifteen to every stable; and there is more than one waggon or farming

implement to every third animal. Nearly all the farms are well fenced with wood or wire, and the stone roads in some sections are good. A



A SENECA.

few of the cross-roads are of the old-time corduroy description. Here and there a neat brick house, with well-kept croquet lawn, adorns the landscape. Some of the farms are really models, and would be a great credit to many a white farmer. To give an idea of what civilization has done for these people, I might mention that at the house in which I boarded for a few weeks, the table was set with china, silverware, table napkins, etc. My host and hostess were both pure-blooded Indians.

The mention of croquet lawns will, no doubt, bring a smile to the face of the reader, when one tries to imagine the sons of the greatest aboriginal warriors that North America has seen, playing the effeminate game of croquet. But it is a fact that each of the best farms has its croquet lawn, and the use of the latest pattern of lawn mower keeps it in first-class order. The men take a great interest in the game, playing it almost every evening while the season lasts.

But, among the well-to-do Iroquois farmers, who compose by far the larger half, there is very little to excite the interest of the artist, or fascinate the ethnologist, so we will leave the prosperous and civilized Indians, to visit the haunts of the Pagans.

There, a small log-house stands back from the roadway, and usually a row of scraggy trees and bushes forms a back ground. Our visit is in autumn. Around the porch and on the sunny sides of the building hang strings of drying Indian corn. A few yards from the door a pot is simmering over a smouldering fire, for all through the summer the cooking is done outside. The stove-pipe chimney that one sees protruding a foot or so above the roof is used only when the weather is cold enough to drive these hardy people indoors. The hard-packed earth around the house affords a good play-ground for the three or four half-naked urchins who shout and romp with, for other companions, half a dozen mongrel dogs. Inside the house—which contains only one room—there are a



A CAYUGA.

few bunks at one end; two or three sturdy-looking benches line the walls; and sometimes a rude table graces the centre of the Pagan's manison. Over in one corner, which is half-lighted by

the little square window, the swaying figure of a woman—I refrain from calling her a squaw, because to an Indian the word signifies a bitter term of reproach—attracts your attention. She is leaning over a large concave



AN ONEIDA.

section of a tree trunk, and at regular intervals she brings down, with a considerable thud, a ponderous wooden masher. This is the ancient grist-mill; and, being in almost daily use among these people, it is to them the modern grist mill. The Indian corn, pounded to flour in this fashion, is the staple food of the Pagans; and it is served in a variety of ways, such as corn bread, corn cake, corn meal, etc.

Off to one side of the house stands a stable, on the roof of which is piled the entire winter's supply of hay. The structure is built so low that when a horse enters it necessitates the lowering of his head; and the oxen can easily munch the hay from off the roof.

A few high-backed and long-snouted pigs—they are peculiar to the reserve—wallow in the caked mud on the shady side of the sty: and out in the sun a bunch of cackling chickens raise a dust in a large wicker coop.

For hundreds of years the principal industry of the Iroquois has been that of raising Indian corn. When the French settled in Canada, in the year 1603, six years before the Dutch possessed themselves of New Netherlands, now called New York, the Iroquois were known to be doing quite an extensive business in trading their corn for venison with the Adirondacks. Of late, they do not sell the corn, but grow it entirely for their own use. Each year the Green Corn Dance—which is one of their leading festivals—announces the harvesting time. Then is seen the striking picture of the gaily-dressed women, with their bright-colored, plaited baskets hung on their backs by a strap around the head or shoulders. As they pluck the ears of corn they toss them over their shoulders into the baskets; then, when it is all gathered, the husks are turned back from the cobs and plaited together in long strings, which are either hung up to dry in the sun, or fastened along the rafters of the dingy interior of the little cabin. The men seldom give any assistance, as the work is looked upon by them as fit only for women.

In their leisure, the women make fancy beaded moccasins, fans, pincushions, work-bags, toy canoes, grass mats, etc. But the most of their time is taken up with basket-making. Squatting cross-legged on the hard-trodden earth—which forms the floor of the abode—they sit, with several long bunches of variously-colored strips of thin wood placed about them. Strand after strand is woven into a matting, which, after the sides are turned up, forms a basket. Some of these baskets are exceedingly ornamental, having red, blue, green, and yellow worked in various checkered designs. They are made in all manner of shapes, but the kind for which there is the largest market is the ordinary oblong, half-bushel basket. Huge bundles of a dozen or more are

often carried on the backs of the men and women to the neighboring towns and cities, where they are offered for sale. Another article manufactured by the women and girls, and which helps materially to increase their small income, is the straw hat, of the style usually known in Western Ontario as the "Cow's breakfast."

The men put in the most of their time at chopping cord wood, which is hauled to market mainly in the winter time, on sleighs drawn by horses or oxen when there is sufficient snow to permit of sleighing. When the buck is in want of a little ready cash, and feels too lazy to get out a load of wood, he sits astride his wooden horse and shaves out a few axe handles, which bring from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. He is also an adept at making ox-goads, whip-stalks, canes, walking-sticks, bows and arrows. But the thing he takes the most pride in making is the lacrosse stick. Two or three of the Indians have won a reputation by the excellent lacrosse sticks they have turned out—for instance, the Gibson Brothers. These sticks are considered by lacrosse players to be preferable to any others. These two men—one of whom is blind—are busily engaged at this work all the year round. The stick, which is generally made of hickory, is shaved to a proper thickness, steamed into shape, and then strung with soaked rawhide.

In the surrounding counties, the picking of hops gives to the men and women several weeks of employment. Sometimes a gang of forty or fifty are employed on one farm. They take the children with them, perhaps twenty or thirty miles, and camp out every night until the work is finished.

There is an odd custom that is still in vogue among the Pagans. Whenever the family leave home for a day or so, instead of fastening or locking the door, they simply stand the corn-pounder against the outside. As this sign is understood by all the Indians, nothing is touched, nor does any one



A TUSCARORA WOMAN.

enter the house during the absence of the family. Possibly, however, this is not owing to the great honesty of the neighbors, but rather to the fact that if they should feel at all disposed to borrow with the intent of not returning, there would scarcely be anything in the place worth the taking away.

PRODUCTION OF WHEAT IN CANADA.

BY SYDNEY C. D. ROPER.

THE wheat production of Canada has been the subject of so much exaggeration, and so much ignorance prevails as to the real state of things, that some definite information on the question seems to the writer to have become very desirable. Year by year, estimates of the quantity of wheat available for export have been published, out of all proportion to the production, and therefore impossible of fulfilment, and it is not to be wondered at if a certain disbelief in Canada's capabilities in this direction has been engendered in consequence. A careful investigation, therefore, into the question has been made, and it is proposed in the following pages to set forth as clearly as may be, without either undue exaggeration or depreciation, what the actual facts are. The advisability of some such statement was further suggested by some remarks made in the Corn Trade Year Book, 1893 (Liverpool, Eng.), which not only called attention to the exaggerated forecasts mentioned above, but also stated that the published figures implied a consumption of 8 bushels per head, and went on to ask for information from Canada as to whether this was the case, or whether the crops were over-estimated, or the exports understated. These questions will be found answered below, and while the figures will go to show that Canada's exports of wheat are at present but of small account in connection with the world's supply, a correct statement of the facts, even if apparently disappointing, is less detrimental to the country's interests than glowing accounts and exaggerated predictions that are never realized; and it does not in any way detract from the wonderful capabilities of the country to show that they have not yet been taken much advantage of, and to point out what is necessary before they can be properly developed.

With regard, therefore, in the first place, to the actual production up to the present time:—

Previous to 1882 there were no means available of obtaining any information about the area in, and yield of wheat, except at the regular decennial census, according to which, in 1870, the area under wheat in the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, was 1,646,781 acres, and the yield 16,723,873 bushels. The product of the rest of British North America was at that time too small to be worth taking into account. By the census of 1881, the area under wheat, in 1880, in the Dominion, which then comprised the whole of British North America, with the exception, of course, of Newfoundland, which has not yet joined the Confederation, was 2,342,355 acres, an increase of 695,574 acres, while the yield was given at 32,350,269 bushels. At the end of the next ten years, the census gave the area under wheat in 1890, at 2,723,861 acres, an increase only of 381,506 acres, and the yield at 42,144,629 bushels.

In 1882 and 1883, the Ontario and Manitoba Governments respectively commenced the annual collection of statistics concerning the cultivation of wheat within their provinces, which, with the exception of a break in Manitoba, in 1888, have been continued up to the present time, and it is these figures that necessarily form the basis of any estimate that may be made of the wheat crop in any year, for, with the exception of Ontario and the North-West Territories, wheat-growing in

the rest of the Dominion has not only always been insignificant, but has, on the whole, been steadily decreasing. The movement of wheat cultivation throughout the country is illustrated by the following figures, which are those for the crop years 1880 and 1890, as given by the census returns of 1881 and 1891 :—

WHEAT PRODUCTION IN CANADA ACCORDING TO CENSUS RETURNS.

Provinces.	1880.		1890.	
	Acres.	Bus.	Acres.	Bus.
Ontario.....	1,930,123	27,406,091	1 430,519	21,314,522
Manitoba.....	51,293	1,033,673	896,610	16,092,130
Total	1,981,416	28,439,764	2,327,129	37,406,652
Quebec.....	223,176	2,019,004	191,599	1,568,289
Nova Scotia...	41,8'5	529,251	14,157	165,806
N. Brunswick.	40,336	521,966	17,306	209,809
P. E. Island...	41,942	546,986	44,703	613,364
B. Columbia..	7,952	173,653	15,156	388,500
Total.	355,261	3,790,850	282,921	2,945,568
N. W. Terri'es.	5,678	119,655	113,811	1,792,409
Grand Total.	2,342,355	32,350,269	2,723 861	42,144,629

There was an increase in the total area of 381,506 acres. The movement in the several provinces has been as follows :—

CHANGES IN AREA UNDER CULTIVATION OF WHEAT BETWEEN 1880 AND 1890.

Decrease.	Acres.	Increase.	Acres.
Ontario.....	499,604	Manitoba	845,317
Quebec.....	31,577	British Columbia..	7,204
Nova Scotia, ...	27,698	P. E. Island,..... .	2,761
New Brunswick. ..	23,030	N. West Territories.	108,133
	581 909		963,415

In the four original provinces of the Dominion, it will be seen, there was a decrease of 581,909 acres, and, though there was an increase in Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, the former province is likely always to be an importer of wheat, while it must be some years, at any rate, before the latter will grow a quantity sufficient to supply the home demand, if indeed such a thing ever happens. It is evident, therefore, that as far as the question of production alone is concerned, statistics of the wheat yield in Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories are the only factors of any material consequence to be considered. Just how far the official figures in Ontario and Manitoba are correct is a question that cannot definitely be settled. Neither can it be positively shown in which years the figures are excessive or otherwise, but that variations from the actual facts have occurred there seems to be no room for doubt, the tendency throughout being to over-estimate, more particularly in Manitoba, where the optimism so naturally prevalent in a new country has undoubtedly made itself felt in the returns. As regards the yield in the territories, the census at present supplies the only information, but it is understood that a system for the collection of these statistics is about to be put into force by the Territorial Government.

In order, therefore, to arrive at the annual production, we have, to assist us, the official figures for Ontario and Manitoba, which comprise about 90 per cent. of the total yield, and the census returns for the remainder of the Dominion. The returns of the two provinces are largely made up from threshers' returns, which, of course, do not make any allowance for incorrect measurement, or for subsequent loss in cleaning, neither do they take into account inferior or damaged grain, which never goes into distribution. The fact that a certain quantity of grain is frequently fed on the farm should also be taken into consideration, and it is considered that a deduction of 10 per cent. may fairly be made from the gross yield to cover these several deficiencies. In the following table, therefore, the first column gives the gross production of wheat in each year, as derived from the official estimates and from the census returns, due allowance having been made in each year, as regards the latter figures, for the decrease in area shown to have taken place in certain provinces since 1880. The second co-

lemn provides for the above-mentioned deductions for loss, consumption on farm, etc., and the third column gives the apparent net quantity available for distribution.

ESTIMATED PRODUCTION OF WHEAT IN CANADA.

Year.	Estimated Crop. Bushels.	Deductions for cleaning, short meas't, feed etc. Bushels.	Estimated net quantity available for distribution. Bushels.
1882	47,751,706	4,775,171	42,976,535
1883	30,840,762	3,0 4,076	27,736,686
1884	45,363,417	4,536,342	40,827,075
1885	42,736,327	4,273,633	38,462,694
1886	38,224,503	3,822,450	34,402,053
1887	38,954,233	3,595,423	35,058,810
1888	32,964,851	3,296,485	29,668,366
1889	30,791,656	3,079,165	27,712,491
1890	41,372,134	4,137,913	37,234,921
1891	60,721,193	6,072,120	54,649,073
1892	48,182,295	4,818,229	43,364,066
Total	457,903,077	45,790,307	412,112,770

It will now be in order to endeavor to ascertain how far distribution will dispose of the above quantities, and this has been attempted in the next table. The quantity required for domestic consumption has been calculated at the rate of 5½ bushels per head of the estimated population in each year. This amount, it is admitted, is to a certain extent an arbitrary one, but all such calculations must be more or less matters of conjecture. According to Mulhall, the consumption in Canada, in 1887, was at the rate of 5·7 bushels per head, while the average consumption is placed by him at 5·1 bushels; but there were no reasons why the consumption in 1887 should have been so much above the average, and if from special data he was able to fix it at 5·7 bushels for that year, the probabilities are that his estimate of an average consumption of 5·1 bushels is too low. At the same time, his calculations of this nature are not always to be relied on. The consumption in Ontario may be put, with tolerable certainty, at about 5 bushels; in Quebec it will be a little higher, while in the maritime provinces it is, owing to the greater use of Indian corn, most likely a little less. In Manitoba and the North-West it is probably higher than elsewhere, and has been officially estimated at 6 bushels per head. Taking all things into consideration, it seems that 5½ bushels should represent pretty closely the consumption of the Dominion. The United States Government have, since 1878, made all their calculations at 4⅔ bushels per head while Mr. Edward Atkinson puts it at one barrel of flour (from 4½ to 4¾ bushels of wheat) for each adult person, which would be about 4 bushels per head, either of which calculations is a good deal lower than the rate fixed on for Canada, but allowance has to be made for the large section of country in the States where corn almost entirely takes the place of wheat. The consumption in the Australasian colonies has been variously estimated at from 5 to 7½ bushels per head. The allowance for seed has been calculated at the rate of 1½ bushels per acre under cultivation of wheat in the year following the crop year. The net exports are obtained by deducting the gross imports from the gross exports, the figures being for the twelve months beginning on the 1st October in each crop year, and ending on the 30th September in the following year, as this period is likely to cover, better than any other, the movement of each individual crop. Flour is included at the rate of 4·75 bushels of wheat to the barrel.

ESTIMATED DISTRIBUTION OF WHEAT IN CANADA.

Crop Year	Net Exports. Bus.	Allowance for Seed. Bus.	Amount required for consumption. Bus.	Excess of crop over distribution. Bus.	Excess of distribution over crop. Bus.
1882	7,222,265	3,427,947	24,378,200	7,948,123	
1883	*3,516,442	3,363,911	24,661,615	3,247,602	
1884	2 792,330	3 664,674	24,952,395	9,417,676	
1885	4,662,975	3,390,614	25,228,450	5,180,655	
1886	6,133,283	3 868.939	25,49 ,755		594,924
1887	2,761,653	3,247,472	25,768,446	3,281,239	
1888	*1,218,636	3,157,946	26,049,936	1,379,220	
1889	96,076	3,808,760	26,339 654		2,531,999
1890	4,062,559	4,010 979	26,637,908	2,523,475	
1891	12,843,426	4 335,819	26,945,089	11,024,789	
1892	14.796,379	4,027 575	27,288,404		2,748,292
Total	54.870 946	40,104,536	283,744,602	44,002,779	6,875,215

*Excess of Imports.

The above figures show an apparent excess of crop over distribution at the end of the eleven years of about forty million bushels, which would indicate a large over-estimate of yield, but a considerable portion of this surplus can be accounted for. There is no doubt in the minds of those who have at all interested themselves in the matter, that the official returns of exports of wheat and flour (these are the only articles with which we are at present concerned, though the following remarks apply largely to exports generally) by no means represent the actual quantities that are shipped out of the country. The Customs Act in Canada provides for the report of all exports, whether leaving by land or water, and also provides a penalty for neglect to make the Customs entry; but, more especially as regards land carriage, this regulation is very frequently disregarded, its observance depending largely upon the station agents at the point of lading, many being quite indifferent as to whether or no they get the certificate of Customs entry, in which cases the shippers very naturally often neglect to make any entry at all. As a consequence of this carelessness, it is certain that a considerable quantity of wheat (especially in the form of flour), of which no record of any kind is taken, goes out of the country, *via* the United States, for foreign ports, principally the United Kingdom, and I have been informed, on good authority, that 25 per cent. would not be too much to add to the exports to meet this shortage in returns. This would account for, say 15,000,000 bushels of the surplus. Another 5 or 6 million bushels should certainly be written off the Manitoba crop of 1891, which, it is well known, was badly damaged by frost and rain, and a very considerable quantity rendered quite unsaleable. Some deduction also, which cannot well be put into figures, must be made for loss by fire, water, and in transport, leaving, perhaps, 15,000,000 bushels, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total quantity not in any way accounted for. But though every effort has been made to reasonably account for the estimated production, it is probable that the actual excess of estimate over production was rather more than the figures given above. It will, of course, be understood that in these calculations the figures of any one year are not to be taken by themselves, or compared with those of any other individual year, the intention being to do no more than afford a fairly trustworthy idea of the production and distribution of wheat during the period involved. If the rules regarding export entries were more efficiently enforced, the returns thus obtained would prove valuable checks on the crop estimates of the Dominion, while a more common-sense system of compiling the official trade returns of exports, would make them of considerable value in verifying the crop estimates of individual provinces; but as matters now are, the export returns are too incomplete to be of much use as a guide to production; while the official trade returns, not only convey little information, but are distinctly misleading. Wheat grown in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and shipped *via* Fort William or Duluth and Sarnia, is all credited to the Province of Ontario, while if it goes out *via* Montreal, it is put down to the Province of Quebec, for the province in which lies the port where the entry is made, gets the credit of the export, and practically of the production. How erroneous the impressions created by this plan are can be seen by the following illustration: According to the Trade and Navigation Returns, the shipment of wheat from Manitoba to foreign countries during the year 1893, amounted to 442,200 bushels, while the facts actually were that probably from 5 to 6 million bushels left the province for European ports. The injustice of this system, and the misconception of which it is

the cause, have frequently been pointed out, but the officials in the Customs Department seem to lack either the ability or the energy to remedy the matter, or to improve upon the antiquated methods in use twenty-five years ago.

Whatever the opinions may be of the relative accuracy, year by year, of the figures given above, it will, no doubt, be generally admitted that they are trustworthy enough to show that the country's wheat export has, up to the present time, been comparatively insignificant, and, in the writer's opinion, it can also be shown that under ordinary circumstances there is not much prospect of the amount being materially increased for some years to come.

The increased exports of 1892 and 1893 were the result of the remarkable crop of 1891, and not of any increase in area and cultivation, and it may be many years before such figures are reached again. As a matter of fact, the area under wheat is, at the best, only stationary, for the decline in wheat cultivation in Ontario only about keeps pace with the progress of settlement in the North-West, the decrease in the former province in 1893, as compared with 1890, having been 159,844 acres, while the increase in Manitoba in the same period was only 107,030 acres, and if the territories, concerning which no details are obtainable, are credited with an increase of 25,000 acres (probably over the mark), the area under wheat in 1893 was 28,000 acres less than it was in 1890. It is true that between the years 1880 and 1890, the area under wheat in the North-West increased by 953,450 acres, while that in Ontario decreased by 499,604 acres, leaving a net increase of 450,000 acres, but this was further reduced by decreases in the other provinces, and after deducting the additional quantity required for seed and consumption, there was not much to swell the exports.

As a consequence, more or less directly, of the steady decline in the price of wheat, the farmers of Ontario have of late years turned their attention more and more to dairy and mixed farming, substitutiug hay and root crops for wheat and barley, until that province *"has at last turned the corner, and become in the main a dairying rather than a cereal-producing country," and the exports for the current season indicate a steady decrease in the wheat acreage, and the further development of the dairying industries. In the Province of Quebec, too, the farmers, profiting by the example of Ontario, have turned their attention to dairying. The demand for wheat created by this change has been supplied by the increased production of the North-West, and as, at at the present rate of settlement, this increase in the West about corresponds with the decrease in the East, the exports year by year will probably amount to about the same quantity, and this quantity, allowing for *normal* harvests, cannot be put down, at a liberal estimate, as likely to exceed, under existing circumstances, an average of from six to eight million bushels, while two bad harvests in succession would reduce it to nil. It will be seen that distribution exceeded the crop of 1892, and as the crop of 1893 cannot have amounted to more than 41,000,000 bushels, nearly all of which will be required at home, it is more than a probability that the exports of the current year will be less than half those of the one just passed, while, unless the yield in 1894 is a more prolific one, there will be practically nothing to export in the succeeding year.

The reason, therefore, why, in spite of the progress of settlement, the quantity of wheat available for export does not materially increase, is that the increase in one part of the Dominion is counteracted by the decrease in another part, and the additional yield in the newer parts of the

*Toronto *Globe*, 28th July, 1894.

country is absorbed by the growing demand in the older provinces.

There is no doubt, however, that, if properly developed, the wheat fields of the North-West have enormous capabilities of production. The area of the Province of Manitoba, and of the provisional districts, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, is about 360,000 square miles, containing, say 230,000,000 acres, of which, at least, one-half is admirable wheat land, much of it indeed being probably the finest in the world, though at the present time not more than about 1,300,000 acres have been brought under cultivation of that grain. The yield per acre varies with the seasons, which are uncertain. Particulars concerning the yield in the Territories are not available, but the figures for Manitoba will apply fairly well to a large section of the country. In that province, the yield has ranged from 32 bushels per acre in 1887 to 15 bushels in 1893; the average yield for the whole period, 1887 to 1893, inclusive, was about 21 bushels per acre. The small yield of 1893 was largely atoned for by the excellent quality of the grain, over 50 per cent. having been graded as No. 1 hard. While, therefore, in favorable seasons, the yield may be vastly increased, even at the lowest figure of 15 bushels per acre, some idea can be obtained of what this section of Canada is capable of producing. There is, however, one element necessary to develop this production, which is at present lacking, and that is population. The other materials, land, soil and climate, are all there; but the one thing necessary to utilize these advantages remains wanting; the machinery stands idle, for the motive power is absent.

At what rate of speed that power will be supplied, it is impossible to say, but there is no reason for supposing that, under the altered conditions now prevailing, any very rapid increase of settlement is likely to take place. Immigration returns from all countries show during the last few years, a steady falling off which seems likely to continue. The severe depression in the agricultural industry, owing to the extremely low prices prevailing, which has existed all over the world, must have a tendency to increase that attraction of population to the larger centres, which is so universal a feature of the present day; and competition in the struggle for wealth is growing so much keener and more intense, the anxiety to become rich quickly is becoming so much stronger among all classes, that the comparatively slow method of making a living by tilling the land is getting more out of favor every day. Whether the depression is likely to pass away to any extent, we cannot say, but at any rate the outlook for the future of wheat is most unpromising, and the opinion of the writer, which has remained the same for some years, is that the low price of wheat has come to stay, and that nothing but war, or a *succession* of bad harvests, can do more than temporarily appreciate it. And such appreciation would probably only result in a still further lowering of prices, for the quantity of land immediately available for wheat is now so great, transportation facilities and rates are so constantly improving and cheapening, and the knowledge of the condition of the market is becoming so universal, that any appreciation in the price would almost invariably result in over-production.

Some attraction, other than the rather chimerical one of growing rich, under existing circumstances, by the cultivation of wheat, will be necessary to induce any special flow of immigration to the North-West, and as the only alternative at present appears to be that of general farming, which is also under a cloud, it follows that any rapid filling up of those fertile plains is not to be looked for just yet.

The variations in the price of wheat will undoubtedly have an important influence on immigration and settle-

ment; but beyond repeating the opinion that the day of permanent high prices has gone for ever, it seems idle to speculate upon those variations, for when one looks back and reads the different predictions that have been made during the last few years, and notices how they have been almost universally falsified by the actual course of events, one cannot but feel that speculations on the subject are more or less a waste of time.

When, therefore, the past production of the country, the fact that the decrease in cultivation about keeps pace with the increase (*i. e.*, that for every acre of new land that is broken up and sown with wheat, there is an acre of cultivated land diverted from wheat growing to other agricultural purposes;) and the fact also that there is no reason to expect, at present, sufficient immigration to overtake to any extent the decreasing area, are all considered, the conclusion may fairly be come to, that in the absence of abnormal conditions, it will be some years before the wheat exports of the country exceed an annual average of from six to eight million bushels, if indeed they amount to as much. But at the same time it must be remembered that the land is there, circumstances favorable to production are there, and, given the population, the country can at any time respond to any increase in demand, or to any appreciation in price.

THE MORAL OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTIONS.

BY R. E. GOSNELL.

To no inconsiderable degree, opinion in eastern Canada and in Great Britain, where British Columbian matters are discussed with growing interest, has been influenced by an agitation started last year in the Lower Mainlan l with the express purpose of creating sentiment on certain lines prejudicial to the provincial administration of the day.

The basis of that agitation, founded as it was on the erection of new parliament buildings in Victoria, and the question of a redistribution of seats as between the Mainland and Island, was sectional in its character, because such sectionalism afforded the readiest and most effective means of obtaining force. Having had an artificial stimulus, the promoters of this movement attracted some attention to it on the part of outsiders, owing to the extremes to which they went, much as Erastus Wiman and his little coterie of annexationists did in endeavoring to boom a sentiment which had no place in the hearts of Canadians.

From the efforts of politicians of this class, an impression has gone abroad that the main issue in the recent elections was that of Mainland *versus* Island. In other words, a stranger to the politics of British Columbia might conclude, from the fragmentary and somewhat distorted views which have had expression in the Eastern Canadian press and wherever else such views may have had publicity, that sectionalism was rampant, and that, as a consequence, there was a danger, at some time or other, of the Mainland of British Columbia and the Island of Vancouver becoming separate Provinces.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. An analysis of the results of the election fully disproves it.

In a House of 33 members, 14 of whom are returned from the Island and 19 from the Mainland, there will be 21 straight Government supporters, and one, if not two more, who were elected on local issues, upon whom the Opposition cannot count for support in any division on party lines. Roughly speaking, 28,000 of the white population belong to the Island and 38,000 to the Mainland. Of the actual votes cast on both Island and Mainland, 32,000 in all, the Government had a clear majority of over 6,000, a fact which in itself is sufficient evidence that it was not a question of Island against Mainland, because it must be manifest that, in such a case, the Mainland, with a preponderance of population of nearly 5 to 3, would inevitably have carried the day.

There were, as I shall proceed to show, vastly more important and far-reaching issues at stake.

In a vague way it would appear, judging from various outside comments on the state of political feeling in British Columbia, that the new Parliament buildings and redistribution, formed the gravamen of the issues to be fought out, and that these, necessarily involving sectional considerations, contained grievances seriously influencing the final result. The somewhat celebrated separation petition of last year, engineered by a small body of Oppositionists in the New Westminster District, which was sent to the Governor-General, praying for a veto of the Parliament Buildings' Bill, occasioned a good deal of newspaper talk, not only in Canada but in Great Britain and the United States. The petition in question was the outcome of an organization known as the Con-

stitutional League, which had a very short-lived existence and came to naught shortly after the petition was forwarded to Ottawa. Its propaganda had a fitting denouement in the Kamloops convention held last fall. The effort, which, as before stated, was artificially stimulated, failed to arouse any enthusiasm, and the sectional spirit it aimed to foster was not in the least contagious. The whole programme and its promoters were repudiated on the floor of the House by the very men who expected to benefit thereby, and who gave it their countenance and support. The only direction in which it had an appreciable effect was beyond the boundaries of the Province, and to that extent, it was mischievous in creating an erroneous impression as to the real state of feeling in British Columbia. Some of the promoters had influence enough to secure a favorable presentment of their views in quarters where the whole situation was imperfectly understood, and where they are still endeavoring to misrepresent the issues. It failed, however, in its main object of damaging the high credit of the Province in the money market, and therefore doing what might have brought the administration into discredit.

There were, however, issues in the recent British Columbia election—issues which are more and more becoming of importance everywhere,—and the moral of the Government's victory is one which the electors of the Dominion and elsewhere may well lay to heart. British Columbia, though a young province, is beginning to feel the influence of those minor political combinations for specific objects, somewhere defined by a political writer as "tyrannical minorities," which for selfish purposes array themselves against governments, good and bad alike.

The introduction of these forces in political warfare has for some time been viewed with alarm by the ablest authorities on political economy as tending to unsettle and render impossible stable administration. The United States is probably the most conspicuous example among English-speaking nations of their operations logically and practically developed, and the tremendous task which to-day presents itself to President Cleveland is the danger signal to Canada and Great Britain of what political evolution has in store for their rulers and statesmen.

As I have intimated, British Columbia has, in their minor and incipient forms, some of these forces at work. I wish, however, to refer to the most prominent factor with which the Government had to deal, that of organized labor. In that province the labor element is a large one, and side by side with labor, necessary for the development of its extensive and rich resources, stands capital. Fortunately, in the past these two factors have worked very harmoniously together, and keeping in view the large interests involved on both sides, there has been comparatively very little friction between them. One reason for this lies in the fact that the various governments of British Columbia, as governments, have recognized the claims of labor in a variety of ways, and the legislation affecting its interests has been liberal and fair, and practical in its character. In the presence of a depression universal in its extent, however, there have been, as there are elsewhere, those who for their own ends and for political purposes, would set at war labor against capital and against good government, and produce a system of despotism, which, placed without restriction in the hands of such men as Debs, would wreck a nation in a day.

A desperate effort was made by some of the labor agitators and unscrupulous politicians to draw class distinctions and organize labor on distinctly anti-capitalistic lines. Most proposterous platforms were promulgated in the larger cities, each widely

differing from the other, and which were gulped down with astonishing ease by candidates as a bid for support. These platforms, with their extraordinary and impracticable planks, were foisted upon the workingmen as a class, and an endeavor was made to fasten them to a support of principles with which they had no real sympathy, and which were presented to them in terms expressly cut and dried by professional agitators and platform makers. It was the introduction of what all sober-minded well-wishers of the commonwealth must deplore, the recognition in practical politics of the dangerous principle of absolutism.

The Government foresaw the danger of blindly arraying the forces of society against each other, as had been accomplished elsewhere with disastrous results, and which, if allowed to take shape, might at any time impend in British Columbia.

The Premier and his colleagues, in a series of vigorous addresses throughout the country, appealed to the labor elements to consider well the relations which should exist between capital and labor, not only on account of their own interests, but of the prosperity of the Province. To antagonize the investing class, and to drive away capital, where so much depended upon its introduction and its successful operation, was unwise, unpatriotic and suicidal They pointed to the lesson of events in Australia and the United States, and counselled their audiences, whatever criticism they might pass on the policy of the Government, as a policy, not to be led away by the specious appeals to class prejudices, and the theoretical dogmas of agitators inexperienced in governing, who appreciated neither the responsibility attaching to it nor the practical application of their own doctrines in connection therewith. The people, as a whole, were asked to rise superior to considerations placed before them by demagogues in pursuit of place and power, whose hope of success lay alone in playing upon the prejudices and passions of the electors.

The appeal was entirely successful. The Government was returned strong numerically and strong in the confidence of the country, and backed up by the support of the labor element, where it was the most largely represented. The result of the campaign in this respect is all the more conspicuous from the fact already alluded to, that of unusual depression, which invariably militates against the government of the day, and especially among those whose daily bread and butter are directly and keenly affected thereby.

The result of the elections has been to restore the confidence of many who had looked with distrust and anxiety to the possible success of a combination of diverse forces which threatened to undo the work of years in amalgamating the various interests in a mutual effort of development, and which extended to every section of the Province, the most satisfactory feature of the whole campaign being the almost entire failure of the endeavor to arouse hostility among the working men against the employers of labor.

For several years an insidious policy of the latter character had been pursued, but the good sense of those whose interests were most involved prevailed, and a salutary lesson was conveyed to the politicians responsible for its introduction. As a striking illustration of the way the programme, which included the eight hour a day law, single tax, Chinese exclusion, government ownership of railways, etc., worked out, the fact may be alluded to that the leader of the Opposition, who for years coquetted with the labor agitators, and supported strongly many of their so-called reforms, was not only defeated, but lost his deposit in the city of Victoria, which he had represented continuously since 1871. Three of his colleagues, one of whom represented himself as a Single Tax

candidate, and another as a general labor agitator, lost their deposits as well, while in the mining districts of Vancouver Island, where the population is largely made up of miners, three out-and-out labor candidates were defeated, one losing his deposit.

Their propagandism utterly and miserably failed. British Columbia, as a consequence, stands to-day the solitary example on the Pacific Coast of a community in which appeals to class prejudices have been resisted, in which labor and capital remain joined hand in hand for a common object, and in which the former refuses, as expressed in its vote, to be dictated to by those whose political aspirations and personal advancement were founded on the vain project of establishing barriers of suspicion and hatred between the two great social factors. The renewed confidence inspired by their continued friendly alliance has been further strengthened by the promising indications of a speedy return to prosperity—through signs of revival in the lumber trade, success in the salmon and sealing industries, the inauguration of several new and important railway enterprises, the encouraging news from mining districts, and, not in the least, through the hopeful information of a change for the better in the outlook for Great Britain and the United States.

As to the many minor issues of the election, it would be a profitless task to undertake an enumeration or a detailed explanation. Elections in British Columbia are very much like elections everywhere. The "outs" were bound to win, and took advantage of everything local, political, personal, sectional and sectarian which could be used when and where it would do most good to their own cause and hurt to the Government! The Government, as every government is at such times, was charged with almost every species of wrong doing which the genius of their adversaries could invent. This was to be expected and is what generally occurs.

As I have stated, however, and endeavored to show, although sectionalism was an incident of the campaign, it was not a distinctive issue, nor did it prevail to a large extent. Without burdening my readers with much detail about the new Parliament buildings, and the question of redistribution, it would be impossible to explain these matters so as to be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with politics here, and what, in any event, would prove uninteresting.

It was not on these issues that the battle was mainly fought although they entered into the discussion. The Parliament buildings were a necessity, and the question as to whether they should have cost $100,000 more or less, was not one upon which the electors would decide the fate of a Government. It must be remembered that in British Columbia municipal institutions have not reached the stage of development possible in the older provinces, and therefore the work which in other provinces is carried on by municipalities, here largely devolves upon the Government; that the direct administrative work in every department of government, is many times greater in proportion in British Columbia than in Ontario, for instance; and that consequently, there can be no just comparison on the score of population as to the accommodation required. If we take the case of Ontario as an example, and arrive at an aggregate of expenditure necessary to govern the people of that province, we find that the cost per head is, all told, greater than in British Columbia; and by the way, here is an interesting calculation for those having a taste for comparisons of that sort.

As to redistribution, the measure introduced and made law by the Government, fully satisfied the conditions which gave rise to the demand for it and rendered it necessary, and therefore was not seriously condemned;

and in regard to the general policy of the Government, it has been a thoroughly progressive one, and in point of public improvements, educational and social advancement, political institutions and the administration of justice, the Province has been brought up to the level of, if in some respects it does not excel, any other province in the Dominion. It has made remarkable progress, and that, too, in face of physical obstacles greater than any other province has had to overcome.

On the whole, the moral of the British Columbia elections is one which will be of interest everywhere in the Dominion, and its influence should not stop even there. The time is approaching when broad issues of Government on well-understood lines of public policy, will be swept away and obliterated in the interests of "tyrannical minorities," each for its own purpose opposed to existing governments, no matter how good or capable, and the stability of which is everywhere endangered; and the issue must perforce be between those who desire a truly representative and constitutional administration of affairs, and those who in political squads put the muzzle of their peculiar institutions, associations, clubs and organizations of whatever sort, to the heads of administrations, and demand satisfaction or threaten defeat—those who, if by combining, they achieved the latter, would succeed only to find a chaos of conflicting ideas out of which to evolve some uncertain and unsettled mode of government.

The example of the government of the day, in appealing to the strong common sense of the people, which is, after all, the predominant source of strength of our British institutions and British people, to maintain sound and well-defined methods of administration, might well be followed in every portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

Vancouver.

WHO WAS HE?

BY MISS C. A. FRASER

THE following story, it may be, labors under a great disadvantage in being a narrative of fact, and also in being Canadian, Canada not being generally supposed to have acquired as yet the nameless mystery and sense of eld, likely to result in occurrences weird or strange. Nevertheless, it is an absolutely true tale which I am about to tell, and the events befell myself, a Canadian, a good many years ago, in one of the oldest and busiest parts of Ontario.

I was travelling, by rail, from Hamilton to visit friends in the country. I suppose that my journey was, in its commencement, quite uneventful, for I have no slightest recollection of it, until at a junction depôt, I suddenly loom up in my memory as an angry and slightly excited young person, vigorously upbraiding the railway officials, the government and the universe generally, regarding a matter of errant luggage. I do not in the least recall, at this date, what the difficulty really was, but I infer from my own demeanour that my conscience was entirely clear, and that the defection was owing to no heedlessness of mine. That the situation was beyond hope of immediate remedy I also infer from the same conditions. I would not have been so recklessly eloquent had there been a loophole of escape. Whether the officials were too guilty to defend themselves, or too indifferent, I cannot tell. On this point "the haunts of memory echo not," but I seem in the glimpse I get now, peering through the vista of years, to have the floor, and to be improving the occasion to the utmost of my ability, when suddenly comes an interruption.

A stranger had been carelessly regarding me. I had been aware of his standing there, a little to my left, apart and alone; but he was, at first glance, a very prosaic-looking individual, commonplace, I imagined, in fact, and he not being invested with badge or other token of office, I had not intentionally included him in my audience, and was only vaguely conscious of his presence, until now, when stepping forward and removing his cigar, he quietly offered a suggestion. I do not now know what it was, and it does not especially matter. I remember only the shock with which I awakened to a sense of my own volubility, and to my instant collapse.

He was of middle height, narrow-chested, and afflicted with a cough. He had a light-brown beard, not long, nor carefully trimmed. He looked tolerably well-to do, but was not, in appearance at least, a city man. I have seen many merchants in small towns of just the same style and manner. His only pronounced characteristic was his expression, which was not the expression of such a merchant, especially while on a trip either of business or pleasure. He looked unhappy; in fact he looked bored, and at the moment of proffering me advice, he had the air of being constrained to do what cost an unwelcome effort. Apart from the look of *ennui* which he wore, and which might be readily attributed to physical weakness overcome by the discomfort of even a short journey, he had an intensely pre-occupied air. Even when a few hours later he conversed with me pleasantly enough, I remember, little interested in him as I was, being struck with this. I can see his face now distinctly with that strange absence of mind written upon it. It approached the expression of a clair-

voyant entering a trance. And the nonchalant, matter-of-fact manner of the man was oddly at variance with it. It is difficult to describe him. When I attempt to do so, I find myself using contradictory terms which seem to be neeessitated by the exigencies of the task of picturing to the imagination of others a face in which an intensity of thought, resulting almost in trance, was no more strikingly portrayed than an expression of fretful *ennui*. He was distinguished from the little crowd around him in no other way, and attracted, seemingly, no observation. I would hardly have seen him, would certainly not have looked twice to catch the second time a slight sense of the oddness of his look, had he not spoken to me.

The conclusion of his counsel was to the effect that, as I must wait for a later train than that by which I had intended going, I had better betake myself to one of two small hotels which stood side by side at a few yards' distance. I remember thanking him hastily, putting some inquiry as to train time, and rapidly "making tracks" for the nearer of the two quiet-looking country inns which he had indicated. I had a novel and newspapers. It was a warm day in May, and I found a pleasant little sitting-room, into which none but myself intruded during the time spent in waiting. So that by reading, resting, and a short walk abroad, the time slipped by easily enough, and when towards six o'clock, I again found myself on the platform waiting the arrival of the evening train, I had entirely recovered my equanimity, and having somewhat altered my plans in a manner to meet the difficulties engendered by a failure to arrive at a previously appointed hour, I hastened to claim my luggage and have it checked for a station seven miles further on than the one that had been intended for my destination.

In the light of later events I wish that I had been less devoted to the interests of myself and my luggage, and had sooner spared even a faint and passing regard for my nonchalant fellow traveller, for such it turned out he was to be. As I was eagerly scanning a pile of trunks and boxes, I turned my head to find him at my side. Except that the cigar had disappeared, he was the same wearied, bored individual; and in the same tone of resignation to duty, he said:

"You had better hand over your checks to the baggageman, and let him find your things"

"But there is no one in the baggage room," I replied, "and it is close on train time. I am afraid of being late."

He looked up and down the platform. "There he is," he said; "I will send him to you."

He walked away, and a few moments later a baggage man, or some equivalent, made the necessary alterations in the checking of my trunks, and I resumed my occupation of gazing up the track. I saw my helpful friend engaged in the same way, but when, a few minutes later, I seated myself in the car, carefully selecting a window which would give a view of familiar landscapes, I had forgotten all about him.

Just as the shadows were lengthening into evening dusk, a number of people walked into the car. A car further back had been detached from the train at some little wayside station just reached, and its occupants filed in, finding seats here and there. Amongst them was the stranger. He was coughing violently when he entered, and looked more than ever tired and worn. He hesitated on reaching my seat. The car was pretty well filled, and I immediately made a move, which invited him to sit down. Out of regard for his cough, I asked if he would prefer the window shut, the air being now agreeably cool, but he said he would not and sat still, gazing past me at the pleasant fields and dainty foliage of early summer time. I

looked at him more attentively then, than I had hitherto done, and his face imprinted itself on my memory. If I were skilled with the pencil I could draw it now; the features were such that a moderately exact descript on would enable any artist to depict them—an ordinary face. but for its expression.

As I watched him the fancy seized me that he was blind, an utterly untenable idea, considering that he was seated, slightly stooped forward, the better to see the country through which we were flying. This look of not seeing did not prevent the impression which I got of very keen and earnest thought, which, however, did not find its subject matter in his present environment. I have seen this curious conjunction of expressions in another face quite recently, but both were portrayed with much less intensity. And in the lives of the two persons who wore that look, there lurked, I must believe, a mysterious tragedy.

Have some of my readers ever mistaken a wax figure for nature, and gazed upon it as upon a fellow-being, to awaken with an unpleasant sense of repulsion to its lack of life? Some thing of that I experienced as I looked upon my companion's impassive countenance, which yet, like the cold wax, was shaped to express thought and emotion. I felt uncomfortable, and I think that I wished that he would go away, notwithstanding that I had myself invited him to sit down.

The conductor called the name of a station, Newton, and the stranger, turning to me, said, in that quietly sympathetic manner in which he always spoke: "The next station is yours?"

"No." I replied, "I shall only get off for a minute to get another ticket My friends will not expect me by this train, and it is much too far for me to go alone to their house. I shall go on to Fairbank, and if I wish, someone will drive me out here to-morrow."

"You had better speak to the conductor about it," he said, "I am afraid that the train will not stop long enough to admit of your procuring a ticket."

The conductor was near, and he beckoned him, and finding the conjecture correct, I was enabled to make some arrangement which dispensed with the necessity for a ticket.

My new acquaintance resumed his former attitude, looking steadily past me out of the window, but he had grown conversational. My mention of Fairbank had unlocked his speech.

"I used to know Fairbank very well," he said musingly, "but it is long since I have been there."

I at once became conversational also, for I did not know Fairbank well, having been there only once before, and I felt some interest in the place, having promised to visit friends there before my return home. I said as much, and he responded in the same way, as if talking to himself.

"I have not been there for six years. I left it on May 24th, 18—. I was born and brought up and married there."

He did not speak for a few minutes, and then, as if recounting something only half remembered, and not too keenly interesting, he went on:—

"I have a little daughter there. My wife died of consumption six months before I left, and my little girl is with her mother's friends."

The thought occurred to me at once of course, that he was then on unfriendly terms with his wife's relatives, else why refrain so long from seeing his child. We were nearing Fairbank, and wishing to continue the conversation I made some remark about the interest, verging on historic, which clung about the little town. He did not reply in a similar strain, however, but still harping on his family ties, went on softly:—

"I have not seen her since. We called her Cora. She was only four when I left, but she is in good hands. They are good people."

He spoke the last sentence almost

with emphasis, so that I re-considered my former assumption as to his straightened relations with these connections of his. But then why allow so long a time elapse without seeing this little Cora? Why pass the place by this evening and make no sign of even a wish to alight at the depôt for which we were now slowing perceptibly? One's mind is apt to get bright and inquisitive towards the end of a journey, the result, I fancy, of enforced silence for successive hours, and my thoughts busied themselves now with conjecture. Had this man who evidently cherished no ill-will to his friends, yet so grievously sinned against them that they would have none of him? That could hardly be, for the infliction of such a punishment as complete estrangement from his only child would certainly awake in him at the very least, a sense of injury, no trace of which was apparent as, with a very faint smile visible on his face, he recalled old days.

"I knew every foot of ground about here, and every man, woman and child in the place. You will hear my name often, for I have a good many cousins about, who bear it. My name is Cheyne, Henry Russel Cheyne."

I was collecting my belongings, some of which I had to detach from the rack overhead. My friend did not offer any assistance—he was too much engrossed in his reminiscences — but when he arose to let me pass out, he walked after me to the car door, and, finding that a light shower was falling, he volunteered to raise my umbrella, my own hands being fully occupied with the small paraphernalia with which womankind makes life a burden while *en route*.

In handing it to me, he roused for a moment to a more active interest than he had yet displayed.

"You will not find any cabs here at this hour," he said, "but speak to the station master. He will send you over to ——'s hotel."

I interrupted him laughingly: "Oh, I am not going to a hotel; I have friends here, Thanks, and good-bye."

That was all, and I never saw my travelling acquaintance of the clairvoyant mien again, Not a very thrilling episode, was it? But all the strangeness is yet to come.

In the excitement of an unexpected arrival at the pleasant house where my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel, an elderly couple without children, lived, I forgot him, until the following afternoon, when a slight circumstance revived my interest in the unsatisfactory condition of his domestic ties.

Mrs. Gabriel had a very delightful house. It was a red brick cottage with verandah all around it. It was very large in area, square, and having on each of three sides a door opening upon the verandah. One of these doors led into the drawing-room, a large room with low ceiling, and always dimly lighted by reason of the verandah and its flowering vines and creepers. Mrs. Gabriel's work table stood nearly all the time upon the verandah, where the light was better, and I used to sit upon the steps there with work or book. She persuaded me to remain a week with her before returning to Newton to carry out my first intention.

It was very pleasant. The lilacs about the house were in bloom; the weather was charming: all the girls came to call on me, and we drove to return their calls, as Mrs. Gabriel believed herself unable to walk, and had, moreover, a delightful little carriage and very safe horse.

On the first afternoon of my stay with her, however, she could not come out. The roomy, shady drawing-room was filled with ladies, mostly elderly, who, with a very business-like air, discussed means and methods of aiding in the payment of a large church debt. Mrs. Gabriel nearly bustled with the importance of presiding over the proceedings.

As a stranger, I was not interested, but remained, feeling that it was ex-

pected of me, and I would, no doubt, have been sufficiently wearied, had not relief come in the form of an exceedingly pretty little girl, very prettily dressed, too, who, perceiving my admiration, and sympathizing, probably, in my boredom, presently sidled up to me. I was and am exceedingly fond of children, and this little damsel was really extraordinarily pretty, and, as I discovered, to my amusement, funnily vain, and adorned with little coquettish mannerisms, which somehow did not repel, because, notwithstanding her assumption of being very grown-up, she was yet exceedingly childish. And then, she was so very pretty. Not the baby prettiness of flaxen curls, dimples, and unformed features: my little co-sufferer, was, I fear, not of the kind of which poets tell. She was really very like a fashion-plate. Faces in fashion-plates are all on the same model, only that some have fair hair, and others dark, They all have the same classic little heads, and small, correct profiles, and the head and face are the same, whether it be of child or matron. It is a style not often seen, which makes its adoption for fashion-plate use objectionable. But. rare as it is, this little girl had it. She was both delightful to view, and amusing by reason of the fashion plate association of ideas. She was very lively, and chatted away easily.

'My name is Cora Cheyne," I presently heard, and instantly replied in some surprise: "I thought that Mrs. King was your mother."

"Oh, no; I call her mamma, because I have always lived with her. But she is my grandmamma. My papa and mamma are both dead."

I heard this last speech with a little shock of indignation. I felt my sense of justice awakened in defence of my whilom railway acquaintance. Whatever his offence, he surely could not deserve that his only child be taught to believe him dead.

Cora went on: "I hope that you are coming to our house. Mamma means to ask you to come on Wednesday afternoon. I have a great many things to show you."

And when her mamma, or her grandmother, for that was really the relationship, invited me to spend the following afternoon with her, I gladly consented. Curiosity was thoroughly aroused, although I was ashamed to recognize that such was the case. I spoke to Mrs. Gabriel of the pleasure with which I looked forward to spending several hours in the beautiful garden and extensive lawn to which she had drawn my attention during a former visit to her

"I was glad," she cried, 'to see you amused with little Cora, for our proceedings could not have been interesting to you."

"Yes," I replied, "she is a dear, funny little girl," and then, because my mind was full of the small mystery which I had unearthed, I added at a venture:—

"I know her father."

Mrs. Gabriel looked at me in slight surprise, caused, probably, by my positive tone,

"Her father is dead, my dear," she said gently. "He has been dead for some years now. It was very sad; he died soon after his wife, leaving just this little girl; but," she added, after a pause, 'she is in good hands."

The similarity of her concluding remark to one dropped by the stranger on the train, did not escape my attention, but I merely responded by asking a question:—

"What makes you sure that Mr. Cheyne is dead, Mrs. Gabriel?"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, "it does not admit of question. I saw him in the coffin, and, indeed, I almost saw him die. He had a lingering illness, unlike his wife. It was lung disease in both cases, but she was only a few weeks unable to go about, while he had been coughing for quite two years before she fell ill. We all knew them well; they belong to people so well

known about here, you know. But when did you think that you met some one like him?"

"On the railway train when coming here," I replied, and proceeded to give her a detailed account of my journey, and the slight assistance given by a stranger. As I was talking, her husband entered, and she turned to him.

"——— thinks that she met Cora Cheyne's father while on her way here," she said, smiling a little sadly, "and I have just been telling her of his death."

"Strange," he responded, "I was thinking of him as I came along the street just now. He died just six years ago this month, and I was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. It was a very different May from this, very cold, a flurry of snow had fallen the day before. Yes, Henry Russel Cheyne died six years ago."

I think my jaw dropped with horror. Until now no one had spoken the full name. "It had been "Cora's father" with both Mrs. Gabriel and myself, and the mystery in my mind had been a commonplace one of family estrangement. A horror which I did not care to investigate seized my mind. With whom had I been talking on that pleasant May evening?

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked my kind hostess.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "May I have a light all night in my room, Mrs. Gabriel? I think I am nervous, and I will make sure of its safety before I fall asleep."

Fear of fire was one of Mrs. Gabriel's idiosyncrasies, and she entered a vigorous protest against my proposal, assuring me that by keeping me awake, an unwonted light would only increase nervous agitation. It was quite her favorite theme, peril by fire, and the digression lasted until we parted for the night

When alone I reasoned with myself and partly got rid of the uneasy, startled sensation which had seemed to make sleep impossible. I told myself that most positively the man with whom I had talked, who had made in my little difficulties such practical suggestions, was certainly a living, breathing person. Either by some extraordinary coincidence, there had lived in this small town, two men of precisely the same name, one leaving the place on the very same day of the other's death, or, much more probably, Henry Russel Cheyne had not died at all. There had been some motive for pretending a death when actually none had taken place, and I determined that, all things considered, any investigation that I could personally conduct through Mrs. Gabriel or little Cora, would be perfectly justifiable in the present light of events. And in the character of a private and self-appointed detective, I betook myself on the appointed afternoon to Mrs. King's house. I went alone, Mrs. Gabriel being engaged, taking work with me, as I had been invited for a very informal visit, after a manner much in vogue in Fairbank. Little Cora was at school when I arrived, and Mrs. King and I made a pleasant tour of the garden, lawn and poultry yard together. She was, I should think, about sixty years of age, very tall and upright in bearing, with keen, dark eyes, and a bright complexion. She was a very religious woman and much respected in the neighborhood, where she had spent her whole life, and where she had been twice married, the first time to a brother of my friend, Mr. Gabriel.

When we re-entered the house, I found that she had two large drawing-rooms, one of which she called the sitting-room. It seemed to be her favorite apartment, and in it were hung a number of water-color sketches by a young relative in New York, in whom she was much interested, and she pointed them out with evident pride. Among them on the wall were portraits and photographs.

The mystery of Cora's father had

taken the background in my thoughts during our stroll, but it suddenly assumed lively proportions, when I heard Mrs. King say :—

"This is Cora's mother."

I turned hastily from the picture at which I was looking closely, to see that she held in her hand a circular frame which she had taken from its place.

I went to her side. It had been enlarged from a smaller picture at a time when the photographer's grasp of his art left much to be desired, and the portrait was not pleasing. It was distinct enough, however, and my mental comment was that Cora certainly did not take her looks from her mother. But what I said, was: "Have you a portrait of her father, Mrs. King?"

"Yes," she answered, "and a very good one. It is a photograph also, but taken in Buffalo less than a year before his death."

And restoring to its peg the one she held, she took down its companion picture, and carrying it to a better light, held it up to view.

I looked in silence for a minute, with a tide of thoughts rushing through my mind, and then, extending my hands, I received it from her. and turned away. in an involuntary fear lest she should read my mind. I daresay that it was well that I did so, as some of the horror I felt must have been reflected in my face. For the man whose well-executed portrait looked at me from the circular gilt frame in my hand, was my fellow-traveller, who had called himself Henry Russel Cheyne!

I feared that my voice must betray my excitement when I at length ventured to speak :—

"Mrs. King," I asked, "Where was Mr. Cheyne's home at the time of his death?"

"Here," she replied, quietly and laconically. "He died almost where you are standing. There was a partition at that time dividing this room, and I had a bed carried there, because it was more cheerful for him. He had been ailing long, but after his wife's death, he became rapidly worse.

For want of anything better to say, and because I wished her to continue talking, I asked :—

"Did he know that he was dying?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, and added softly, "but he had been long ready. His death-bed was, like that of his wife, very beautiful. Only three days before the end, he tried to make Cora understand: but she was then only four years of age, and would not listen. She pounded his pillows, thinking that she made him more comfortable, and slipped off the bed as he talked, to arrange the phials and flowers that stood on a table beside him. He only smiled to me, and said that perhaps it was better so. But he loved little Cora very much."

I thought drearily of the vague indifference with which Henry Russel Cheyne, on that evening train, had spoken of this little daughter, and I tried to imagine the scene in which he had, with pathetic yearning, striven to take of her an eternal farewell.

I do not know how far I might have pursued my inquiries had not an interruption come, in the form of Cora herself, pretty, presumptuous, and self-assured as ever. She assumed little airs of authority, and proceeded to play the part of hostess at once, her grandmother becoming absorbed in silent admiration, in which, notwithstanding my amusement and disapproval, I could not help participating.

I returned to Mrs. Gabriel's early, in a very thoughtful mood. I found her knitting by lamplight, her husband seated at the other side of her work-table, reading.

I sat down and waited for him to lay aside his paper. As soon as he did so, I began: "Mr. Gabriel, was Cora Cheyne's father a poor man?"

"By no means. He was in very comfortable circumstances. All that he had will be Cora's. Mr. King, her

step-grandfather, and myself are executors. She will be a small heiress I fancy, for Mrs. King is a wealthy woman through her first marriage, to my brother, and is tolerably certain to leave nearly everything to Cora."

I tried to form some theory of motive and conduct which would explain the extraordinary circumstance of a feigned death, which implied a lifetime's entire and complete separation from home, kindred, and fortune. If all that he had was in executors' hands, and he still living, he was penniless and friendless. My thoughts shaped into another question :—

"What advantage would accrue to Cora, Mr. Gabriel, by her father's premature death?"

"She could gain nothing by it," he replied, and I fancied that he spoke more stiffly, as if wearied of my obstinate persistence in what appeared to him a silly delusion. "She cannot, of course, have anything until she is of age. She has a very happy home, in which she is an only and idolized child, but her position there would have been the same had he lived. He was greatly esteemed by Mr. and Mrs. King."

"His death left her an orphan, then, did it not," I asked, "without altering her outward circumstances, which were fortunate and secure in any case?"

"That is the state of the case," said Mr. Gabriel, "and I think that tomorrow you must come with me for a walk. I will take you to the burying-ground, and you shall read the inscription on the tombstone of this man who interests you so much."

"That will be the best way," exclaimed Mrs. Gabriel, "and then I think, dear, that you must try to get rid of this fancy of yours. I really believe that you must have fallen asleep on the train and dreamed it."

That this solution would involve a belief in my being endowed with second sight did not seem to occur to my good friend, but I gathered from her words, as well as from her husband's tone, that they were unwilling to have more of my mystery.

Unforeseen circumstances prevented the walk to the little cemetery next day, but a year or so later, being in Fairbank again, I went there by myself and read the record of the death of Henry Russel Cheyne on the day which my railway acquaintance of the same name had given as the date of his leaving the little town never to return.

And now I have related the strange circumstances which disturbed me so much at the time, and which, after discussing with a few friends, I allowed to sink into forgetfulness, until a short time ago, when they were suddenly and most oddly recalled to vivid recollection. I was in conversation with a young cousin of my own, whose age would nearly correspond with Cora's, if Cora be still living. Amy chatted away about her school days, she having just graduated from an Ontario college. I was only half listening, until suddenly, in some recital of school-girl escapade, the name of Cora Cheyne cropped up.

"Cora Cheyne!" I exclaimed, "where was she from, Amy? I once knew a little girl of that name in Fairbank,"

"Yes, she was from Fairbank," my cousin answered. "But she was only a short time at our college, and I did not know her very well."

"Was she very pretty, Amy?" I asked. "She was a remarkably beautiful little girl when I saw her."

"Was she?" in a tone of slight surprise. "I don't know. I never thought of it. She was so very delicate, and looked so sickly. And," she added, after a pause, "she was such a queer girl, we did not take to her at all. *She was always seeing ghosts.*"

I did not say anything, but I "thought the more," and it seemed to me that in these days of psychical research, it were well to make known this curious episode of my own experience.

It may serve no purpose save to amuse an idle half-hour, for I know that my repeated asseverations will fail to win most people to a belief in the truth of so strange a tale, but I would like to think that some one among my readers will take it seriously enough to ponder the enigma, and perchance solve it. It may not convince any one of the existence of apparitions. It has never convinced me. I am a staunch unbeliever in spiritualistic phenomena, and even this experience, which I consider extraordinary, has never affected my incredulity.

GABLE ENDS.

A CHOICE.

I'd rather live but one short day,
And die in love's dear name,
Than pass ten thousand lives away,
Without love's kindling flame.

I'd rather feel th' inspiring glow
That love itself can bring,
Than hear the praises that I know
A multitude might sing.

I'd rather speak what love inspires,
Than in ten tongues be heard.
I'd rather sing in love's sweet choirs,
Whose music needs no word.

All gain that wealth might bring to me,
I'd willingly forego,
If I from love should parted be,
Its pleasures ne'er to know.

For all that fame and wealth can give
Will vanish like a cloud.
One day I in their pleasures live,
The next I see their shroud.

So love is what I'd have alway,
So rich and full and free,
That if I only lived a day,
A lifetime it would be.

—E. BLANCHE BURNS.

ON A LONELY GRAVE ON KUSHAY-SIDE, ONTARIO.

I.

What chance, or mischance, left thee lying here,
Far from God's acre, far from that sweet sound,
The sabbath-going bell? The stately deer
Glance nervously, as though thy upheaved mound
Told of some mystery or dismal fate.
With fearful step, the ploughboy shuns the place,
When filled with awe, alone he passes late;
With eyes half closed, he runs with fear a race,
As, all forsaken to the woods and sky,
Thou in neighbored forgetfulness doth lie.

II.

Did some wild savage, in this distant land
Deal out to thee a sad, untimely doom?
Perchance a weapon in a loved one's hand
Sent thee, with but brief warning to the tomb.
Did strong hands tend thy cold, uncoffined form,
And, all in haste commit thee to the sod,
And through the summer's heat and winter's storm
Did leave thee here to solitude and God?
And wilt thou, then, still unremembered, lie
When the archangel echoes through the sky?

III.

Have all forgot? What, tho' the busy share
Doth, with rude ridge, a careless furrow trace,
And rough hands, with no thoughtful, loving care,
Swing the bright scythe o'er thy last resting-place?
The absent one, in distant Kotah's field,
Sighs o'er thy memory and thy lonely tomb,

And by dear Kushay's tide are friends who yield
Tears, sad and silent for thine early doom.
And the archangel, in the latter days,
Will not o'erlook thy wave-lapped resting-place.
Strangers and friends! this simple grass-grown spot,
With broken rail, and headstone sunk away,
Marks not the victim of some savage plot,
Or hunter done to death in rude affray;
A simple maiden, so the story saith,
Sought here her love, but, jealous of her charms,
The water maidens joined themselves with death,
And snatch'd her from her loving lover's arms
So sleeps she here, till, on that morning bright,
She shall awake to truest love's delight.

—THOMAS C. ROBSON.

MINDEN, ONT.

THE DECLINE OF DIALECT.

(NOT BY J. WHITCOMB RILEY.)

Pretty soon I ruther 'spect
They won't be no dialect,
Wut with these here modern schools
An' thar doggoned grammar rules
Teachin' childern how ter talk
'Bout ez quick ez they kin walk,
Weedin' out each nateral phrase
In our happy boyhood days.
Risin' generation larn
Not ter say "Begosh" an' "darn"
An' sech good old standby's, wich
Made our mother-tongue so rich,
An' wich also helps us well
So called "poetry" to sell.
Many wich has no purtence
Uv conveyin' wit or sense
Kin on dialect pull through,
Better'n if they grammar knew.
(Scuse needcessities of rhyme
Ef I don't say "knowed" this time.)
Wen folks larn to speak correct
Whar'll we git our dialect?
In the country, sloshin' round,
Heaps uv farmers I have found
Wich could chin in city style,
No-ways "racy uv the sile."
Never frum thar lips would fall
No sech phrase ez 'Darn it all."
Cuss-words in a milder tone
Seemin' ter be all unknown.
Oh! Tis saddenin' ter see
How thar nouns an' verbs agree,
An' how seldom they will give
A superfluous negative.
Each quaint rustic simile
Soon will all forgotten be,
An' the speech in wich I've sung
Be a dead unspoken tongue,
Pretty soon I ruther 'spect
They won't be no dialect.

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

HER POSITION WAS ASSURED.

The fact that some people can say and do things with impunity for which others of lower social station would be held to a strict account, has given use to many popular proverbs and furnishes a frequent text for the moralist or the satirist.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dusenbury to her husband, "I can hardly believe that that vulgar Mrs. Fastleigh we met the other day has any social position."

"But she has though."

"Her manners are atrocious."

"That may be."

"And she swears sometimes."

"I believe she does."

"And there are all sorts of stories about her."

"Very likely"

"Then what gives you the impression that she moves in good society?"

"I am sure of it, Rebecca. Why, when she was caught stealing goods at Eaton's last week they called it a case of kleptomania."—P. T.

FILIAL PIETY REWARDED.

"Morning, Brother John. Hard at work as usual."

"Yes, Dick. Clearing out this old desk of father's, and burning a lot of old papers and worthless truck that has accumulated."

"But John – I wouldn't do that if I were you It don't seem right. Some of them may be mementos linking us to the cherished associations of the past."

"Oh! come off with your sentimental nonsense. I want this desk for use, and can't have it littered up with trash. I'll keep all the receipts though, and anything that's any good. What's this? A pile of old letters! They are no use"

"But you surely won't burn those. Why John, they are the love letters written by our dear parents to each other before their marriage."

"What do I care for that?"

"Don't destroy 'em, I beg. How dearly I should prize these hallowed relics, recalling the fond and tender memories of the long ago."

"You always were a sentimental idiot, Dick. Take 'em along if you want to save 'em. I've no use for them myself,"

"Thanks brother, ever so much! I have. Why, the old stamps on them are worth a hundred dollars."—P.T.

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

FRENCH ANARCHIST—Ah Tr-raitor! Scelerat! you have betrayed the cause of the people! Send me no more your execrable sheet.

EDITOR OF "LE BOMB ANARCHISTE"—With pleasure, since you never pay for it But mon ami, there is some mistake. Have I not been true? Have I not suffered?

FRENCH ANARCHIST — Wretch! You have been deceiving us. I have just learned that your paper is printed with bourgeois type! A bas la bourgeoisie!

—P. T.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Dominion of Canada, with Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska.—A Hand Book for Travellers. By Karl Boedeker. Leipsic, Karl Boedeker, 254 pp.

Boedeker's hand books everyone knows are famous, and the new one just issued, and dealing with Canada, is quite equal in every respect to any of its companions. The work, which is small type, contains in condensed form a vast amount of information. It includes essays on various important features of Canadian affairs by well-known Canadian authorities, while the routes outlined are admirably arranged. A full index of places adds much to the value of the work. The ten maps and seven plans of Canadian cities are models in clearness and beauty.

The Ghost of Gairn. By M. M. Black, author of "Tempted," "Disinherited," etc. Edinburgh and London, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; Toronto, Wm. Briggs.

"The Ghost of Gairn" is a story of the Jacobite troubles of 1745. The plot is not intricate, but the interest of the reader never flags, so well told is the story, and so well drawn and pleasing are several of the characters. In general literary merit, "The Ghost of Gairn" ranks far above the average novel.



A CANADIAN INFANTRY ADJUTANT.

domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earne-tness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage of Champlain; never can we forget the saintly Marie de l' Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lion-like Brebœuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterful La-Salle. These, with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and sure as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the wand of Scott revealed unsuspected depths of human interest in border castle and Highland glen, so it seems that North America was about awaiting the magician's touch that should invest its rivers and hill-sides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his wand has touched, from the cliffs of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains."*

Of the Massachusetts historian, the learned Dr. Justin Winsor justly says, "He who shall tell that story of noble endeavor must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eye. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must trace him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle.

"What noble lessons of perseverance —of industry—of indomitable courage, under prolonged and acute physical sufferings, are afforded by his protracted sojourn here below."

Of his literary career, Julius H. Ward thus discourses in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

"If the story of Francis Parkman's life should be written as he lived it, as the mind rose above and controlled the body, it will make one of the most thrilling narratives of heroic effort that has ever been given to the world. His achievement was great, but it was produced under difficulties which showed the man to be greater than his work. The strength of his purpose is to be measured by the difficulties which beset him. For a great portion of the fifty years he could not use his eyes continuously for more than five minutes. He had the industry and the habits of application of a literary man, and his life was spent in the handling of historical materials, but he was compelled to follow the life of a recluse. Much as he enjoyed society, he could not bear the strain of it. He must choose between his pleasure and his work, and it was always in favor of the work. No other literary man of the period has labored under greater difficulties. 'The Oregon Trail' was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were dictated to a member of his family who prepared them for the press. When I asked to be allowed to see his manuscripts, he replied, 'I have none.' He could not bear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from excitement that he could work at all. For half a century he lived a life of 'repressed activity,' (these are his own words) having his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit on the penalty of having it taken away from him."

And again, in *McClure's Magazine*, for January, 1894 :—

"He could command for work not more than one-twentieth of the time which other men have, and for ten years, from 1853 to 1863, he could not work at all. From his return from the West in 1846, to the day of his death, November 8th, 1893, he never knew a day when he was an entirely well man. He spent some months at a water-cure in Northampton, without benefit. The physician urged him to prepare to die, but Parkman replied that he should not die, even if he did not get well. At a later date he went to Paris to consult Dr. Brown-Sequard, who for three months tested him for insanity, but finally told him that his head was perfectly sound, and that he could do nothing for him. The doctors all told him that he must not

* *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1894.

work, and he once said to me that if he had followed their instructions he could never have written his books. The situation was desperate. For a great part of the time he could not read continuously for more than five minutes without s raining his eyes, and it was impossible for him to write or read for long periods.

"About the time he entered upon his sophomore year, Parkman began to feel promptings toward a literary career, and his thoughts early fixed upon a history of 'The Seven Years' War,' a subject which had not then been touched by any writer, and which may have been suggested by the fact that George Bancroft had already begun the 'History of the United States,' having published h s first volumes. It was an unknown period in American history, and one not only congenial to his tastes, but within the limits of his gifts. The notable thing was, that a youth of eighteen, to whom the world of letters was just opening, should have reached out to this field and that even in college he should have directed his studies in the channels best fitted to prepare him for it The novels of Cooper and Scott were always in his hands, and he was more familiar with them than with the classical authors it was his duty to read. At Harvard, if not a profound scholar, he was President of the Hasty Pudding Club, and had the intimate companionship of men of tastes similar to his own. President Quincy was then the strong man of the faculty, but the institution lacked instructors who gave it character. It was a good place for a young man to work out his own ideas, and Parkman began here the study of English and the reading of Burke, who was his master in English style. What he did was to learn how to write."

How oft have I strolled with him over the quaint, haunted forest-paths of Champlain—now our public streets—recalling the past, or ascending with the historian the grim battlements of the mural-crowned city, to measure and minutely study the *locale* and garner accurate data for his lasting record. One cloudy September day, in particular, I can recall. The historian, his able questioner and biographer, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the late Professor Hubert Lakue, of Laval University, and myself. We had met at the social board at Spencer Wood, at the request of the Lieut.-Governor, H. Luc Letellier de Saint Just, a warm admirer of Parkman. It was, indeed, a feast of reason to sit with such companions. I remember the interesting turn the conversation took, respecting the landing of Wolfe's army, on the 15th September, 1759, on the strand directly below the Chateau, and climbing up the dizzy heights, by means of the bushes, being the outlet of the *ruisseau Saint Denis*, which runs through the Spencer Wood grounds. Abbé Casgrain, the future author of "Montcalm and Levis," opened out with racy anecdotes, illustrating the life-like escapes on that memorable day. He was well supported by the genial and cultured Laval University professor. Parkman interested us all by his theories on the errors committed by both generals at that eventful engagement, which changed the destinies of North America.

This social meeting took place in 1878. I shall never forget it. Parkman then informed us of his long-cherished design to write the incidents of the memorable fight, and invited us to accompany him next morning to survey the ground, which the Abbé and myself were happy in being able to do. Proud we felt in strolling side by side with the eminent annalist down the lofty Marchmont hill to the shore of the St. Lawrence: as it were, helping the enthusiastic author in his glorious task of portraying Wolfe and Montcalm on that momentuous occasion. How Mr. Parkman did revel in our grand old forests, amidst our gorgeous mountain and lake scenery!

I recall his pleasant smile of surprise on recognizing an old friend, one bright summer day during his last visit to Quebec, on the green banks of the rushing Batiscan, one of the best trout streams of the Lake St. John District. He had been camping since June, for some weeks, at this wild spot. Mayhap I recalled forest memories of his early explorations,—with Quincy D. Shaw:—the days of the "Oregon Trail." His *compagnon de pêche*, was a congenial spirit, Charles Farnham, the graphic delineator in

Harper's of Canadian life. Mr. Parkman pressed me to take a seat in his diminutive Rice Lake canoe, and return to camp with him some miles below the railway bridge, where I was: however, not being an expert swimmer, I had to decline the honor of being paddled through the furious eddies of the Batiscan by the most eminent historian of Massachusetts in a canoe evidently intended for one man only.

How many of the members of our Royal Society have partaken of his hospitality, either on Chestnut Street, or on the sunny bank of Jamaica Pond: the Abbé Casgrain, Dr. Lakue, M. Mannutte, our archemist, Napoleon Legendre, Faucher de Saint Maurice, myself and others.

And of his love of flowers,—have I not before me on my table a cherished token "The Book of Roses," with his valued autograph on the title page. The author, his old friend, Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, paints:

"Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet breathed roses which he loved so well."

and which the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of the 9th of November, 1893, describes, so sympathetically, the day after his death:—

"Frequently at this time might have been seen upon Boston Common a figure slightly unsteady, walking with the aid of a cane, his eyes shaded from the light, his face white, but full of serene courage This was Francis Parkman. It was at this time that he bought the tract of land on the shore of Jamaica Pond, and built his picturesque dwelling.

"Here he gave himself up to the study of horticulture. Not merely for pleasure and the recovery of his health did he do this. He made himself master of every detail, and soon became an expert, and was known as one of the leading horticulturists of the State. He was at one time president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and also, for a short time, professor of horticulture in the Bussey Institution, a part of Harvard University.

"For twelve years he devoted himself to the hybridization of lilies, and originated a new variety of this flower, which has been called 'Lilium Parkmanii.' He also paid much attention to the cultivation of roses, and it was in this way that his 'Book of Roses' appeared in 1866."

A further sweet memento of the genial man survives in my garden, a lovely white rose tree—rich in fragrance and bloom—the only surviving plant of twenty-one, sent on by him from Boston to Mrs. Le Moine.

Mr. Parkman's knee trouble followed him abroad; his holiday time among his old friends was not free from it.

One day that he and I were sauntering along St. Louis Street, he apologized for stopping, and I noticed how he repeatedly leaned and rested his enfeebled limb on the wall opposite. This induced me to ask him the origin of the infirmity. He replied that in his outing to the Rocky Mountains, in 1846, when he lived among a tribe of Dacotah Indians, to study their inward life and habits, he had to follow these fierce hunters one whole day on horseback, drenched by rain to the skin, and without changing his outer garments, but had he weakened, and given in to exhausted nature, he would have, he said, lost their countenance and good will. The incident is graphically related by Julius H. Ward in his magazine article.

Mr. Parkman counted, at Quebec, a crowd of admirers. His most intimate friends of the past were the Hon. Henry Black, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty; the Hon. George Okill Stuart, his successor in this high office. Judge Black died in 1873, and Judge Geo. O. Stuart expired at Quebec in 1884. More than once his sumptuous mansion in St. Ursule Street sheltered the "historian of England and France in North America." He had other familiars at Quebec and at Montreal ever ready to lend a helping hand in his historical researches: the Abbés Verreau, Bois, Casgrain, Professor H. La Rue, to whose sympathetic assistance the preface of several of his works bears testimony.

Alas! Francis Parkman is no more, and in the words of New England's singer, Oliver Wendell Holmes,

"He rests from toil; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearying hands
That wove their pictured web in History's loom,
Rich with the memories of three distant lands.

* * * * * *

He told the red man's story; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his race;
He sat a listener at the sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wild-wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle screamed;
The wolf's long howl rang nightly; through the vale
Tramped the lone bear; the panther's eyeballs gleamed;
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife.
Two proud, strong nations battling for the prize;
Which swarming host should mould a nation's life,
Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict; on the crimson sod
Native and alien joined their hosts in vain;
The lilies withered where the lion trod,
Till peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold,
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin;
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell

A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars."

A NATIONAL SPIRIT IN ART.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

THE necessity of cultivating a National Spirit in Art is seldom advanced in the criticisms of the press.

The refining and elevating functions of the fine arts, even to the casual observer, are ever apparent in the most common-place society. There exists, however, in art an element not easily discerned, exercising a momentous influence upon the affairs of a nation, and this influence I will in some measure endeavor to discuss.

The intricate conditions retarding research into the underlying elements of national structure render the presentation of art literature exceedingly difficult; it is like one sailing upon a sea without charts or guiding instruments.

In the nursery and in the schoolroom, during our very impressionable period of child-life, it is, indeed, no easy task to determine the influences which are at work moulding the youthful mind. The silent language of pictures must, upon the very earliest dawn of intelligence, communicate its simple stories to the child. Reclining upon its little cot, who shall determine the stretches of its thought, as its wondering eyes hover over the pictures upon the walls. The school period follows, and in a methodical way the child now acquires knowledge, inquiry being rewarded by explanation. But the scope of inquiry being limited by the artificially-arranged conditions and surroundings of the school, makes this the best understood, though the least interesting, stage of the child's growth. It is lacking in spontaniety. Occasionally, however, the child does make a rambling excursion in the "Realms of Gold," turning leaf after leaf in search of pictures, and drinking with mental thirst from the fountain.

Advancing to manhood, stronger and more mature thoughts lay hold upon the mind, and it is now that the differences of taste and temperament most strongly assert themselves. If of a meditative nature, the man turns, almost with the spirit of reverence, to pictures possessing solemn or sublime qualities; upon the portraits of Divines, he traces the lines of spiritual humanity, and determines the course of his life. If of a military character, his blood courses hotly as he views upon the canvas the wild dash of the cavalry on the solid squares of Waterloo, and, alternately with the common soldier and with the commander, he plays his part upon the field.

The military pictures of Elizabeth Thompson have filled the heart of many a Briton with the proud purpose of serving his country, even though in the ranks. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, in his youthful days, was accustomed to look with breathless silence upon the portraits of Marlborough and other famous generals. Turning from them with triumph upon his face, and catching, as it were, the very inspiration of their genius from the canvas, he momentarily assumed the air and attitude which the artist had delineated. I have often thought that the portraits of Washington, by John Trumbell and Rembrandt Peale, were before the minds of many a gallant officer in the late civil war in the United States. Not confined to the pictorial sphere is this military influence,—the noble statues of Old England have made thousands of heroes.

The little lad, as he romps through the parks of New York, pauses with conscious pride before the imperishable statue of Daniel Webster, and re-

peats with eloquent enunciation the famous lines graven on the entablature: "One, and indivisible now and forever." Not only in church, military and political life, does art wield its great influence. It enters the social and domestic sphere with perhaps more vital force. *Genré* pictures awaken a love for the humbler walks of life, and a consequent respect for those therein depicted. We are touched by their sorrows and we are cheered by their joys, as we enter with unfeigned affection into the spirit of rural life. An illustration of the effect of this class of subject may here come with convincing effect. In the American galleries at the Columbian Exhibition there was a picture by Hovenden of Philadelphia, entitled "Breaking Home Ties." It was surrounded by severe classical subjects, as soulless as their golden casements. But Hovenden had a story to tell, and he told it with modest simplicity. The little group of rustic folk gathered at the doors, and the interior of the cottage, showed a happy home. The young man who was about to take his departure had arrived at manhood's years; looking with tearful eyes upon his aged mother, his sister and his brother, he bade them farewell and followed with lagging footsteps the honored father who bore with bent head his son's light luggage to the door. I would rather have that one picture by Hovenden than acres of the academic trash that drew the encomiums of the technically clever academicians. It is truly a wonderful picture. Returning to their homes, widely scattered over the entire continent, cherished recollections were awakened in those who looked at this famous picture; in memory they revisited the scenes of their childhood; the old school days were recalled; down the lonely paths by the winding rivulet again they wandered, and they gambolled anew at the old-time sport upon the green. These and many such like scenes must have been revived in meditating on that beautiful picture. We may fairly conclude that in the awakening of such associations, the love of home which broadens into national pride is fostered and developed. But more than this; such art tends to pull down the false barriers which society so cruelly constructs, and gives us a glimpse of the healthful nature of simple natural life. Our great halls of learning are transforming the whole course of the stream of our national life from the gentle valleys to the thronged streets, to what end I cannot say, quitting the natural for the artificial life. The *genré* and landscape painter is forever presenting the beauties of rural life, entreating by the most subtle charms which art from nature wins, for men to again return to the more noble walks of life. And if not to return, to at least cherish a spirit of affectionate regard and honorable respect for those whose toil is in the field. Is this not a national work? The moral influence of art it is not, however, our aim here to discuss, but in passing we might say that the pictures of Hogarth came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky striking with telling effect the calloused heart of England. Families breaking up take to their new and distant homes the pictures that have hung upon the walls of the old. Some of these pictures were painted in the locality of their childhood, and now in their new home, far from the old associations, these, ever before them, keep in memory the stately elms, the old church towers, and, with each returning Sabbath, the sounding of the evening bells—fresh, forever fresh, through all the vicissitudes of life. I can recall many families, who years ago left the eastern provinces of our Dominion, to dwell in the far west. How dear to them must be every relic which they have brought with them, but dearer far are the pictures of pastoral life drawn where they spent their early days

Even in such works, the little dwellers on the western plains grow to recognize each nook and path depicted, with something of the liking which the parents cherish for the old home. In this way is province bound to province and prairie to woodland. Our painters penetrate the sub-arctic northern forest, the most lonely lake in the solitary north, the furthest western mountains, and over and beyond the Rockies, into British Columbia, in search of material, new and characteristic, for their easels. They gather, here and there, as they journey along, the local conditions and points of local interest. These, in our annual exhibitions, appear upon the walls, fresh from the studios in our Canadian art centres. Side by side they are viewed with the pastoral pictures of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and the marine subjects of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Exhibition becomes in spirit a pictorial lesson on the boundless resources of our Dominion. But greater results are to follow. The silently floating birch canoe on the still waters of Shadow River, finds a purchaser in some eastern connoisseur, a dweller on the Atlantic seaboard. Its companion picture,—perhaps a sheltered inlet of Lake Couchiching, or. on the Omemee River, or Stony Lake,—or an evening view on the Mimico marshes, adorns the walls of a lovely mansion in some prairie city; whilst the weird and lonely mountain pictures, with distant Kamloops, or the blue Lake Louise, or Mount Sir Donald, hung beside a view of St. John's Harbor, showing the vessels bathed in the evening's fading light,—may find a cherished resting-place in the parlors of Toronto or Montreal art patrons. Thus in a most material way is the landscape painter furthering patriotic sentiments.

The portrait painter in a measure excels even the *genré* or the landscape painter in developing this national spirit. He is pre-eminently an historical painter, handing down the men and the manners of one century to the century that succeeds.

The historian, by narrating events of national interest, describes the actors upon the stage of the historical drama. The portrait painter presents you to them, and you feel the influence of their individuality in the commanding silence of their presence. The lives of men seem to write their lines upon their faces. The orators of England, Pitt, Burke, Disraeli, and the orators of the United States, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, and, too, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, of our own country,—all have faces strangely similar to the faces of Cicero and others of the great of old.

Whatever may be assigned by the physiognomist as the cause of this similarity of feature, I will not here discuss. But we can say, with Cowper, as he gazed upon his mother's picture,

"Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic power."

Thus we may in gratitude express ourselves of the sculptors of antiquity and the artists of modern times, for having preserved from decay or oblivion the heroes of history.

It is the goldsmith's mark of genuineness stamped upon the links of the national chain. By no condition of national dissolution, by no process wherein languages become obsolete, do the features ceasé to convey in marble, or on canvas, their utmost meaning, but at all times declare, in every dialect of every language, and to every race and nation, the thought the artist had depicted there. Pre-eminently then does the art of portraiture call for special national recognition.

What gives the younger generation a greater pride in the country, and what more incites it to ambitious effort, than familiarity with the portraits of the master-minds of former generations! Portraits of heroes inspire men with valor. Portraits of scientists send us to the laboratory.

Portraits of statesmen commend to us a livelier interest in the affairs of our nation. But above all this, there is a spirit of solemn reverence awakened by the mere presence of the likeness of distinguished men.

To bring the subject more closely to our own door, Osgoode Hall, the legal centre of Ontario, would lose one-half its dignity were it stripped of the portraits of the eminent judges of former years, which hang along its corridors. Canada unfortunately has but few institutions wherein are national treasures of art. The dearth of such institutions must ever have a deterring effect upon the growth of a national spirit. We boast with conscious pride four great halls of learning. Justly, too! Some of these have existed for nearly half a century. And have they produced no names worthy of monumental recognition? But from no university has the voice of a patriot been heard arousing the people to take one step towards the erection of a national gallery, apparently oblivious of the fact that when this century has passed away, absolutely the most valuable treasures which the nation possesses will be the despised works of painters living at this day. If it be deemed in the older countries expedient to construct marvellous galleries for the reception of art treasures, we should, commensurate with our means and opportunities, also place ourselves on record with the great nations.

But it may be contended that we do not possess treasures of art of such importance as would merit such consideration. I want to be distinctly understood, and to say plainly what I believe is necessary to the development of a national art. If the Government almost ignores the efforts of our artists, that national development must necessarily be slow. But what is most necessary to encourage a spirit of national excellence must surely be: first, a gallery worthy of the name of art; second, the purchasing of the best pictures of the year, at such figures as will repay the painters for the time and labor spent in the work; third, encouraging the artists to paint Canadian subjects—then making the exhibitions attractive, and free to the public; and if there is in art that national spirit which I have endeavored to point out, it is a matter of great importance that it be the subject of practical and earnest effort.

Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral have done an immortal work for England, the poet's corner in the one, and the sacred tablets, commemorative of the mighty heroes, in the other. Should we not, in Toronto and Montreal, set aside all religious considerations, and adopt, at once, some honored receptacle for the repose of our most worthy sons. St. James's Cathedral, in Toronto, being one of the oldest of our churches, might well serve so noble a purpose. In literature are we to forget a Heavysege and a Sangster, and cannot their memory be best kept green forever by the painter and the sculptor's art? Then there is our duty to posterity. It is surely incumbent upon us to keep intact, as far as in our power lies, every phase of life and thought of the time in which we live. By the principles and practices of preservation, a proud sentiment is nurtured. In doing all we can we are but emulating the manly virtues of our grander sires; and the generations yet unborn will view with pride the efforts which we have made to preserve for their consideration all that was worthy in our time.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

EVERY one is familiar with the old Latin proverb, "*De mortuis nio nisi bonum*,"—of the dead (say) nothing unless it is good. Possibly the proverbial untruthfulness of epitaphs arises in great measure from a somewhat too liberal interpretation of the maxim just quoted; in the amiable desire on the part of survivors to say nothing but what is flattering or to the credit of those who, having departed this life, can no longer work either good or evil to their fellow men.

But there are many kinds of epitaphs other than those which are simply adulatory of the deceased, and which sometimes describe them not as they were but as their friends would have wished them to be, and it is this class of what may be termed "post mortem" literature that has given rise to the biting proverb, "To lie like an epitaph."

There are epitaphs which are simply ludicrously unmeaning; there are those which are unmeaning without being ludicrous, and there are those which are ridiculous and nothing else.

Besides these, there are some which are quaint yet beautiful, which tell in a few words all that is necessary to know respecting the departed, and yet tell it in such a manner that the reader is interested and possibly instructed. In addition to these, there are epitaphs which are pompously fulsome in their wording, which describe the dead man's or woman's life and actions in such inflated language that the passers-by read and turn away with a shudder, possibly, also, with the reflection of being thankful that it had not been their luck to meet these superlatively superior people in the flesh.

Then there are many other kinds, contradictory, eccentric, punning and anagrammatic, besides many of a miscellaneous character, and in this paper we propose to give examples of as many of the different descriptions as space will permit.

We will begin with royal epitaphs, and quote the one upon Ethelbert, who was the first Christian King of Kent, and the builder also of the first cathedral of St. Paul's:—

"*Rex Ethelbertus hic clauditur in polyandro,*
Funa pians certus Christo meat absque meandro."

which being translated runs thus:—

King Ethelbert lieth here,
Closed in this polyander,
For building churches sure he goes
To Christ without meander.

When Harold, the last of the Saxons met his death on the field of Hastings, his body was taken, so it is said, to Waltham Abbey in Hertfordshire, and there interred. No stone marked his grave, and no high-sounding phrases were engraved over his last resting-place. Lord Byron, when he was at Athens early in the present century, wrote the following lines in substitution of an epitaph for Harold:—

"Kind reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here Harold lies, but where's his epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you."

The epitaph upon King Henry II. of England, who died in 1189, says much in a few words:—

"Here lies King Henry II., who many realms
Did erst subdue, and was both count and king.
Though all the regions of the earth could not
Suffice me once, eight feet of ground are now
Sufficient for me. Reader, think of death,

And look on me as what all men must come to."

In Worcester Cathedral there is this inscription over the tomb of Prince Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry VII., who died in Ludlow Castle:

"Here lyeth buryed Prince *Arthure*, the first begotten son of the righte renowned King Henry the Seventhe, whiche noble Prynce departed out of this transitori lyfe in the Castle of Ludlowe, in the seventeenth yere of our Lorde God one thousand five hundred and two."

This epitaph is somewhat confused in its wording; it means that Prince Arthur died in his seventeenth year, but it does not say so.

The epitaph by Robertson on James II., is one which would be likely to cause much controversy. It reads as follows:—

"Bright is his diadem in heav'n's abode,
Who lost his crown rather than change his God;
While the perfidious wretch who stole the prize,
Pines in eternal dread of earth and skies."

Bishop Porteous wrote a lengthy epitaph on George II., of which the following are the concluding lines:—

"—Saw (blest privilege) his Britons share
The smiles of Peace amidst the rage of War;
Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
And floods of wealth flow in from either pole:
Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,
Saw Science raise her venerable head,
Whilst at his feet expiring faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renew'd,
The same fair path of glory still pursu'd;
Saw, too, young GEORGE Augustus' care impart.
Whate'er could raise or humanize the heart,
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the *Throne*.
No further blessings could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was—*Heav'n*."

Comment is all but superfluous, when it is remembered that this same King "could see no use in painting or poetry," and also "despised learning and learned men."

Let us now turn to another class of epitaphs, those which pun upon the names of the persons whose virtues they commemorate. Here is one from Stepney, in the east end of London, on Mary Angel, who died in 1693, aged 72 years:—

"To say an angel here interr'd doth lye
May be thought strange, for angels never dye;
Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell,
Are lost and rise no more;
This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before;
Her dust lodg'd here, her soul, perfect in grace,
Amongst saints and angels now hath took its place."

The following lines were written by a Mr. Downton on his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Chest, in the latter end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Chest had incurred the dislike of his relative because he had removed from the chancel of Chepstow Church, of which he was the vicar, the remains of Henry Marten, one of the men who was instrumental in bringing Charles I. to the scaffold. He gave as his reason that they polluted the sacred building. The epitaph reads thus:—

"Here lies at rest. I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other?"

In the Temple Church, there is this on one John White:—

"Here lies John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were white."

From punning epitaphs, the transition is easy to those which are in the form of an acrostic. This is to be found in Tewkesbury Abbey Church, on the banks of the lovely Severn. It tells of the virtues of Captain Valentine Pyne, who was Master Gunner of England:—

"Vndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,
As being not willling here to be confin'd
Like birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,
Entertained death and with it soar'd away;
Now he is gone, why should I not relate
To future ages his valor, fame and fate;
Iust, loyal, prudent, faithful, such was he,
Nature accomplished world's epitome.

Proud he was not, and tho' by riches try'd,
Yet virtue was his safe, his surest guide;

Nor can devouring time, his rapid jaws
E'er eat away those actions he made laws."

Many examples are to be found of satirical epitaphs. This one from the Grey Friars, Edinburgh, is short and to the point:—

"Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I."

This epitaph, with scarcely a variation, is also to be found in a small churchyard not far from Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight.

Anna Lovett is thus lovingly commemorated:—

"Beneath this stone, and not above it,
Lie the remains of Anna Lovett;
Be pleased, good reader, not to shove it,
Lest she should come again above it.
For 'twixt you and I, no one does covet
To see again this Hannah Lovett."

Nearly everyone has heard of the epitaph on the man who was doing a very good business as an innkeeper, and was suddenly killed (this being all stated on his gravestone with the name of the inn, and where situated), running thus:—

"Resigned unto the Heavenly will,
His wife keeps on the business still."

That was strictly professional, and there are many examples of a similar sort. One of the best is that close to the great west door in Peterborough Cathedral, on Scarlet the sexton, who had assisted at the interment of Queen Catharine of Arragon and Mary, Queen of Scots; it reads:—

"You see old Scarlet's picture stand on hie,
But at your feete there does his body lie;
His gravestone doth his age and death tyme show,
His office by their tokens ye may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdy limbe,
A scarbabe*, mighty voice, and visage grim,
Hee had interr'd two queens within this place,
And this towne's householders in his life's space
Twice over; but at length his one turne came;
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done. No doubt his soul doth live for aye
In heaven, tho' his body's clad in clay."

* A scarecrow.

Lord Byron wrote an epitaph of a professional kind on one John Adams, a carrier of Southwell, Derbyshire, which runs as follows:—

"John Adams lies here of the parish of Southwell,
A *carrier* who *carried* the can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more, so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drunk, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, so he's now *carrion*.
"September, 1807."

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find anagrams in epitaphs. Here is one from Mannington, dated 1631:—

"On Katherine Loirgher,
A Lower taken Higher.

"Here lies a lover of the Deitye,
Embalmed with odours of her pietye;
Here lies she, nay; this lower did aspire,
Here lye her ashes; she is taken higher."

Of miscellaneous and purely ridiculous epitaphs, the number is legion. Among the former class, are such examples as these:—

"On Frances Soame.
Died 1772, age 5 mos and 2 days.

"The cup of life, just with her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter and declin'd the rest;
Averse, then, turning from the face of day,
She softly sigh'd her little soul away."

Here is another, from Swallowfield churchyard:—

"Here lies a fair blossom mould'ring to dust,
Ascending to heaven to dwell with the just."

Epitaphs on children are oftentimes very painful reading, from the exaggerated praise which parents in their love bestow upon their departed treasures. But there is nothing in this from Hove churchyard, near Brighton, England, on a child, who died at the age of two years, to which exception may be taken. It bears date, 1821:—

"Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;
Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing;
Our dark affection might have hop'd thy stay,

The voice of God has call'd his child away:
Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground;
Oh, more than Samuel bless'd, to thee 'tis given,
The God he served on earth, to serve in heav'n."

Passing on to specimens of purely ridiculous epitaphs, we give this from the Collegiate church in the great manufacturing town of Wolverhampton, England. It is inscribed over the grave of Joseph Jones, who died in 1690:—

"Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able,
But once o'er-fed
He drop't down dead
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb
To meet his doom
He rises amidst sinners,
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners."

From Wolverhampton to Birmingham is not a long journey, and in the lovely churchyard of St. Philip's, in that city, is this supremely ridiculous inscription, on a stone erected by a widow, about a century since, in memory of her deceased husband:—

"Cruel death! How could you be so unkind!
To take him before and leave me behind,
You ought to have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more pleasant for the survivor."

In Llanmynech churchyard in Wales is this:—

"Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here."

In Streatham church there is this inscription on the tomb of a lady, who died in 1746. It reads:—

"Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did ONE thing to disoblige her husband."

In the graveyard surrounding Winchester cathedral, is this amusing production:—

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death from drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers beware, from his untimely fall,
When you are dry drink strong or none at all."

This stone was restored by the officers of the Winchester garrison, and this couplet added:—

"An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot."

These two epitaphs are to be found in Salem, Massachusetts. The first is on a slave, and tells us:—

"Here lies the best of slaves
Now mouldering into dust
Cæsar the Ethiopian craves
A place among the just
This faithful soul is fled
To realms of heavenly light
And by the blood that Jesus shed
So changed from black to white.
January 15 he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age. 178)."

Then there is this one on a Scotch schoolmaster:—

"Beneath these stanes lie Donald's banes,
O Satan! Should you take him,
Appoint him tutor to your weans
And clever Deils he'll make 'em."

In a necessarily fragmentary paper, such as this, it has only been possible to quote a very few of the many hundreds of curious epitaphs that are to be found. I have tried to give a few of different character, and hope my readers may be in some cases amused, even if they fail to find much instruction.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH.

I.

To Jove or Allah mortals build their fanes,
And cold, high temples and pagodas rise
To fierce strong god that o'er our terrors reigns,
And reaps his dole of fear or sacrifice ;
For deep in human heart the spirit lies,
That halts and pales on dissolution's brink,
And flees the torture of some sin that cries
For fabled fount at which the soul may drink
Ere we embrace the fate we vainly shrink.

II.

We grope in darkness, only faintly see
The all of truth that makes for God and peace ;
We pluck the fruit of some forbidden tree,
And sip of poison-flowers, that sin may cease ;
And if the balm the deadness do increase,
We count it all a moving nearer heaven,
Then for our idol take another lease,
And mildly exorcise our demons seven,
To raise our virtues with this doubtful leaven.

III.

O Jesu Lord ! thy temples only stand,
Of fairest structure in the human heart ;
The domes we raise by earthly wisdom planned,
Are not of Thee nor Thine in every part :
We mingle with the grandeur of our art
The poor, weak elements of strife and pride,
And cringe to power, and traffic in the mart,
Where gold may buy indulgence, safe abide
In sins our poorer brother cannot hide.

IV.

O Jesu Lord ! our souls look up to Thee,
And catch the music of a higher strain,
And pray that only Thou wouldst make us free,
With the new motives of life's higher plane ;
That we may drink, and come and drink again,
And feel and know the soul is growing strong,
And learn that mercy, sometimes love is pain,
That if Thou smitest, it shall not be long ;
Whom thou wouldst save, must know that sin is wrong.

V.

Adown the ages rolls the wild refrain
Of war and strife, and clang of sword and shield,
And pale Crusader in the struggle slain,
Where he had ventured all on glory's field.
The all his life he had gone forth to yield
For cause in which the coming ages may
Find more of high and noble aim revealed,

That 'neath the surface purer metal lay
Than much we pass for current coin to-day.

VI.

Perchance we dream or muse where others wept
O'er son or sire still in his last repose,
Or sing the story church or mosque has kept
From dark decay, which salt and ashes sows
O'er all alike, the pure and vile, and those
Whom Love has sepultured in grateful song ;
But as each long, millennial eon flows,
Not tower nor pyramid nor bastile strong
Shall save the memories they have guarded long.

VII.

Grown grey with years, it stands a stately pile,
Back from the turmoil of the noisy street ;
Its mouldering stones may yet enshrine awhile
The cold dead past embalmed in its retreat,
That echoes still to tread of spirit feet
Of sleeping worshippers of that far day,
Borne where the darkness and the silence meet,
As all are borne by Time's relentless sway,
Which soon shall hide the grave we deck to-day.

VIII.

O'er pew and altar rests the gathered dust—
The noiseless record of the silent years
That waste the hills, and like corroding rust
Destroy the temple's pride or glory rears ;
Nor spare the shrines we wash with human tears,
Where pale bereavement told her grief alone,
And carried flowers to now forgotten biers,
Hoping though late, too late, to thus atone
For wrong in life to patient spirit done.

IX.

The foot-worn aisles repose in the embrace
Of mouldering, moist, and merciless decay ;
The spider's nest usurps the sacred place,
Where poor repentance knelt to weep or pray ;
The organ, tuneless to the sacred lay,
Wakes now no more to monk's or minstrel's call,
Nor arch nor architrave can thrill to-day
To the deep note that held the soul in thrall
Where now but ruin spreads her gloomy pall.

X.

The distant life-flood, ebbing faint and far,
Wakes scarce a ripple on the human tide
That bears the freight of living thoughts that are
To-day the impulse of that giant stride
That seems as universal soul did hide
'Neath the broad empire of created things,
And touched on that far arc, how high or wide,
That circles all that Spring or Summer brings
From past dead dust, to-day that thinks or sings.

XI.

It boots not now what eyes were bright or young ;
What hearts were warm with Love's all kindling glow ;
What music bubbled from persuasive tongue
Of glad young lover, who had prayed to know
If life's best hopes would to fruition grow :
They all forgotten lie in that far past
Of the lost centuries, that, gliding slow,
Leaves madness, wisdom, mirth and tears o'ercast
With that cold veil which shadows all at last.

XII.

Those shadows cold—Ah yes ! for they remain—
The ghosts live ever, ever hover o'er
The haunts where human passion, death and pain,
And sin and shame their scarlet letters wore.
Of sleeping choristers that sing no more,
The soul-notes hover in the pulseless air,
And silent warders guard the broken door,
And mailèd knights their noiseless armour wear,
And bear as erst Damascus blades to prayer

XIII.

Worn warriors meet, of visage grim and old,
From the mad strife at which poor mortals play,
With hearts still human, which might well be cold
From all war's madly mutinous array.
How well 'twere fitting they should meet to pray,
If o'er the soul one ray of light could fall,
Or Hope from Mercy's fount could catch a ray
To light the spirit back from sin's dark thrall,
When startled conscience wakes at midnight call.

XIV.

Yes, hearts were hungry then, were faint, and failed,
As ours to-day, they sought surcease from pain;
They watched as we, when plan or purpose paled,
And wept because the loved could not remain.
They felt that souls unborn should feel again,
And called with hands uplifted to the stars ;
They bare the canker of sin's blighting stain,
The record of life's tragedy, the scars
That kill the soul, the strife that makes or mars.

XV.

They wore the sack-cloth all the ages wore ;
They knew the faith that waits, and suffers long,
The hope that falters, when the heart is sore,
And human tears are tortured into song.
They knew that prayer comes fitting to the tongue,
When wisdom fails, and prophets scarcely know ;
When doubt sits voiceless, 'mid the silent throng,
And music's daughters, singing sad and low,
Behold the passing nations come and go.

XVI.

The hue of motives, modes and manners change,
But tide of years leaves human hearts the same ;

It paints new colors in the spectral range
Of grave old sins 'twere better not to name;
For now, new gilt, we pass, or lightly blame,
What but old saintly anchorites can see;
Yet sin's old canker, howsoe'er it came,
Still twists our path, and zigzags you and me;
And leaves its smirch, however faint it be.

XVII.

We boast to-day our higher, better ways,
Our greater hate of tyranny and wrong;
Our church a wider sympathy displays;
A purer muse inspires our poet's song.
We own the world was heedless, warm and young,
And o'er old tombs where pious scandal delves
We grace with magnanimity our tongue,
And pity much on Time's old dusty shelves
Of our own deeds, forgotten by ourselves.

XVIII.

A sweet, meek, oily spirit we maintain,
And count on virtue's side a coward soul
That swallows insult if it foster gain;
Nor shrink if honor must to sin pay toll.
Our creed one article, and Self the whole,—
Broad brazen Self that steals from sea and air,
And earth and sky, from centre to the pole,
And founds its leagues and unions everywhere,
With unctous, loud, co-operative prayer.

XIX.

High tower our churches, but across the way,
Not half a furlong from proud pillar'd door,
Are sins we dare not whisper when we pray,
In those foul tenements, where hearts are sore
That long have struggled, but have given o'er,
And only now regard the face of sin,
As all the world can have for them in store;
Each morning wakes, as others must begin,—
No joy without, no hope nor peace within.

XX.

Oh! silken, soft, and self-sufficient peace,
That feels warm crimson padded pews are blest;
That somehow you were born with heaven in lease,—
What boots it all, what happens to the rest?
The world is wide, why don't the things go west?
They must not stand a menace 'gainst your fame,
And Christian charity, and all the rest.
Those pictures shall not raise the blush of shame
On maiden's cheek, by mother's holy name.

XXI.

Sweet Christian charity, how mild and meek,
Such name goes forth to build a record fair!
But whence the tribute which it yields each week,

And whence the gems, and lace, and silks ye wear,
Which takes the whole and nothing leaves to share,
From golden, grinding, greedy, grasping gain,
With toil-worn hands, that gave you all, but bear
The fateful chill necessity, the pain
That toils, though Hope can never sing again?

XXII.

'Tis all so dark; the church but drags and drifts
In the fierce current of all-grinding power;
The leeway slight, but daily yielding shifts,
Saps her stern righteousness from hour to hour.
She trims her sails to catch the golden shower
That plants her missions on far heathen coast,
But near her walls, foul vipers creep and cower,
Whose sin-stained triumphs broken hearts may boast;
And near her portals human souls are lost.

XXIII.

Where shall we blame in this entangled maze
Of strangely dim, unutterable things?
O'er him who curses and o'er him who prays
Slow in the dark a fateful plummet swings.
To-day, faith-warmed, the soul devoutly sings;
Yet near, so near, the hemp of madness grows,
And doubt and death slow move their sable wings,
Till he, at morn all certainty, scarce knows
At evening whence he comes, or whither goes.

XXIV.

Sin leads us onward by insidious wiles,
And grain by grain builds up its mountain load:
Our venture first, one short and shady mile,
Soon leads us far by long, uncertain road;
And drives us still, by intermittent goad
Of good or ill, which, like the drip that wears
The adamantine rock, can only bode
That somehow evil in its armour bears
The power to hide and multiply its snares.

XXV.

In tall cathedrals golden censors swing,
And sensuous incense warms to dreamy prayer,
And moves the lips, if not the heart, to sing,
'Mid sacred somnolence that gathers there.
We call it duty, when we burdens bear,
That spread the wiles of sacerdotal art,
As holy lures to catch the young and fair,
And name the fruit, Christ's triumph o'er the heart,
Which now, as then, is of the world a part.

XXVI.

'Tis the white sunbeam only shows the dust
That floats throughout the ambient fields of air;
'Tis brightest shield alone displays the rust
That fouler surface long may hidden bear.
Sin marks its place by contrast everywhere;

We look for whitest garments in the fold,
But learn e'en those who bring their tribute there
Confirm too oft a tale unsavory told,
That sometimes baser coin is passed for gold.

XXVII.

Oh! when the glowing, golden sun goes down,
And dew distils o'er thirsty flower and tree;
When man's mad worldly worship cannot drown
Still nature's prayer o'er hill and f..unt and lea;
Then let me, Father, be alone with Thee;
And if I out from doubt and darkness call,
And wrestle till Thou sett'st my spirit free,
Oh! let not voice of priest or prophet fall
Between my soul and Thee,—Thou knowest all!

1.

O Lord of Life! How far! How far!
How far the hand that I would hold!
How bright and high Thy dwellings are,
How pure, how distant, and how cold!
How dark the paths in which we stray!
Oh! lead us in Thy brighter way.

2.

O Lord of Life! what light can guide,
If reason's lamp uncertain be;
If sometimes folly, sometimes pride,
Allure our hearts and thoughts from Thee?
How dark the paths in which we stray!
Oh! lead us in Thy brighter way.

3.

O Lord of Life! I held Thy hand,
And felt it strong, and knew not fear;
I thought Thy promises would stand,
That now so far and faint appear.
How dark the paths in which we stray!
Oh! lead us in Thy brighter way.

4.

O Lord of Life! once Thou wert near,
Above, around, it seemed not far;
I knew that Thou couldst see and hear,
And knew how weak Thy children are;
Forever prone from Thee to stray,—
Oh! lead us in Thy better way.

5

Oh Father! Father! let me hide
Beneath the covert of thy wings;
Washed from my guilt, free from my pride,—
Oh! teach me higher better things.
I hold Thy hand—I cannot stray,
Oh! keep me in Thy perfect way.

D. McCaig.

CANADIAN HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

BY THE HON. JAMES YOUNG.

WE have not seen "the last rose of summer," but as I look out of my library window over Galt's picturesque landscape, there are signs that beauteous summer is on the wane. The sun has already turned his more fervid glances southwards. Our forests, in which elms and oaks and maples, and sombre pines and brighter evergreens so charmingly mingle, have not yet lost their leafy splendour and luxuriance. The lawns and flower beds around our dwellings are still rich with brilliant colors. But something is missing from the landscape, of the freshness and bloom of June, something of the sap and softness of early summer, something of nature's zenith:

"Before time's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Very beautiful indeed are our Canadian summers, when mountain and valley, tree and flower, lake and river, are radiant with sunshine; but alas, it must be confessed, they are too short. By the end of August, even though summer's heat may continue, we are forced to say with Mrs. Heman's:—

"Thou art bearing home thy roses,
Glad summer fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies,
In every wood and dell."

But is it not possible, with comparatively little effort or expense, to make our homes and their surroundings more beautiful and attractive, not only in summer, but all the year round?

It must be admitted, we have in Canada a good deal to learn in this respect. Our cities and larger towns are now doing fairly well, and in many cases developing a love of natural beauty. Toronto has of late years, undergone a metamorphosis. Its University and other parks, its Jarvis, Bloor, St. George and other boulevards and lawns, and its clean, asphalted streets, have made it one of the handsomest cities on the continent. Montreal has its inimitable Mount Royal, with its grand and stately residences and spacious lawns and wealth of shrubbery. Where are there to be found lovelier spots than the Parliamentary Park and Major's Hill at Ottawa; and far-severed Halifax and Vancouver, looking out so gracefully on the briny waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, have each attractions peculiarly their own. Many of our towns, too, are awakening to the fact that beauty, as well as utility, has something to do with their prosperity and success, and although civic rulers are proverbial for being like the much abused Peter Bell, to whom,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

still the municipal mind has begun to grasp the idea that it is quite as cheap in the end, and immensely more pleasing, to have streets laid out with grassy boulevards and avenues of elms or maples or chestnuts, as to have broader thoroughfares left year after year in a bare and untidy condition.

Whilst there are many beautiful and happy homes in Canada, and they are rapidly increasing, what does candour compel one to say of too many of them, especially our village and farm dwellings, even in wealthy and long-settled districts? Take our average village first. Here and there you will find pretty houses and lawns, but they are something like oases in the desert, whilst the "ninety and nine" look as if they had been pitched together in blissful ignorance of any



A LAWN IN GALT, ONT.

such art as architecture, and left without a tree, or shrub, or flower, to hide their naked deformity.

In many parts of Ontario, there has been great improvement in our farm residences and surroundings of late years, and not unfrequently, you now find enterprising farmers, who, estimating aright the dignity of their calling and one of the chief charms of life, have erected handsome houses on a well-kept knoll or lawn. But how many good houses do you still see standing bare and solitary, without a bit of green sward or other ornamentation around them, and what a vast amount still remain, in whole or in part, of the old, patched-up pioneers, with a weather-beaten, decrepid fence in front, and not unfrequently between the back door and the barn, a sort of slough of despond, across which you can only pass by a little Blondinism on a six-inch plank or a ragged piece of scantling?

This condition of things is behind the age in which we live, at least wherever improvement is practicable. In some cases this may not be so. Where a farmer or villager can only improve his home by neglecting his work or running into debt, his duty is to bear with things as they are until he can better them. But for any Canadian who is comfortably off, to go on from year to year, adding dollar to dollar—salting dollars down, so to speak—whilst his home is not comfortable, cheerful, happy, and in some respects, even beautiful, I can scarcely imagine any greater folly! Such a one misapprehends the true objects of life and labor, is unjust to himself and family, and he need not be surprised if he finds his sons wandering off to spend their evenings elsewhere, and

even rushing into the glare and glitter of large cities and becoming lost to him forever.

The day has already come in Canada, when the man whose front yard



A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE.

consists of a dilapidated tree or luxuriant weeds, including his lordship the thistle, is considered a shiftless and undesirable neighbor. On the other hand, the citizen whose dwelling, however humble, is kept neat and trim, and beautified by even a few tastefully placed trees, shrubs, vines and flowers, is regarded somewhat as a public benefactor, for his place is not only a source of pleasure to himself and family, but he adds to the attractiveness of his town or neighborhood; and every lover of nature—and who is not?—enjoys the scene as well as himself.

There is no excuse for the wealthy who have not beautiful homes and grounds, and scarcely less if, with old-world narrowness and exclusiveness, they enclose them with ugly stone walls or close-board fences, as if the bloom of the thorns and lilacs, and the scent of the roses and pinks, would be lessened if seen and felt by their fellow citizens. But few of us hope for the residences of the rich, who can lay all the world under contribution for their conservatories and gardens, and add to our beautiful native plants, palms, magnolias, orchids and the thousand and one rare and lovely exotics of sunnier climes. Nor is this necessary for the object I have in view, which does not soar to anything like—

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand;
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land,"

but only contemplates a few random suggestions—the result of a little observation and experience—as to how the surroundings of many of our Canadian homes may be improved and adorned with comparatively little trouble and expense.

A pretty house in a bare and untidy lot, is like a picture hung without a frame. It has not the necessary setting to bring out its beauty. A

plainer dwelling, even a poor one, in the centre of a pretty bit of lawn, half hidden by foliage, is far more beautiful and attractive, and therefore we see that a pretty house depends at least quite as much on its surroundings as on the structure itself. What, then, should these surroundings be?

The first requisite I would specify, and if, unfortunately, confined to one single thing, I would choose it, is to surround the dwelling, at least the front and sides thereof, with a setting of fresh, velvety, close-mown grass. If the grounds have been artistically graded, with the walks and drive gracefully placed, so much the better; but, in any event, nothing is prettier and more pleasing than a bit of well-kept sward, whose emerald green brightens up everything around it. Indeed, no place can be really beautiful without it, and it is after this foundation has been laid, that the amateur gardener can best see how his further advancement can be made most effective.

Having secured a pretty lawn, several glimpses of one of which a snap-shot artist has kindly furnished me for this article, do not crowd it with trees and shrubbery, which will soon grow into a wilderness of boughs and leaves, concealing and withering everything else. Plant only ornamental trees in front, and however useful, and even beautiful in their snow-white bloom, relegate those for fruit to the rear, or some other inconspicuous position. They should all, too, be placed at a reasonable distance from the house, which requires the golden sunshine, not the murky shade, for health and cheerfulness.

Nothing appears to me so handsome and valuable among ornamental trees as the *Coniferæ*. They are equally attractive in winter as in summer, and when tastefully arranged around the home do much, when the boughs of deciduous trees are bare or covered with snow or ice, to remind us of the glories of the summer months. This is a great advantage, but, besides, what are more beautiful than the Norway spruce, the Austrian pine, the arbor vitæ, the hemlock, and the red cedar? The latter, too, are somewhat tender, and are all the better of shelter, but the spruces and pines, and our odorous native cedars, are vigorous and hardy growers, and a few perfect specimens of each in their natural beauty, with green sward beneath, almost equal Aladdin's lamp in turning a hovel into a palace.



ANOTHER VIEW.

And here let me protest against the practice, already too common, of cut-



EVERGREENS.

ting and torturing these beautiful trees into odd and fantastic shapes. All trees are the better of a little trimming to keep them in good order, and a few cedars or spruces, specially adapted for the purpose, may with advantage be closely trimmed, or, as some say, sheared, as a contrast to the others. But to hack and carve them into fantastic shapes, especially when parts of the trunk are left bare and exposed, is most unnatural, ugly, and repulsive. The press often speak of the tree fiend. Surely it must be the man who ruins the natural, God-made beauty of his trees by such vulgar vandalism.

Next we come to the deciduous trees. They have their place, and an important one, too. Besides the elm, maple, chestnut and ash, with which all Canadians are familiar, few trees are more graceful on the lawn than the cut-leaved birches and maples, the Camperdown weeping elms, and the white and scarlet thorns. What a brilliant dash of color the latter gives when in bloom; and not less pleasing to many are the soft, pale-green flowers of the Camperdown elm, the delicate, orchid-like blossoms of the catalpa, the pink and white of the double-flowering crab-apple — indeed, there are so many ornamental trees, and all so varied, and (in some cases) indescribably beautiful, that every taste may be gratified.

As a general rule, novelties pressed by the zealous and veracious drummer should be purchased with caution. They are frequently disappointing, and, as Gilbert so naively says in Pinafore:

"Things are seldom what they seem."

Very beautiful, however, are such rare trees as the tulip tree, and the

dwarf magnolias, both Chinese and Japanese, when in bloom. Several varieties of these will grow and bloom in Ontario when well cared for, and not placed in too exposed a position, but they cannot be so strongly recommended for general use as the bronze and purple-leaved beeches and birches, which are still a novelty in most places, and strikingly beautiful and effective. My snap-shot friend gives us a pleasing little glimpse of two purple-leaved beeches to be found on a Galt lawn. They have been planted about fifteen years, and a few such trees, with their profuse foliage, alternating between a deep purple in spring, and a bronze in the autumn, present such a contrast to the varied greens and other colors upon the lawn, as to produce an exceedingly beautiful and pleasing effect.

Who does not love the whole innumerable host of summer flowers, native and foreign, those

"Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay."

But, admire them as we may, it is a mistake to cut up a lawn with too many flower beds A bower here, or an occasional and well-trimmed bed of geraniums, or foliage plants or of dwarf petunias or phlox, will give you all the color of that kind necessary, and experience teaches that finer and more lasting effects can be produced by beautiful grass and a skilful selection and arrangement of the innumerable flowering shrubs suited to our climate.

This opens up a wide field; but we can only glance, not enter in. Everyone is familiar with our lilacs, snowballs, barberries, and honeysuckles. They are common, but cannot be surpassed for Canadian planting. The Japonica, the Wigelia, the Altheas, and the Hydrangea shrub, *Paniculata Grandiflora*, are particularly attractive when in flower. The latter I saw on Nantucket Island, off the Massachusetts' coast, with immense clusters of flowers in *rich blue* instead of the usual tints, which was not the least surprising thing to be seen in that



GRACEFUL FOLIAGE.

quaint old city—a relic of past centuries—thirty miles out in the Atlantic Ocean. The effect was at once strange and superb.

Do not think, however, that all

beauty in shrubs is confined to those with lustrous flowers. Many of the finest lawns are now chiefly adorned by clumps or masses of shrubs, selected for the beauty and novelty of their foliage alone. They retain their vigor and freshness all the summer through, and anything more beautiful, especially on the larger lawns, than masses of the *Prunus Pissardi*, with its brilliant wine-colored foliage, and of similar masses of the golden-leaved syringa glancing and contrasting in the sparkling sunlight, it would be difficult to imagine. They are also strikingly effective when massed together, or when the *Prunus Pissardi* is blended with the variegated Cornelian cherry or other variegated and bright-colored shrubs.

Most trees and shrubs look better in clumps and curves than in straight lines, which are too rigid and prosaic for beauty; and perfect specimens of the Norway spruce, the cutleaved birch and the Camperdown elm, have a grand effect when standing alone on a lawn, if placed in the right position.

But how long am I to wander on with these rambling suggestions? I fear, indeed, I have already wearied the reader, and possibly come within range of the poet's sneer:—

> "Fools rush in,
> Where angels fear to tread."

Nevertheless, I trust something may have been said to excite a deeper interest in the beautification of our Canadian homes and their surroundings, and at least point the way in which not a little may be done to achieve this desirable object without much labor or expense.

We cannot yet expect in Canada the stately halls and ample parks of the old-world empires, where wealth and art have combined for ages to adorn them. Nor would this country be the happy Canada it is to-day if we had millionaires in palaces and the masses in hovels. But we can, with a little effort, surround our homes with many of the beauties of nature, especially those characteristic of the Dominion, and this alone would transform many a cheerless home into

> "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

And where can we find a finer model in natural beauty, than our own loved Canada, for what land surpasses it in the grandeur and beauty of its mighty mountains, magnificent forests, and majestic lakes and rivers?

NATURE'S OUTLET FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

BY HUGH SUTHERLAND.

ASSURED that the subject is of interest to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I gladly supplement my short paper in the August number by a more extended discussion of some of the principal features of the scheme of a Hudson Bay Railway. I have already explained briefly why I advocate the construction of such a railway. It is, in a word, because I believe the circumstances of the North-West demand this shorter and cheaper outlet to the markets of the world, and because I believe the route to be entirely practicable for commercial purposes.

I am sensible, however, that my confidence is not shared by large numbers in the Eastern Provinces, because, perhaps, they have not given to the subject the same careful, exhaustive consideration, which it has been my duty to bestow upon it. They are too apt to hasten to the conclusion that the far-north water of Hudson Strait is not navigable for a longer period than a few weeks, or a month or two at most, in mid-summer; that the rivers and harbors are frozen during much the greater part of the year, and that in any case, no one in his senses would think of using a route so much out of the beaten path. There are readers of these lines who can well remember when the St. Lawrence route was spoken of much in the same way, a fact which does not, it is true, testify to the practicability of the other, but which should at least warn us not to be too sceptical of the claims made in its behalf.

There is no difficulty about the railway. That can be built as easily as the average railway in Ontario, and much more cheaply. But that will count for nothing, unless it can be shown that the railway can be reached from the ocean without more than the usual risk, and for a sufficient period each year to make it worth while. The whole scheme depends upon the navigation; if we can get to the railway terminus on the bay, the project is a good one; if not, it is no good and must fall. We naturally, therefore, come to consider the question of navigation first of all. Until the explorations of the *Neptune* and *Alert* in 1884, '85 and '86, at the instance of the Dominion Government, the public knew in a general way only, that the bay and strait were being regularly frequented by ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that they had been for a hundred or two hundred years. But it was supposed they slipped in through the strait between the flows of ice, and that a passage was really a matter of accident. This has not been the case, however. Those ships had one round trip to make each year, and naturally the time was chosen when there was the least risk of interruption from ice. Delays in or out have been the exception, not the rule. But sometimes they have been detained, and this fact has given rise to the supposition that there is always ice in greater or less quantity, and therefore always risk. The mistake we have been making is that we did not go beyond or behind this fact. There is the risk of ice almost any month in the year, although during three or four of those months, it is very rarely heavy enough to be an impediment to any sort of navigation. This ice is much more formidable in imagination than in reality. It comes down from Fox's Channel in broken bits of all sizes, not in the mass. A field of it, however loose, will offer impediment

to a sailing vessel, especially in calm weather, when there is scarcely a hatful of wind, as frequently happens in the strait between May and the end of October. The stories of detention in the ice really mean, when properly understood, that sailing vessels have been becalmed in a loose pack, and forced to drift with it. A steamship in the same circumstances, would have no trouble in pushing through, and, when sailed from the masthead, almost without diminution of the usual speed. The trouble has been, in the first place, that we have not understood the nature of the ice, and in the second, that we have imposed upon ourselves by judging of the navigability of the strait from the performances of sailing vessels.

But, it may be said, we have the experience of those two *Alert* expeditions. So we have; but do the public understand how little difference there is between the *Alert* and a sailing vessel? Her steam was auxiliary merely, and her power nominal. The fastest time she was ever known to make was nine knots, with full steam on, and all sails set to a spanking breeze. On this occasion, the sails ran away with the screw, which went pounding through the water. In these expeditions to the bay, she was commanded by a skilled seaman, who, however, had no experience of ice navigation, and who, in presence of any new condition, was cautious to the border of timidity. This will help to explain the extraordinary prominence given to his various experiences with ice in the reports made to the Department, as well as his exaggerated notions of it. Yet, he reported a period of from four to four and a half months of navigation. Even that will do if we cannot get better. Capt. A. H. Markham, who knows something of ice, and who accompanied the last *Alert* expedition, is fairly certain of five, and hopeful of six, in many years. To give his own words: "There will, I have no doubt, be many years when navigation can be carried out safely and surely, from the 1st of June until the end of November." There were five observing stations established at points along the strait, and from the reports of the officers in charge, the following tabulated statement is compiled. It may be explained, that, by "opening" is meant when the pack runs abroad, or becomes scattered, and is easily navigable by steamers; "closing" means when the pack sets fast:—

Station.	Years.	Opening.	Closing.
Port Burwell	1884-5	May 1	Nov. 4
	1885-6	May 1	Nov. 30
Ashe's Inlet	1884-5	May 5	Dec. 1
	1885-6	May 1	Dec 1
Stupart's Bay	1884-5	April 3	Dec. 21
	1885-6	April 7	Nov. 30
Port DeBoucherville	1884-5	April 25	Dec. 7
	1885-6	May 1	Dec. 3
Port La. erierre	1884-5	May 5	Nov. 24
	1885-6	May 1	Dec. 1

This table is chiefly valuable as showing when the ice begins to move in the spring and set in autumn, during which period it is always possible for a steamship with the usual power to go through, subject, of course, to delays natural under such circumstances, but very rarely more or greater than St. Lawrence steamships experience from fog. My contention, which is borne out by those most familiar with ice conditions in that region, is that, excepting in the winter months, the strait is always navigable with plenty of steam power, the only risk, and not an invariable one by any means, being a detention of a day or two in passing through. During four or five months, the risk is too insignificant to be taken into account. I assume, of course, it is generally known that the bay is always open, and as free to navigation as the ocean itself. There remains, then, the difficulty of the harbor, but this is overcome, by making the terminus of the railway on the Nelson River near its mouth, the channel of which, owing to the tide, is open nearly all the year round. If I have established a case for the navigation, and I think I have, the whole case is made out.

It is made out, because there can be no doubt of the utility of the route, if practicable. The people need it, and there is work for it to do. To be placed a thousand miles nearer the seaboard is an advantage which requires no argument to demonstrate. The greater portion of the North-West is as near to Hudson Bay as it is to Lake Superior, and the saving of the freight from Fort William to Montreal, would represent the gain to the settlers. But it is not necessary to pursue this, as the advantage has never been disputed. Nor should it be necessary to explain the various sources of traffic, which are obvious to those familiar with this North-West country. We are already large producers of wheat; the estimated yield this year for Manitoba alone, according to the latest Government bulletin, being nearly 16,000,000 bushels. As it is all of first-class quality, quite 12,000,000 will be exported. A very considerable portion of this would be shipped out by the northern route. Our production will steadily increase for many years to come. The Prince Albert and Edmonton districts, among the richest in the North-West, and which are outstripping all others in development, are so convenient to this route, that it would doubtless command the whole of their trade. Within a very few years, with the encouragement which an outlet to the bay would give them, they would be able of themselves to support a railway. We are not doing as much in cattle as we would, because the long haul to the East discourages that industry. Give our ranches the advantage of a thousand miles, and soon the vast grazing fields of the West would be covered with cattle, and a trade with Europe begun, the possibilities of which it would seem exaggeration to indicate. There is no limit to the production of cattle in the North-West, any more than there is in that of wheat, if only there be a market within reach. Ontarions are proud, and that with good reason, of what they have accomplished in cheese; the time is coming, and it will be hastened by a shorter and cheaper outlet to the markets of the world, when the North-West will surpass Ontario in the production of this article. But it would be tedious to enumerate in detail the sources of traffic already in sight and in prospective. Perhaps my assurance will be taken when I say that those who are promoting the development of the Hudson Bay route experience no concern on this account; they may not be embarrassed with too great riches of traffic, but they will find plenty to do from the day the first wheel is turned. Let me mention, in a word, two sources that may not be so familiar to the public mind. It is not generally known how rich the bay is in resources. If you ask those New England whalers and traders who annually frequent it, and they tell all they know, you would be surprised at the variety and prodigiousness of the wealth that is to be there had for the gathering. Our Yankee friends, if not checked, will soon deplete those waters of the valuable black whale; but the white whale and porpoise, walrus, and fish of many kinds, are there in large numbers. A railway to the bay will be the beginning of many industries, and the rich products of those waters, the choicest of them given over to the plunder of foreigners, will contribute largely to its traffic.

Across the border from Manitoba, in the Red River valley of Minnesota and Dakota, between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 bushels of wheat are grown every year. Owing to the distance from market, and the consequent low price, not more than a third of the land in this fertile valley is yet under cultivation. The whole of this region is directly tributary to the proposed railway, as the wheat can be conveyed in barges from Fargo and other river points to Winnipeg, or, better still, can be loaded on the cars of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern,

and taken through to the bay without transhipment Over this route it can be delivered at Port Nelson at a cost of about ten cents a bushel less than the present charge to New York or Boston. With this advantage to be realized, there would be little doubt of capturing the trade. As with Manitoba and the Territories, so with the adjoining States, so substantial an addition to the price would speedily bring the waste lands under cultivation, and add enormously to the corresponding increase of production. The Canadian Pacific was but a year or two old when Montana ranchers tried with success the experiment of driving the cattle across the country, and shipping from Swift Current and Maple Creek to Europe, *via* Montreal. There was danger to the Canadian live cattle trade in this, however, as it would have resulted in including them in the rigorous scheduling of the American, and a sudden end was put to the traffic. Our cattle are now scheduled from another cause, and should the embargo not be raised, there will be no reason why American cattle may not be carried through Canadian territory, and shipped from a Canadian port. If it paid the Montana ranchers to ship from Maple Creek to Montreal, it will pay them better to ship over the shorter route to Hudson Bay.

A thousand miles less of a land haul — that is the strong point of the scheme that cannot be broken down. And with as free and safe an ocean passage as from Montreal, it would be a crime to withhold the advantage from the struggling settlers of the North-West a day longer than is necessary.

Winnipeg.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

TIMELY REFLECTIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

BY MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

MELTING in the city street on a hot day last summer, one boot-black said to another:—"Well, who would a thought of meetin' a gentleman like you, as late as this, in New York."

"Oh, I'm only here for a 'pintment. I'm out of town all right—'shinin' down at Long Branch, with the other swells."

Following the fashion, even at long range, is not such a bad thing if it increases one's self-respect. But is there really any wisdom in this universally conventional habit of rushing out of town? Is there really any stronger necessity for it than the love of change, which is cultivated at the sacrifice of home life and home associations? Is it not largely reducing our populations from families to units who think only of their own inclination and seek only their own pleasure? But it is undoubtedly difficult to swim against the current—not to do as others do. The habit of "going away for the summer" comes with the season, and goes through a community like measles or mumps. It would make Asiatic cholera hustle to thin out a city in quicker time than does this going away habit when it gets down to business.

The epidemic generally breaks out in this way:—The man of the house comes home some evening a little more tired than usual, and the woman of the house, knowing an opportunity when she sees one, says:—

"You are not looking as well, dear, as you did this time last year. I am afraid we cannot put off going away as late in the season as we thought we could."

"As late as we thought we could," he echoes. "Why I had not thought anything about it. You said last summer you had such a perfectly awful time, you would never go away again until the children were big enough to leave behind."

"Yes, I know dear, they did worry me awfully, but it is on their account and yours that I now want to go. The change will do you all good.'

Just tired enough to pity himself, and maybe to remember there was a possibility of her being tired too, and being a man susceptible enough to begin to feel typhoid symptoms at the first mention of his not looking well, he is in the mood to entertain the proposition. So, for the moment unmindful of the fact that "going away for the summer" means for him two weeks at most, or more probably only from Saturday night until Monday morning of each week, he says:—

"But where shall we go? Do you want to try the same place again?"

"Mercy, no! I would not be slaved, as I was last summer at that hotel, with dressing myself and the children three times a day—for anything in the world. I want, this time, to try the real country. Do find us a place where clothes are not a consideration."

The place in the country is found, and near enough for the typhoid sufferer to go out each Saturday; the windows and doors of their comfortable house are closed and barricaded, and it soon becomes known they have "gone away for the summer." Straightway preparations fast and furious begin for a general exodus of their circle of aping friends, and the first instalment of widowers *de grace* is ready to begin taking their meals at

club-restaurants, and to sleep in deserted houses. Curtains are taken down, draperies rolled up, chairs put in ghostly covers; pictures are screened, and bric-a-brac packed away. Houses are shut up; dust gathers in areas and on door-steps, and it is hard, even for the people left in town, to find good food, for those who buy choice articles are "out of town," and the inferior are most called for. All this, and the inexpressible loneliness added, make remaining in town something of a trial. To be the only occupant of a huge 'flat" house, or the dweller in the one open house on the block, gives one a realizing sense of being "alone in the world."

Let us suppose that the folk of this first set going "out of town" belong to the large majority, the great middle class, and that it has taken some close calculating to determine just what sort of going away can be afforded. A careful canvass of the winter's savings and an inventory of the clothing in stock may show that the entire family can be boarded for two or three weeks at a farm house or one of the lake-side hotels; or they can go camping or take a cottage for a couple of months.

Well, do they know that in neither of these plans will be found the freedom and general comfort they leave behind in their homes. In the case of "take a cottage," the woman of the house soon finds she has brought all her cares and worries with her, that having left the best dresses at home has not insured rest; that life here is reduced to cooking and eating,—she to do the cooking, the others the eating. It does not take this woman all summer to decide that a real rest of two weeks, with all household cares left behind, would be better for her than a miserable two months' outing, which seemed like two years. Better the "fuss and feathers" of dressing three times a day with the absolute rest from the responsibility and worry of three meals a day in a place where the meats are not fresh, the milk commonly a little "turned," and the alternative from stale bread is to bake it herself.

But uncomfortable and generally tiresome and disappointing as it is to keep house away from home, this woman is in clover compared with the misguided mother who was persuaded to take her brood and go camping. Of all the imbecile ways of spending a vacation for people with families, commend them to camping. For young people, boys who want to rough it, or boys and girls in love with the world and each other, or the bride and groom, at that stage when they have left off saying their prayers, because they think they have heaven here; for all these, camp life is recreative; but for prosaic married people who have left their honey-moon so far in the past, it is like looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass to squint back at it, camp life is a bore. But it remains that no kind of an outing is so available. Any person can camp, and that without leaving home. All that needs to be done is to board up the front windows and doors, take up the carpets, sleep on cots, wash in cold water, wear old clothes, get about half enough to eat, and of a quality that makes half enough a plenty; gather about a pint of assorted fleas, sand-flies, and mosquitoes, and then draw on one's imagination for the balance, and it is hard to see why the rest and freedom in this plan will not be as unusual and pleasant as if one had gone miles from home to find it. There is no denying that there is rest in change, but it takes a powerful lens to see how there could be rest in a change for the worse—an out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire change, and yet that is what going "out of town" means to the majority. Is there not much humbug in the custom?

This thought is particularly borne in upon one when one sees the summer barricading begun in a city of beautiful homes, Toronto for instance.

Having the advantage of living within easy reach, by rail or lake, of so many delightful resorts, without breaking up home, residents can have constant rest and change every few days or weeks, and still enjoy their many-roomed houses, cool porches, grassy lawns and flowers; and many of these go away as religiously (or, more correctly, irreligiously) as those living in the heart of the hottest city.

Of course people of wealth need a change as certainly as those of more moderate means, even though it be a change from luxury to luxury; but it is puzzling to understand why they don't make the change in winter, and remain under their own "vine and fig-tree" during the season when their own home-surroundings are the most charming. To imagine one of these houses in summer furnishings, matting or polished floors instead of heavy carpets; whip-lash portières in place of stuff draperies; linen-covered upholstery; plenty of palms, ferns, and all things green to conduce to the general summery effect; and shaded porches, where one could take solid comfort even in melting weather, by wearing negligé clothing, and one's own cook to cater to a fickle, hot weather appetite,—surely there could be no hot-weather resort more desirable than this. Think of leaving all this freedom and rest, to exist in a hotel suite, to promenade a hotel piazza, laced up in tight clothes, and to forfeit one's own park drives. Does it not seem badly planned?

"But, then," some one says, "where is the enjoyment in driving in our own parks if everybody is out of town?" It would seem that our drives are not for the sake of health-giving fresh air, or for the pleasure of sitting behind a spanking team when none of "our set" are in town. The rest have gone and we must go too, and there is where the humbug comes in. Of course, people of unlimited means can spend the hot season exactly as they please, but it is very natural for the rest of us less fortunate to wish they would not close their doors and windows, but leave servants enough at home to keep up the appearance of life somewhere around; then, by going once in a while to a small restaurant for a few mouthfuls of strange victuals, accepting all the invitations of one's out-of-town friends for "over Sunday," and taking an occasional sail on the lake, stay-at-homes may manage to not feel themselves at so great a disadvantage after all. Especially the sail. To all who are weary and smitten with the breath of life, that is unhealthfully intense, passage on a lake steamer is strongly recommended. Draw your chair into the vessel's prow; throw open your coat or jacket, as the case may be, to the fresh, clear wind, and cool your pulses, both physical and mental. "Take cold," did you say? Not a bit of it, or if you do, a cold won't hurt you. Who would not sooner suffer from a touch of influenza than go on poisoning his blood and his brains, week in and week out, with the miasma of impure air and an over-full existence? It is only the unclean soul that finds defilement where defilement is not meant; it is only the pampered and over-sensitive body that finds harm in the nectar of fresh pure air, however chill and bracing it may be.

There is something indescribably soothing in the rush of water cleft by a swift boat's prow. There is something akin to sitting close to a strong magnetic friend in feeling the steady throb of an engine beneath one's feet, which seems to say: "Fear not! Be not disturbed nor ill at ease. While my strong iron heart beats, fed by the fuel that for long ages has absorbed the best of earth's vitality out of the rock-ribbed bosom of nature, you are safe. I shall carry you straight to port. Be not dismayed then, either by storm or darkness."

There is more real rest in several water trips during a season than a whole summer out of town at a fash-

ionable place, with big hotels, electric lights, and braying bands, which compose the stock-in-trade of the present-day resort, so unsuited to the savage requirements of one's nature in the summer season. If the writer had her way, she would, by abolishing hot-weather and cable-car gongs, and the ravening, roystering North American fly so quickly you could not see the point of his evanishment make "going away for the summer" no longer a requirement, and she would substitute a climate that would be a cross between Araby the blest and the land that belts the temperate seas, with the mercury always about 60° at noonday. There should be no mosquitoes there, neither sand flies, nor yet the playful flea; but there should be an occasional, though not necessarily fatal shock of electricity to clear the road of all imbeciles who these days persist in trying to get run over. And—just to sermonize a little, —she would put it into every one's heart to have a care, according to the means at hand, for all those in our midst who will never otherwise know change or rest this side the grave. If some of our money used for the summer's outing could be spent to send some of the poor, sickly, wretched youngsters and their wan, miserable mothers out into the grass, or on the water it would be a good thing. To these unfortunately born mortals who have no comfort, cleanliness nor happiness, it would be a godsend to get away from the so-called home. To them a change of air and scene has a meaning it could not possess for either the very rich or those of moderate means who are pleasantly situated all the year around. No change could be worse for them, and any change would be restful and healthful.

But for those of us neither poor nor rich, but unhappily "betwixt and between," who have not been "out of town" with the rest of the world, we do not quite recover our self-respect until autumn comes and finds us composed, our Lares and Penates existing benignant, our domestic machinery running smoothly, while the "out of town" people are besieging intelligence offices, fighting accumulated dust, or grieving over the loss or destruction of their stoves. There is always a fine law of compensation, my friends, though we do not always see its "wheels go round."

ALLEGHENY, Pa.

"GENERAL" BAIN, OF SANDY BEACH.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE inhabitants of Sandy Beach had a strong and enduring interest in General Bain, he being the most fascinating and mercurial character in that vicinity. The "General," (how he ever got the title no one knew), was all in all the most reprobate of reprobate characters who had arrived in that region.

If a bundle of negative virtues and positive vices make up a character, he certainly was one. He had arrived one season from that vague and unsatisfying region called "down below," whence all the inhabitants had come at some time or other, and which designated one of the older settled districts. On his arrival, he had taken up his residence on a deserted apology for a farm, composed of seven dry and bald conical sandhills, with a certain amount of slightly arable land between. Here, in a small hut built by the former owner, he established his home and proceeded also to establish his claims to the title of farmer, by methods which, if not the most solid and painstaking, were certainly the most unique ever practised in that region. The General, as he said himself, was Irish and Protestant to the backbone. He was from the North, that home of Orangemen and flaxen fabrics, but he had, in common with the rest of his race, a perpetual thirst, which was only satisfied by the contents of a black bottle. To add that he was a mixture of braggart and coward, that he was well on to eighty, and yet, as he said of himself, as "frisky as a kitten," would be to enumerate some of his characteristics. He was of a tall and bony figure, with a prominent nose which had a purplish terminus, and, when well dressed and not drunk, the General had a seductive and engaging manner which had deceived many a parson.

He had come suddenly, and had certainly brought enough money, however he had got it, to furnish his rude home, and to be able to buy a yoke of oxen, and a cart and sleigh, things indispensable even to a pretence of farming in that or any other region. His first arrival had been celebrated by a series of debauches, and this, coupled with his conduct at the nearest village, and a certain rumor as to his past that was as much surmisal as fact, did not add much to the General's character as a saint. And, even in that rude region, the inhabitants were doubtful as to his admission to society, until he conquered them all by an act that settled his claim to respectability for ever after. Once a month, a wandering parson would come and hold forth in the log school house, and there was a large attendance, and, when made aware of the occurrence, the General said "Sartinly" he would "attind" the "sarvice" as "become" a "rispictable" man. He always spoke of himself in this way, and never seemed to have lost confidence in his own personality, however much the world might doubt it. He had bragged in a vague way of his former greatness of estate down "below," but only in a general way, and beyond this and the fact that he was a man of family, and had been through the trials of wedlock three times—a fact of which he seemed to be very proud—they got nothing more out of him. Sometimes, when in a maudlin state, he would bemoan his late deceased spouse in a manner certainly not to her credit. "Poor baste of a woman, she was a great thrial to me, that she was; divilish great thrial," he would say; but what her name was, or where she had

lived, or whether or not he had had any children by her, the General never stated.

At last, the Sunday on which there would be service had arrived. The General had been sobering all the previous day, and had kept to himself, and on Sunday morning the group of young and old, who had already arrived, were amazed and dumbfounded by the sight of the General coming round the bend of the road, seated on a board in his oxcart, and dressed in a grandeur of fashion never before seen in that community. His body was encased in an old and well worn but neat dress suit of black broadcloth, and on his head he wore an equally old and well worn beaver hat, that showed signs, to the close observer, of having been slightly battered in places, and to complete his attire he had on the remnants of a once respectable shirt collar, that much washing and want of washing had wasted and marred. In a more particular community, the General would have been regarded as decidedly seedy, if not dilapidated, as to his outward apparel, but, at Sandy Beach, where even a paper collar was scarcely known, and black clothes rarely came, even with the parson, this was a sign of dignity and grandeur that was not to be slighted. There was also a sort of compliment to the inhabitants in this tribute to their feelings that made them all bound to honor the man who so added to their respectability. So those who had but the day before called him a drunken beast, approached the General to-day with a sense of respect. Mooring his cart by the nearest stump, the General alighted with a certain stiff dignity, which might have been overdone, but which impressed the bystanders, and, going forward, he began a series of handshakes with those he knew.

" D—, ef the Gineral ain't most a gintleman," said one old man to a neighbor. " He's the rale stuff in him; it's easy seein' he's lived below," whimpered an old crone to another. The General, evidently greatly pleased in a stiff way with all this notice, moved to the centre of the door, and, with an old battered silver watch displayed in his hand, gravely awaited the parson. That person, when he arrived, was so dumbfounded at the General's dignity and patronage that he could hardly preach, with observing him, and, in his confusion, gave the plate to the General to take up the collection, passing over the leading Deacon, who, in his wonder at the General's style, forgot to notice the omission. The next day, when he had discarded the dignities with his clothes, on being complimented on his success, he answered: " Ah! didn't I, though; wer'nt I the divil of a churchwarden in me day?" But there was no doubt, that with all the General's peccadilloes, there was a certain link between him and society which he asserted in this much valued suit of clothes, as, when he wore them, he was always a more respectable man.

Next in order to his wonderful dress and unique character, the General was chiefly attractive to the community as a marriageable man, and when, in referring to the " poor baste " of a woman, " who was such a thrial," he hinted that he was on the look out for another to take her place, there was quite a sensation in the settlement. " The Gineral's goin' to get married," was the general talk; " wonder who he'll take."

But, after quite a little flirting and coquetry in an ancient way of his own, he finally singled out a strapping young maiden (one of a large family), who had just turned fourteen, which was the marriageable age in the settlement; and dressed out in his resplendent apparel, he took her in the oxcart to the nearest town, where they were married. When remonstrated with as to their great disparity of ages, he merely remarked: " O, shure, she'll grow, and as for me, why I'm jist one of the bys."

But, successful as he was as a man of society, the General proved a failure

as a husband. Whether owing to the disparity of their ages, or to the General's eccentric habits and extreme distaste for work, is not known, but the result was a series of domestic storms at the Seven Hills farm, in which there was a good deal of give and take on both sides, for, if the General was a man of remarkable parts, the young woman was endowed with a certain muscle as well as determination. So, if the young woman appeared with a black eye, the General matched it with a scored nose, the hostilities being well equalized.

But the climax came when the General, who, egged on by some waggish admirers, attempted to conquer a woman, was ruined in the attempt.

He had a habit of periodically going to the nearest village and getting gloriously drunk, and, while in this uncertain state, he would brag of his great prowess as a fighter. "Form a ring, bys: Gineral Bain's going to fight," he would say, and then, when, contrary to his expectations. a ring was accommodatingly formed, he would commence weeping for some one to "hould" him, for fear he would hurt somebody. So far, in their broils, his young wife had respected his person, when he came home drunk and quarrelsome, for the sake of the clothes he wore; but when he was in other attire, she gave no quarter. He soon began to perceive this, and, thinking to take advantage of her weakness in this respect, and his vanity being touched at the many stories of her prowess, he said: "Bys, if there's a man av matremonyal expayrience, it's me's the man. Just come home with me, bys, and see me conquer a wiman;" and they went. The General had on his elfin attire, so he thought he was infallible. "She'd niver spile these, no matter what I did," he said to himself, as he went under the darkness, followed by the others, who had come to see "the Gineral conquer a wiman."

But the General was out in his calculation for once, for who can speculate on a woman, and in this case there were other conditions involved. She met him at the door, so there was a pitched battle in the yard. But to the General's horror, the conquering was all on the other side. She went for him with a vengeance, did that young woman he had essayed to conquer. She jammed his darling beaver on a stump, and then sat him so heavily on it that its symmetry was destroyed forever. She slit his elfin coat from the tail to the collar, and then ripped it from his astonished back. The crowd who came to see her conquered, were even too astonished to laugh at this surprising outbursting of feminine energy, but she kept on till the General and his darling wardrobe were in two separate heaps, and each in a state of ruin.

"Thar," she said to the young men, as she flung the final rag on the heap of clothes. "Thar; I don't feel married a bit. I married that thar suit of clothes, I did, and now it's gone I feel as single as ever;" and, with a defiant laugh, she disappeared into the house. That night she left for parts unknown with a younger man.

From that night the General was a doomed being. The settlement was much excited over the conjugal rupture, and some tried to commiserate with him on her unfaithfulness. But it was the clothes he lamented and not the young woman. "Wimmen is plinty," he would say, "but if she'd only lift thim clothes—It's kilt entirely that I am." It was soon seen that the General was broken-hearted; he took to his bed and complained for the first time of being old. He had a man with slight claims to being a tailor come and try to fix up his wrecked wardrobe, but it was no use—she had done her work too well; the tailor did his best to fix them together, but they were not the garments of yore. The General took this circumstance more and more to heart; he had them placed on his bed, where he could see and feel them. "If she'd only a lift me them" he would mourn.

A kindred spirit with similar tastes came to stay with him, and they took more and more to drink. At last the General sent for a doctor.

"You had better sober up, General:" said the doctor, "it's your only chance." "The divil, docther," said the General: "it's a quare, unhealthy counthry where a man can't have his wee drop: it's better to be out of it. O, thim's happy as is under the sthones. If she'd only a lift me thim clothes, docther, I might a stood it."

It soon became more and more evident that the General was about to depart to another country, and this being made clear to him, with the suggestion that a parson be sent for, he said: "It's nary use, Tim, it's too fer—an' then it's too late: but just put on me clothes, Tim, and I'll feel as I'm in churrch. I'll die rispictable at laste." By dint of a great deal of work, Tim managed to get the poor, weak, old man into his dilapidated garments, and though sinking fast, his eyes brightened when they were on; he tried to fondle the tattered sleeve with his emaciated hand; then he lay for a long time very quiet, when suddenly starting up, he said: "Indade, it's about time for the collection:" and then he rolled over—the collection was at last taken up, and so was the General.

But it was afterwards known that the General with all his shiftless ways, had been mindful of his latter end, for Tim had found a small wooden slab in an old outhouse, which he put over the grave, and on it had been carved the following legend by the General himself, in rude capitals:—

HERE LIES
GENERAL BAIN,
WHO DIED IN HIS BIST
CLOTHES, A RISPICTABLE
MAN—A RAYL OULD
IRISH PROTESTANT.

JOSEPH HOWE.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

I.

NOVA SCOTIA boasts of a galaxy of great men in the political arena, but Joseph Howe is regarded almost universally as easily first. Uniacke was eloquent, cultured, and high-minded. Archibald was polished, able, and erudite. Johnston was a man of impassioned oratory, and strong and vigorous qualities. Young was sagacious, eloquent, and forceful. All of these men had intellectual qualities which would have made them conspicuous figures in any parliament in the world. Tupper and Thompson are living, and well known throughout Canada, and it is best, for obvious reasons, that nothing special should be said of them now.

But Howe was different from all the others, and had a personality peculiarly his own, which made him another sort of person Readers of history will recall that occasionally a figure is met whose personality lends charm to all incidents with which he is connected. When reading the history of the last years of the Eighteenth and the first fifteen years of the Nineteenth Centuries, who does not feel that he is in the realms of romance whenever Napoleon is moving and acting. The commonplace vanishes, and events glow whenever the great personality comes upon the scene. In like manner, in literature, some writers are bound to attract admiration by the simple fact that they are unlike all others, and have a commanding way of their own. Carlyle has a style and line of thought absolutely his own, and based upon no models, and belonging to no school. Dickens writes fiction as no other person writes it. He may have less of literary finish than Thackeray; less of stirring action than Scott; less of subtle analysis than George Eliot; but there is an indefinable charm thrown over the characters of "Nell," "Little Dorrit," "Paul Dombey," "Dick Swiveller," "The Marchioness," "Oliver Twist," "Sam Weller," and a host of others, that is nowhere to be paralleled in the works of fiction. When, therefore, a Nova Scotian is asked why Joseph Howe, or "Joe Howe," as he always was and always will be known, is the patron saint of the Province, it might not be easy to put in words and phrases the reason; but it is due to the fact that he had a matchless personality; that he was not like other great men; that he was a character by himself, and had, in his palmy days, a capacity for firing the popular imagination altogether unequalled among his contemporaries.

Joseph Howe was born in Halifax in 1814. His father was a loyalist who had come from Massachusetts. He was the only one of his family who took the British side at the time of the Revolution, and on taking up his residence in Halifax he soon took office. He was first King's Printer, and afterwards Postmaster-General for the Lower Provinces. He seems to have been a man of high character and benevolent disposition. He was twice married. By his first wife he had five children, of whom, at least, three were sons. By his second wife he had a daughter and a son, This son was the famous Joe Howe.

Mr. John Howe lived in a cottage on the banks of the beautiful North-west Arm, which forms the western boundary of Halifax. This place was then merely a suburb of the city, and

his surroundings were well adapted to inspire a love for the beautiful in nature, and to foster the poetic spirit that characterized his whole life, and in the earlier days broke out into poetry. Near the head of the Arm is Melville Island, noted as a Military Prison. During the Revolutionary War, all captive insurgents were brought thither and imprisoned. It is a most interesting historical spot, and is visited by tourists now. It is still used as a military prison by the British garrison at Halifax. It was in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Howe's early home, and it inspired his fancy, for in boyhood he wrote a poem on it, from which an extract or two will be interesting, as illustrating the fervid imagination which ripened into a brilliancy of literary style rarely surpassed. He is describing the various imaginary inmates of the prison in days past. Here is one:—

"Here the grey vet'ran, marked with many a scar,
Deplored the sad vicissitudes of war;
He loved the cannon's glorious voice to hear;
The cry of 'Board!' was music to his ear;
If on his soul a ray of rapture beam'd,
'Twas when his cutlass o'er his foeman gleamed;
Shipwreck'd he oft had been, but yet the sea
He fear'd not—on its bosom he was free.
When no spectator of his grief was near,
Down his brown cheek oft rolled the burning tear.
And his dark eye, which up to heaven was turned,
Displayed the spirit that within him burned.
But, if some straggler should, by chance, intrude
Upon his restless, joyless solitude,
He quickly dashed the tear-drop from his eye,—
None saw him weep, or ever heard him sigh.
In the calm hours which Nature claimed for sleep,
E'en then, in dreams, his soul was on the deep,
The deck resounding to his measured tread,
His country's banner floating o'er his head,
His good ship scudding under easy sail,
While all around the laugh, the jest prevail;
Or, if the god of dreams should strew a train
Of darker, bolder shadows o'er his brain,
His brow is knit—his nervous, powerful hand,
In fancied triumph grasps a well-known brand,
While locked with his, o'ertaken in the chase,
Some frigate lies, in deadly close embrace;
Guns roar, swords flash, the dying and the dead,
Mangled and bleeding, o'er the deck are spread—
While the fierce shout, and faint and feeble wail
Together mingled, float upon the gale;
With nimble foot athwart the yard he runs,
Descends and drives the foemen from their guns;
'Midst blood and death their flag he downward tears,
And in its place, his own loved banner rears.
His shouts of victory through the prison ring,
And startled comrades round his hammock bring,
While drops of sweat his manly temples lave,
He starts—he wakes—'O! God, and can it be!
Am I a captive! am I not at sea?'"

Again, the prisoner has at length been liberated and returns to his home. Here is the scene described:

"How pure the bliss, how balmy the repose
Which, after all his toils and all his woes,
The weary traveller doom'd no more to roam,
Tastes in the hallowed precincts of his home.
If of the joy the righteous share in Heaven,
One foretaste sweet to earthly man is given,
'Tis when his Cot—his ark of hopes and fears,
After long absence to his view appears;
'Tis when that form, the dearest and the best,
Springs to his arms and swoons upon his breast;
When woman's lip,—warm, passionate, and pure,—
Is press'd to his—as if its balm could cure
His wounded soul, if wound should there remain,
And charm it back to joy and peace again."

Howe received no regular education. The cottage was two miles from any school-house. He walked this in summer, but stayed at home in winter. His father directed his mind to literary subjects in these long evenings, and he read and studied as best he could. At thirteen he was apprentieed to the *Gazette* printing office, and worked away at the printing business for ten years. In 1827, when he was twenty-three years old, in company with James Spike he purchased the *Weekly Chronicle* newspaper and changed its name to the *Acadian*. Through the medium of this paper, Mr. Howe came

before the country as a public writer. The paper was a purely literary newspaper, and made no attempt at political discussion. Before the end of the year, Mr. Howe sold out his interest in the *Acadian* to his partner, and purchased the *Nova Scotian*. This paper he continued to publish, and it was through the medium of this paper that he became identified with political affairs and came into note. It may be mentioned that the *Nova Scotian*, which, after Mr. Howe became immersed in political duties, was transferred to Mr. William Armand, and was by him subsequently changed to the *Morning Chronicle*, is still published, and has been, without interruption the consistent organ of Liberal opinion in Nova Scotia from that day to this. From pure sentiment, the *Nova Scotian* has always been continued. It is the weekly edition of the *Chronicle*, and although not a tenth part of even the people of Nova Scotia are aware of it, yet every week a regular edition of the *Nova Scotian* is sacredly sent off to its circle of subscribers, most of them, it may be assumed, being old men who cling to it for its associations.

For the first four or five years, the *Nova Scotian* was not a political paper. Mr. Howe's tastes were literary rather than political. Mr Howe worked with great zeal at this first enterprise. He published a report, written with his own hand, of the debates in the Legislature. He attended courts, and himself reported important trials. He rode over the Province on horseback to establish agencies and procure subscribers, thus gaining familiarity with the country and the people. He wrote most racy and interesting descriptions of his rambles in the country—and these are marked by a warmth of heart, a sympathy with men and women in all their daily struggles, a love of country, which threw a charm over them which no subsequent efforts in that direction have ever acquired. In 1829 Howe first began to deal editorially with political subjects. His first efforts were in advocacy of the doctrine of Free Trade, to which he adhered unfalteringly until the end of his days. Then he began to deal with the question of Colonial Government —a question broad enough at that time to be worthy of the effort of any man however wise or however ambitious.

It may be well to review the political situation in the several Provinces of Canada at the period at which Howe first came conspicuously to the front in political action. The American revolution had deprived Great Britain of most of her North American possessions, and the issues upon which these colonies had sought independence had to be considered in dealing with the new communities in the northern half of the continent, which were just beginning to assume some importance. The English people are born colonizers, and have had a wonderful career in perpetuating and popularizing their sway wherever it has been established. The loss of the Thirteen Colonies was an entirely exceptional incident in British rule. They were lost by an attempt to govern too much; and no doubt British Statesmen, as they noted the growth of the various Provinces of British North America, were gravely worried as to the means of avoiding the mistakes which had cost them so dear in 1776. But up to this period—say 1835, when Mr. Howe first came conspicuously to the front,—the idea of responsible government, or, in other words, self-government, by the Colonies, had not dawned as a practical measure upon British statesmen. The Lieutenant-Governors were given power,—not nominal, theoretical power, such as Governors-General and Lieutenant-Governors possess now, but actual and almost supreme executive authority. Legislatures were conceded, but their power was limited to the making of laws and the voting of supplies, and even this last was not a

perfect check, inasmuch as the Governors claimed control of casual and territorial revenues, and the civil list was provided for by colonial despatches, which took away the power of the Assembly to fix the salaries of public officials. In the selection of Cabinet officers and the heads of Departments, the Governor had absolute power. A man could then be Attorney-General for life if the Governor chose to keep him there, quite regardless of the fact that he had not the confidence of the Legislature. All the various county offices were thus filled with appointees of the Governor and his party, and the people at large who were not in the ring had practically no concern in the government of the country.

It would be belying their ancestry to suppose that people descended from British stock would be content with such a system of government, or long submit to it; and Joseph Howe, while not the first man who conceived the idea of responsible or self-government in the Colonies, was the man who most fully of all colonial statesmen grasped the situation, and who not only gained for his own province all the blessings of self-government, but who most clearly and effectually brought to the attention of the British Government the whole bearings of the question, and thus secured the triumph of the Liberal contention throughout the Colonial Empire, and with splendid results both for the people of the Colonies and the Empire. England could not have retained the loyal adhesion of a single one of the old Provinces of Canada on any other terms than independent self-government.

Mr. Howe was first brought conspicuously before the public in a matter wholly disassociated with the question of responsible government, though not dissimilar in principle. The City of Halifax in 1835 had no municipal government. It was simply a part of Halifax County, and governed by a bench of magistrates appointed by the Lieut.-Governor, and chiefly belonging to the Tory clique. The affairs of the city and county were undoubtedly grossly mismanaged. There was jobbery in connection with the city prison and the poorhouse, and inequality and injustice in the imposition of taxes. Mr. Howe regarded this as a suitable matter for attack and a subject for reform. He therefore devoted his attention to the evil, and the *Nova Scotian* began to set forth in vigorous terms the evils of the municipal system. This inflamed the little coterie of officialdum who had been accustomed to rule, and, consequently, when one day a letter appeared in the *Nova Scotian* unmasking the prevalent system of municipal jobbery, there was a great *furore* among the magistrates. The Attorney-General was appealed to, and it was determined that Mr. Howe should be indicted for libel. The charge was duly preferred, and the matter submitted to the Grand Jury, and a bill found.

The trial which followed marks an era in the life of Mr. Howe and an epoch in the history of the Province. It meant more than the mere immediate issue involved, though that was important. It marked the popular revulsion against the exclusive privileges of a small set which had gathered to themselves all the honors, the emoluments, the social prestige and the official control of the Province. It was the first deadly struggle of Privilege to maintain its vested powers, and the first eager struggle of the masses to break the power of the ring and secure equal rights and powers for the people at large.

Mr. Howe was thirty-one years of age. He had never spoken in public, and was only known as a hard-working newspaper man, fond of literature and trying to make his paper a power in the community. When indicted for libel his position was one which no one would have envied or cared to assume. A few incidents in a man's life enable him to show the world the

sort of stuff of which he is made. All the great heroes of the world were commonplace persons enough three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. But the moral fibre of a man is occasionally revealed by some incident, perhaps great and perhaps small, and these revelations determine his whole history. The commonplace person, in charge of a newspaper in Mr. Howe's place, would have easily fixed up the matter. A carefully-worded apology would have been prepared and negotiated through a solicitor, and the difficulty would have been safely tided over. But Joseph Howe was made of stuff that could not tolerate this method. He has himself described the circumstances of his trial, and his narration will be interesting:—

"I went to two or three lawyers in succession, showed them the Attorney-General's notice of trial, and asked them if the case could be successfully defended? The answer was, No; there was no doubt that the letter was a libel; that I must make my peace, or submit to fine and imprisonment. I asked them to lend me their books, gathered an armful, threw myself on a sofa, and read libel law for a week. By that time I had convinced myself that they were wrong, and that there was a good defence, if the case were properly presented to the court and jury. Another week was spent in selecting and arranging the facts and public documents on which I relied. I did not get through before a late hour of the evening before the trial, having only had time to write and commit to memory the two opening paragraphs of the speech. All the rest was to be improvised as I went along. I was very tired, but took a walk with Mrs. Howe, telling her, as we strolled to Fort Massy, that if I could only get out of my head what I had got into it the magistrates could not get a verdict. I was hopeful of the case, but fearful of breaking down from the novelty of the situation and from want of practice. I slept soundly, and went at it in the morning, still harassed with doubts and fears, which passed off, however, as I became conscious that I was commanding the attention of the court and jury. I was much cheered when I saw the tears rolling down one old gentleman's cheek. I thought he would not convict me if he could help it. I scarcely expected a unanimous verdict as two or three of the jurors were connections, more or less remote, of some of the justices, but thought they would not agree. The lawyers were all very civil, but laughed at me a good deal, quoting the old maxim, that 'he who pleads his own case has a fool for a client.' But the laugh was against them when all was over."

On the day of the trial he had to face a stern and vigorous judge—the Chief Justice—an able and accomplished Attorney-General. The Court House was crowded, because public interest in Halifax was aroused to the fullest extent. It was the harbinger of the great struggle for popular government which was to follow. After publication had been admitted and the libel put in, Mr. Howe rose to address the jury on his own behalf. Far from being awed or oppressed by his surroundings, after a short time he launched forth into a most searching and caustic arraignment of the whole bench of magistrates. He held them up to laughter and scorn. Instead of taking the defensive, and pleading for mercy, he took an aggressive line, and delivered the most merciless exposé of municipal rottenness ever heard. His masterly speech occupied six and a-quarter hours in delivery, and completely took Halifax by storm. Here was a new power which the community had never dreamed of.

Fortunately this speech has been preserved, and although Mr. Howe's speeches for thirty or forty years following this were models of classical

elegance and splendid diction, perhaps none that he ever delivered exceed passages of this in elevation of thought and beauty of sentiment. I must quote a few passages to inspire young Canadians to high thoughts and noble aspirations. In his peroration to the jury, he says :—

"Will you, my countrymen, the descendants of these men, warmed by their blood, inheriting their language, and having the principles for which they struggled confided to your care, allow them to be violated in your hands? Will you permit the sacred fire of liberty, brought by your fathers from the venerable temples of Britain, to be quenched and trodden out on the simple altars they have raised? Your verdict will be the most important in its consequences ever delivered before this tribunal; and I conjure you to judge me by the principles of English law, and to leave an unshackled press as a legacy to your children. You remember the press in your hours of conviviality and mirth; oh! do not desert it in this its day of trial.

"If for a moment I could fancy that your verdict would stain me with crime, cramp my resources by fines, and cast my body into prison, even then I would endeavor to seek elsewhere for consolation and support. Even then I would not desert my principles, nor abandon the path that the generous impulses of youth selected, and which my riper judgment sanctions and approves. I would toil on, and hope for better times, till the principles of British liberty and British law had become more generally diffused, and had forced their way into the hearts of my countrymen. In the meantime, I would endeavor to guard their interests; to protect their liberties; and, while Providence lent me health and strength, the independence of the press should never be violated in my hands. Nor is there a living thing beneath my roof that would not aid me in this struggle; the wife who sits by my fireside, the children who play around my hearth, the orphan boys in my office, whom it is my pride and pleasure to instruct from day to day in the obligations they owe to their profession and their country, would never suffer the press to be wounded through my side. We would wear the coarsest raiment; we would eat the poorest food, and crawl at night into the veriest hovel in the land to rest our weary limbs, but cheerful and undaunted hearts; and these jobbing justices should feel that one frugal and united family could withstand their persecution, defy their power, and maintain the freedom of the press Yes, gentlemen, come what will, while I live Nova Scotia shall have the blessing of an open and unshackled press."

It is almost needless to say that, though the Attorney-General addressed the Jury, urging a conviction, and the Chief Justice charged strongly against the accused, the jury, after ten minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict of acquittal. The dense crowd in the Court House broke out into shouts of applause, and when Mr, Howe had left the Court-room, he was seized by the populace and borne to his home upon their shoulders. A great procession was formed in the evening, and Mr. Howe was compelled to address the delighted crowd from a window of his house.

In November of the next year, 1836, a dissolution of the Provincial Assembly took place, and naturally Mr. Howe became a candidate for Halifax, Mr. William Annand was his colleague. The great interests of Halifax were bitterly hostile to Mr. Howe. The Lieut.-Governor and all the office-holders looked upon him as a dangerous demagogue who would lead the people to ask ugly questions about the privileges of the few. He had also incurred the animosity of the bankers by his views on the currency question. Nevertheless, by his adroit management and his humorous speeches, he succeeded in capturing the masses,

and he and Mr. Annand were returned by over one thousand majority.

The issue in this election was responsible government. At this time the Executive Government was carried on by appointees of the Governor, and their tenure was in no sense dependent upon the confidence of the Assembly. The Upper House consisted of a body of officials including the Bishop, the Chief Justice and other dignitaries. They sat with closed doors and were amenable to no one. They exercised a veto upon all legislation, and by the aid of the Governor, managed affairs according to their will. The Executive Council was in no sense a Cabinet. It was a collection of officials, the Attorney-General, the Provincial Secretary, the Financial Secretary, the Solicitor-General and others. It had no common policy. Each member could have his own opinions upon all questions, and the tenure was simply the will of the Governor Mr. Howe, at this election, laid down the principle of executive responsibility, the policy of having a ministry at all times in harmony with the people and enjoying the confidence of the people's representatives. A brief extract from one of his speeches on the hustings will illustrate his aim :—

"In England, one vote of the people's representatives turns out a ministry, and a new one comes in which is compelled to shape its policy by the views and wishes of the majority ; here, we may record five hundred votes against our ministry, and yet they sit unmoved, reproducing themselves from their own friends and connections, and from a narrow party in the country, who, though opposed to the people, have a monopoly of influence and patronage. In England, the people can breathe the breath of life into their government whenever they please ; in this country, the government is like an ancient Egyptian mummy, wrapped up in narrow and antique prejudices—dead and inanimate, but yet likely to last forever. We are desirous of a change, not such as shall divide us from our brethren across the water, but which will ensure to us what they enjoy."

Once in the legislature, Mr. Howe began at once a splendid struggle for responsible government. The House was largely Liberal, but the Executive was still Tory, and laughed at the idea that the opinions of the majority of the members of the Assembly had anything to do with their tenure. The leadership of the Liberals was naturally vested in some of those who had been active in the popular cause in former assemblies. But at an early day Mr. Howe took advanced ground. The House of Assembly which had preceded the one in which Mr. Howe first sat had disappointed public expectation, and pursued a sort of milk-and-water course in regard to the great questions which were agitating the public mind. Mr. Howe's advent was the signal for more vigorous action, and before the second session was over he was the recognized leader of the radical forces in the House; while in the country, owing to his brilliant assaults upon the stronghold of favoritism and privilege he quietly became a favorite idol. Still continuing his editorial work, and managing his newspaper, upon which his living depended, he yet found time to traverse the Province, address public meetings, make the acquaintance of hosts of people, and consolidate Liberal sentiment.

To conduct a crusade against officialdom, Mr. Howe had naturally to incur the enmity of all the dignitaries of the Province, from the Governor downwards. He had to accept the penalty of social ostracism, and banishment from the charming dinner-tables which constituted some of the chief joys of the few. But the grateful idolatry of the people was an ample recompense for this.

Responsible government is now such a long-established institution in Canada, and, indeed, in most parts of the

Colonial Empire, that it seems, perhaps, idle to recall the struggles on its behalf. But they must always have an element of interest to a Canadian who desires to be familiar with the growth of his country's institutions. In both Upper and Lower Canada, responsible government was only achieved after open rebellion against the government, and the destruction of life and property. Mr. Howe, through all the fierce and bitter struggles for self-government, never sanctioned the use of arms, nor for a moment admitted its neceesity. He had always full faith in the capacity of a British community to work out, by peaceable means, the question of self-government. He was ardently attached to British connection, and loved England and the English system of government. He cordially sympathized with William Lyon Mackenzie, Papineau, Nelson, and other Liberals of the Canadas, in their struggles against the Family Compact, and other evils and indignities precisely akin to those against which he was contending in Nova Scotia; but the instant armed resistance was proclaimed, he warmly opposed this course as unwise, unnecessary, and hopeless. His views on the Canadian Rebellion are expressed in strong and elevated terms in an able and statesmanlike letter written at the time and spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the London press.

His idea throughout was to bring Colonial grievances clearly and cogently before British statesmen, in the full conviction that they could not be long disregarded. At this time Lord John Russell was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and very greatly concerned in the question of Colonial Government, for difficulties were looming up on every hand. To him Mr. Howe addressed a series of letters which every student of Canadian affairs should read and study. They were able and brilliant papers, and illustrated in the most clear and convincing manner the evils of the system, and, at the same time, suggested the remedy. The letters have been published in Vol. II. of "Howe's Speeches and Public Letters," and may be studied by those who wish. This article must conclude by one or two extracts, which embody the most striking points in the argument. Beyond doubt, these letters had a wonderful effect in preparing British statesmen for those just and wise concessions which led to the permanent establishment of self-government in all the Colonies:

"Your Lordship asks me for proofs. They shall be given.

"Looking at all the British North American Colonies, with one single exception, so far as my memory extends, although it has sometimes happened that the local administration has secured a majority in the Lower House, I never knew an instance in which a hostile majority could displace an Executive Council whose measures it disapproved; or could, in fact, change the policy, or exercise the slightest influence upon the administrative operations of the Government. The case which forms the exception was that of the Province of New Brunswick, but there the struggle lasted as long as the Trojan war,—through the existence of several Houses of Assembly; and was at length concluded by an arrangement with the authorities at home, after repeated appeals, and two tedious and costly delegations to England. But the remedy applied, even in that case, though satisfactory for the time, can have no application to future difficulties or differences of opinion. Let us suppose that a general election takes place in that Province next year, and that the great body of the people are dissatisfied with the mode in which the patronage of the government has been distributed, and the general bearing of the internal policy of its rulers. If that Colony were an English incorporated town, the people would

have the remedy in their own hands; if they were intrusted with the powers, which, as British subjects of right belong to them, they would only have to return a majority of their own way of thinking; few men would change places; the wishes of the majority would be carried out; and by no possibility could anything occur to bring the people and their rulers into such a state of collision as was exhibited in that fine province for a long series of years. But under the existing system, if a hostile majority is returned, what can they do? Squabble and contend with an Executive whom they cannot influence; see the patronage and favor of government lavished upon the minority who annoy, but never out-vote them; and, finally, at the expiration of a further period of ten years, appeal by delegation to England, running the hazard of a reference to a clerk or a secretary whose knowledge of the various points at issue is extremely limited, who has no interest in them, and who, however favorably disposed may be displaced by some change in the position of parties at home before the negotiations are brought to a close.

"In 1836, a general election took place in Nova Scotia; and when the Legislature met for the dispatch of business, it was found that the local government had two-thirds of the members of the representative branch against them. A fair-minded Englishman would naturally conclude that the local cabinet, by a few official changes and a modification of its policy, would have at once deferred to the views and opinions of so large a majority of the popular branch. Did it do so? No. After a fierce struggle with the local authorities, in which the revenue bills and the appropriations for the year were nearly lost, the House forwarded a strong address to the foot of the throne, appealing to the Crown for the redress of inveterate grievances the very existence of which our Colonial rulers denied or which they refused to remove."

* * * * * * * *

"You ask me for the remedy. Lord Durham has stated it distinctly; the Colonial Governors must be commanded to govern by the aid of those who possess the confidence of the people, and are supported by a majority of the representative branch. Where is the danger? Of what consequence is it to the people of England, whether half a dozen persons, in whom that majority have confidence, but of whom they know nothing and care less, manage our local affairs, or the same number selected from the minority, and whose policy the bulk of the population distrust? Suppose there was at this moment a majority in our Executive Council who think with the Assembly, what effect would it have upon the funds? Would the stocks fall? Would England be weaker, less prosperous or less respected, because the people of Nova Scotia were satisfied and happy?"

* * * * * * * * *

"The planets that encircle the sun, warmed by its heat and rejoicing in its effulgence, are moved and sustained, each in its bright but subordinate career, by the same laws as the sun itself. Why should this beautiful example be lost upon us? Why should we run counter to the whole stream of British experience, and seek, for no object worthy of the sacrifice, to govern on one side of the Atlantic by principles the very reverse of those found to work so admirably on the other. The employment of steamers will soon bring Halifax within a ten days' voyage of England. Nova Scotia will then not be more distant from London than the north of Scotland and the west of Ireland were a few years ago. No time should be lost, therefore, in giving us

the rights and guards to which we are entitled; for, depend upon it, the nearer we approach the mother country, the more we shall admire its excellent Constitution, and the more intense will be the sorrow and disgust with which we must turn to contemplate our own."

A continuance of the narrative of Mr. Howe's career must be reserved for another number.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS - 1812-1894.

On Queenston Heights the sun is low,
The hush of evening in the air,
Only the torrent, far below,
Disturbs the echoes slumbering there.
The shadows swiftly climb the hill,
The sky unveils its starry lights,
And all is peaceful, calm and still
On Queenston Heights.

Yet the last rays of sunlight fall
On gleaming steel and scarlet coats,
And shines the latest beam of all
Where Britain's banner proudly floats.
Along the hill the soldiers stand
In ordered lines, and, through the night's
Long hours, await their chief's command
On Queenston Heights.

* * * * *

Hark! 'tis the sentry's warning cry,
Hark! hark! the ring of clashing steel;
From slope to slope, the musketry
Awakes the echoes, peal on peal
Stand fast, O Britons, as of old
Your sires have stood for Britain's rights,
And still your place unwavering hold
On Queenston Heights.

Above them rolls the battle smoke;
The roar of conflict grows more deep;
Hurrah! the foeman's line is broke,
He reels, defeated, down the steep.

All glory be to righteous Heaven!
The God of Battles surely fights
Upon our side! the foe is driven
From Queenston Heights.

But ne'er shall gallant Brock again
For King and Country draw his blade;
Upon the field his soldiers gain
Behold their leader's corpse is laid.
No more in plaudits of the brave
His honest soldier heart delights,
He wins his glory and his grave
On Queenston Heights.

No more on Queenston Heights are heard
The bugle call or soldier's cheer,
But hum of bee and song of bird
Break sweetly on the listening ear.
No tokens of the war remain,
No frowning fort the landscape blights,
And only peace and beauty reign
On Queenston Heights.

But, though the years have flown apace,
Still lives the memory of the dead;
A stately column marks the place
Where gallant Brock his life-blood shed.
The land he bled and died to save,
His faith and valour thus requites,
And guards her hero's honoured grave
On Queenston Heights.

Oh! men of British blood and race,
If e'er your loyalty should fail:
If sunk in sloth, you dare not face
The perils of the rising gale;
If the firm faith your fathers knew,
No more your love or zeal excites,
Draw near, and light the flame anew
On Queenston Heights.

NEW YORK. JAMES L. KENWAY.



ISLAND LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK.

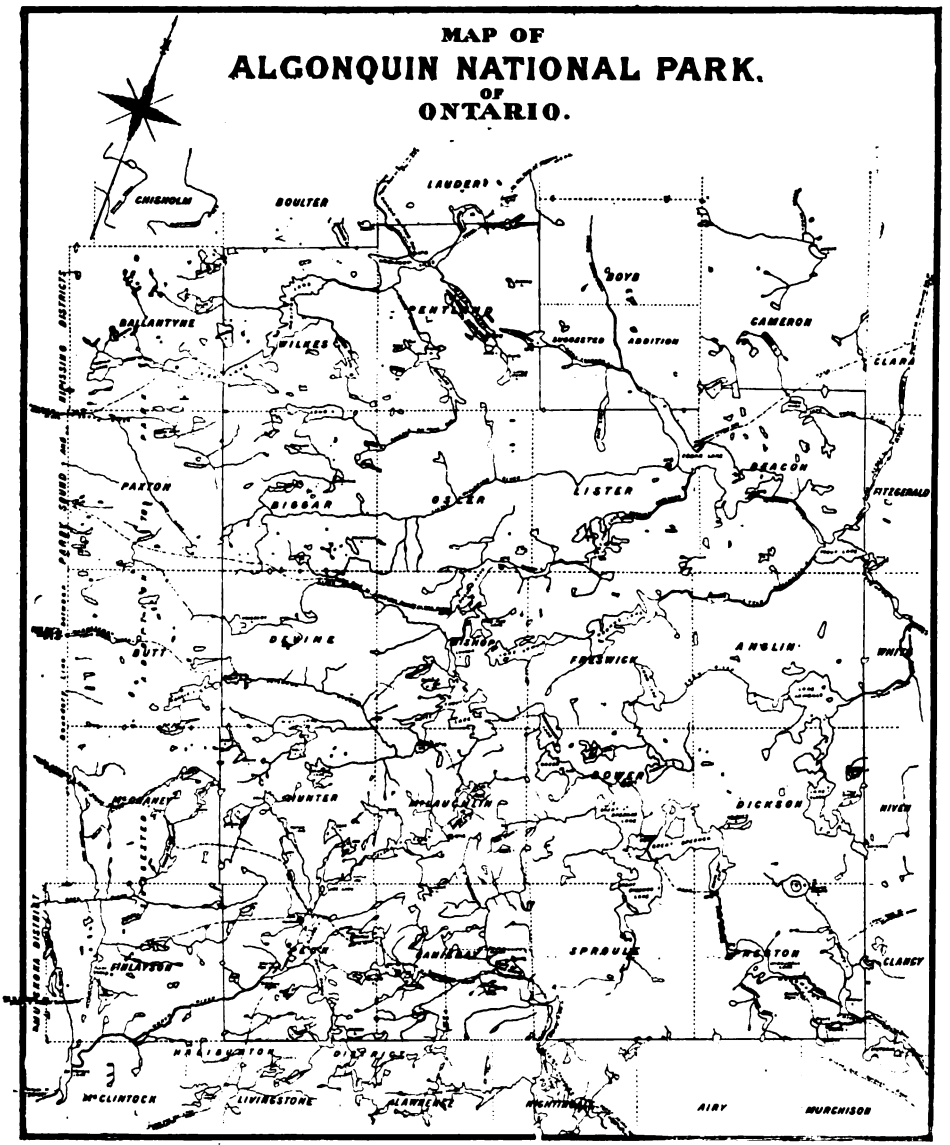
ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

BY THOS. W. GIBSON.

IF a premature posterity could rise up and enter into account with the present generation, and demand a reason for the burdens we are laying upon it, and the injury we are in many ways doing it, consciously or unconsciously, it is to be feared a sufficient answer would be wanting. "What has posterity done for us?" is a good enough phrase for the sarcastic politician, or the civic financier who issues half a million dollars worth of debentures, payable in forty years, to defray the cost of wooden sidewalks or block pavements, which will be resolved into their original elements long before the debt matures, but the principle is not one upon which a lover of his country or his race ought to base his actions. It would perhaps not be difficult to point out some respects in which we, as citizens of the Province of Ontario, or the Dominion at large, are diligently engaged in sowing the wind, from which, in the natural course of events, those who are to come after us will reap the whirlwind.

But it is pleasant to be able to say, that the account with posterity has its credits as well as its debits. One important action the Province has recently taken for which coming generations will surely call us blessed. While it still lay within our power, we have set apart nearly a million acres of the public domain and dedicated it to the use and enjoyment not only of ourselves but of the future inhabitants of Ontario, when they shall be counted by the many millions. In the language

of the Act of the Legislature establishing the Algonquin National Park (56 Vic., chap. 8), the area appropriated is "reserved and set apart as a public park and forest reservation, fish and game preserve, health resort and pleasure ground, for the benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people of the Province" forever, It is one of the characteristics of modern times that, as the struggle in trade, commerce and all departments of life becomes keener, as competition becomes more intense, the more widely spread becomes the desire to take a respite, brief though it may be, from the care and worry of business, and to seek recreation and restoration in a closer approach to nature than can be found in busy street or crowded mart. There are few indications that life in the twentieth century or succeeding ages will



be less arduous than now, and we may well assume that the need for periodical recuperation, so widely felt at present, will be more and more recognized in time to come. Here, then, by Act of the Legislature, an immense tract of land and water, almost equal in extent to the largest county in the Province, is given over for all time to come for just such purposes as will be most appreciated by the tired workers of succeeding ages. Nor will its benefits be confined to those who can pass a portion of their time within its borders. The miller, the manufacturer, the lumberman, and the farmer of the future, will share with the public at large the advantages



"MOSSY BANK" ISLAND IN ISLAND LAKE.

which will flow from the patriotic action of the Legislature.

The idea of setting apart a forest reservation in the uplands of Central Ontario, which would include and protect the headwaters of the Muskoka, Madawaska, Petawawa and other streams, occurred a number of years ago to Mr. Alexander Kirkwood of the Department of Crown Lands, who, in a letter dated 21st December, 1885, addressed to Hon. T. B. Pardee, then Commissioner of Crown Lands, pointed out the many advantages to be gained by such a reservation. The late Mr. R. W. Phipps also alluded in his Forestry Report, printed in 1885, to the same subject, and recommended a larger area than that suggested by Mr. Kirkwood. Mr. Pardee was very favorably impressed with the project, and commissioned Mr. James Dickson, Provincial Land Surveyor, of Fenelon Falls, to examine the district and report upon its suitability for the purpose proposed. Mr. Dickson made his report in January, 1888, and spoke highly of the fitness of the territory

for a public park. Mr. Pardee's regretted illness, which ended in his death in July, 1889, prevented further progress with the scheme, until Hon. A. S. Hardy succeeded him in the administration of the Department of Crown Lands. That gentleman at once recognized the importance of the undertaking and the advisability of setting about it while the conditions were favorable, and accordingly in February, 1892, the government, upon his recommendation, appointed a commission "to inquire into, and to make full report respecting, the fitness of certain territory in Our said Province, including the headwaters of the rivers Amable du Fond, Petawawa, Bonnechere, Madawaska and Muskoka, having their sources in the plateau or height of land region lying between the Mattawa and Georgian Bay, with boundaries to be hereafter determined, for the purpose of a Forest Reservation and National Park." The Commissioners were: Aubrey White, Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands; Archibald Blue, Director of Mines; Alexander Kirkwood, Senior Officer of the Lands branch of the Department of Crown Lands; James Dickson, Inspector of Surveys, and Robert William Phipps, Clerk of Forestry. Mr. Kirkwood, in recognition of his untiring efforts in behalf of the scheme, was elected chairman. The report of the Commmissioners was laid before the Legislature in the session of 1893. The territory recommended by them for a forest, reservation and national park, and afterwards set apart as such by the Act, was a compact tract of land in the District of Nipissing, south of the Mattawa River, and lying between the Ottawa River and Georgian Bay, being almost a parallelogram in shape, and consisting of eighteen townships. The names of these townships are as follows: Peck, Hunter, Devine, Biggar, Wilkes, Canisbay, McLaughlin, Bishop, Osler, Pentland, Sproule, Bower, Freswick, Lister, Preston, Dickson, Anglin and Deacon—a list of appellations highly suggestive of the short process by which the Department of Crown Lands confers immortality upon members of the Legislature and others who might otherwise go down into the oblivion common to the mass of mankind. The area of the tract is 938,186 acres, or 1,466 square miles. Of this, 831,793 acres is dry land, and 106,393 acres water; the area of water is therefore rather more than one-ninth of the whole.



COMPLETE REST. WHITE TROUT LAKE

A study of the map of Ontario will show that this tract occupies a unique position. Cowper could have gratified his wish for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," by erecting a log hut here, without the least apprehension of being troubled by "rumors of oppression and deceit, of unsuccessful or successful war," or, indeed, any other kind of rumors, so remote is it from civilization and the haunts of men. No railway penetrates it, or even approaches its borders; no travelled highway passes through, or even leads to it, exception being made of two or three

lumbermen's roads for transport of supplies in winter; there is not a cross-roads hamlet within its boundaries; not a post office, church, or school-house; even the ubiquitous squatter, who plants himself on every coign of vantage on the ungranted lands of the Crown, finds this district too distant from markets and supplies, and is represented by but one or two of the hardiest of his kind. In winter, the lumbermen's shanties are the only centres of activity, and in summer the forest's silence is unbroken, save by the splash of the tourist's paddle, or the crack of the Indian's or pot-hunter's gun. Here is one of the largest tracts of untouched forest now left within the limits of Ontario untouched, that is, for settlement purposes; for even here the lumberman has been long at work.

It will probably surprise many of our busy city men to learn that within less than a day's travel by rail—did a railway exist—there lies this vast, solitary, aromatic wilderness, which is yet almost as little known or frequented as if it were in Labrador, or on the Hudson Bay slope. Yet older Ontario is nowhere at great distance. The Canadian Pacific Railway carries travellers and freight past it on the east and north, and the Grand Trunk Railway on the west, while the newer Ontario, rising in the mineral districts of the Sudbury region, and yet to rise on the fertile shores of Lake Temiscaming, is the very outpost of advancing settlement as compared with the territory included in Algonquin Park. The current of civilization has flowed up the Ottawa valley, and northward through Muskoka and Parry Sound tracts, leaving the million acres of the park, and many square miles of contiguous territory, as an island in the stream—a barren island, perhaps, and uninviting to the tiller of the soil, but yet rich in varied store of timber, and great with possibilities of usefulness as the playground, sanitarium, and forest school for future Ontario.

The whole district is now under timber license from the Government. The pine upon some portions of it was sold at the great timber sale of 1892, but by far the larger area has been in the hands of the lumbermen for many years. In fact, pine has been cut on some of the territory for nearly half a century, and on other portions from a period long previous to Confederation. There are considerable areas, however, absolutely in their original condition, and notwithstanding the encroachments of the lumber trade, and the ravages of fire, the shantyman's axe will find ample scope for many years to come in the pineries of Algonquin Park. It would at first sight seem that this removal of the pine would defeat the very object for which the park was established, and it is doubtless true that if the pine could be left standing the beauty and charm of the forest would be much enhanced. But the pine had been disposed of; to prevent the owners from taking away their property would have been confiscation, and if the establishment of the park had depended upon the preservation of the pine, the scheme would have had to be abandoned. The cutting will be gradual, and the extirpation of the pine now growing will by no means involve the destruction of the whole forest. A great many other varieties of trees grow and flourish in the park, and as the felling of all timber but pine is forbidden by the Park Act, the removal of the latter, except where it grows in groves or "pineries," will scarcely affect the wooded condition of the park, taken as a whole. As a game preserve, water reservoir, and summer resort, the park will not be materially depreciated by the cutting of the pine timber. The conifers which flourish in the park are the white and red pine (the former largely predominating), hemlock, spruce, balsam and cedar. Of the cedar found within the park that in the most westerly townships is represented as being small, and of comparatively little value, but that

bordering on the Madawaska and Petawawa waters is much larger and of better quality. The deciduous trees are well represented. The place of honor is occupied by the black birch, which grows to magnificent proportions, and is usually of perfect soundness. The wood of this tree is used to some extent in furniture-making, but little or none has ever been taken from the area included in the park, marshy places. Alders line the borders of streams, and in many places there is a dense undergrowth of balsam, hazel and ground hemlock.

Large tracts have been burned over, in which all the original timber has been destroyed. They are called brulés, and in such places pine is never succeeded by pine, but there immediately springs up a crop of the quick-growing and less valuable trees, principally



"It's a deer crossing the Lake."

CANOE LAKE.

the reason being that like the maple and other hardwoods, it is too heavy to be floated down stream to market. The maple, without which no woodland scene would be typically Canadian, is also very plentiful throughout the district and attains to great size and beauty. The beech occurs more sparingly, but is by no means rare; ironwood is common, and black ash mingles with the smaller conifers in poplar, white birch and cherry. It is one of the mysteries of the forest how this poorer second growth follows so hard upon the first, even when the surrounding woods are of an entirely different character. The seeds of these trees appear to be present in the ground, unable to germinate in the shade of the original forest, but capable of bursting into life the moment sunlight and air are allowed to have

free access to them. But how came they there, their parent trees so far away? And why do the pine seeds, which must be many times more plentiful on the ground, fail to grow? It is one of nature's freaks, with which she delights to puzzle her would-be interpreters. Backwoodsmen sometimes solve the problem by maintaining that these second-growth poplars, birches and cherries spring "naturally" from the ground, and do not require the intervention of seed at all. Spontaneous generation, however, does not find much favor with the scientists nowadays, and some other solution must be looked for.

The extension of cultivation will go on a long time in Ontario before the lands of Algonquin Park are coveted for agriculture. The gneiss and granite of the Laurentian formation are not the most favorable foundations for a good agricultural soil; but when the covering itself is thin and scanty, and in many places wanting altogether, cultivation ceases to be possible. Isolated patches of tillable soil occur, it is true, but there are no large and continuous areas, capable of sustaining a considerable population, or of supporting markets, schools, churches, etc., without which successful settlement is impossible. The surface is continually broken by rough, rocky ridges, which, though abrupt enough to preclude easy travelling, seldom rise to any great height. In the intervals are marshes, low-lying but dry stretches, and water in the various forms of pond, lake and river. The watershed, which separates the streams flowing into Georgian Bay from those emptying into the Ottawa lies in the south-west portion of the park, in the townships of Peck, McLaughlin and Hunter. Here, in a comparatively small area, are found the headquarters of three important streams; the Muskoka (south branch), the Madawaska, and the Petawawa. Island Lake, in the township of McLaughlin, is the source of the first-named river, and a fifteen-minute walk over a portage on its north-east shore leads to Little Otter Slide Lake, whose waters find their way into the Petawawa. A mile and a half from the eastern shore of Little Otter Slide Lake lie the head waters of one of the branches of the Madawaska. The Muskoka is a tributary of Georgian Bay, while the Petawawa and Madawaska fall into the Ottawa. The waters of the Muskoka traverse Lakes Huron, St. Clair and Erie, tumble over Niagara Falls, and flow through Lake Ontario, and the long stretch of the upper St. Lawrence, before they mingle with those of its kindred streams at the point where "Utawas' tide" merges itself in the noblest of Canadian rivers.

The great quantity of water and the variety of the forms in which it is found, constitute one of the most characteristic features of the park. The streams are of all sizes, from the tiniest rill to the large river capable of floating great drives of saw-logs, and the lakes vary in size from small ponds to important sheets of water, like Great Opeongo Lake on the Madawaska, the largest in the park, which spreads its irregular body over parts of four townships, viz., Bower, Dickson, Preston and Sproule. As a consequence of this abundance of water, almost every corner of the park may be reached by canoe, the portages from one water system to another being, as a rule, short and easy.

This ample water supply is highly advantageous to the lumberman, as it enables him to float his saw-logs, with the minimum of difficulty, from the limits on which they are cut to the place of manufacture. Other lakes of large size are the following:—McDougal and Shirley on the Madawaska; Cedar, Lavieille, Trout and Misty, on the Petawawa; Island, Canoe and Smoke on Muskoka, and Tea, Manitou and Kioshkoqui on the Amable du Fond.

There are no lofty mountain peaks or towering ranges such as adorn Adirondack Park, in the State of New



A QUIET REACH, PETAWAWA RIVER.

York, but there are many lesser elevations sufficient to diversify the scene, and give an added zest to the other beauties of the park. The most elevated tract of land in this portion of Ontario is here to be found, as may be inferred from the fact that the watershed dividing the Amable du Fond and South River systems, the former a tributary of the Mattawa, and the latter of Lake Nipissing, from the east and west-bound rivers, is also comprised within the limits of the park. Island Lake, the source of the Muskoka, is 1,405 feet above the level of the sea, and Little Otter Slide Lake, one of the beginnings of the Petawawa, lies at exactly the same height. The height of Lake Huron is 578 feet above the sea, so that the descent of the Muskoka throughout its entire length is 827 feet. The fall achieved by the Petawawa, is even more considerable. The point of its junction with the Ottawa, is 393 feet above high tide, and this river has therefore a total descent of 1,012 feet. It is, in consequence, like its sister, the Madawaska, a rapid and turbulent stream.

"A region so wooded and watered," say the Commissioners in their report, "cannot but be the home of a vast variety of birds, game, and fur-bearing animals and fish. Here, not many years ago, the moose, monarch of Canadian woods, roamed and browsed in large numbers, the leaves and tender branches of the young trees, supplying him with his favorite diet; here, herds of red deer grazed in the open meadows, or quenched their thirst at the brooks or crystal lakes: here, the industrious beaver felled his trees and built his dams on every stream; here, the wolf's detested howl startled the deer, and the black bear pushed his

dark bulk through the undergrowth, in search of ripe nuts or berries. Here, in fact, may be said to have been the centre from which the moose, deer and other animals spread out to all sections of the Province south of the Mattawa River and Lake Nipissing, the great distance from settlement and the unbroken wilderness affording them a greater degree of shelter than was found anywhere else. Of these animals, deer are still plentiful, but the increasing rigor with which they have of late years been hunted, in and out of season, is fast depleting their numbers. The same cause has bid fair to place the moose among the extinct animals of Ontario; while the beaver has been hunted and trapped so mercilessly that now single specimens are seen only at long intervals. Wolves and bears are quite common, and mink, otter, fisher, martin and muskrat are numerous. The woods are well-stocked with partridge, but there are few ducks. The principal fish found in the Muskoka waters is the trout, all the fresh water varieties of which are to be had in great abundance. In the Petawawa and Madawaska rivers, in addition to trout, chub, cat-fish and pike are found also, eels, the latter varieties increasing in number as we descend the streams. Herring and white-fish, are plentiful in Great Opeongo, Shirley and McDougal Lakes."

One of the objects of the park is the protection of the game and fur-bearing animals from the extermination which now threatens them. It would be a national loss were the moose, the big game *par excellence* of our Ontario woods, allowed to become extinct, as the buffalo of the western plains has become. Yet the experience of the past shows clearly that such a fate awaits him, unless law and authority intervene with a strong hand on his behalf. It is almost incredible with what ferocity and wastefulness this animal has been hunted and killed in the past. In the spring of 1887, the carcasses of sixty moose were found in this district, the animals having been killed for their skins alone. During the preceding winter, seventy were killed between Lake Traverse and Bissett's Station, on the C.P.R., a distance of twenty miles. The spring, when the young are brought forth, and when the moose stand in greatest need of protection, is just the time the pot-hunter chooses for their destruction. He shoots a moose, perhaps a female big with calf, skins it, and leaves the body on the ground as bait for the bears, which at this time of year come forth from their long winter's retirement, too hungry to be dainty in their food. A full-grown moose weighs upwards of 1,000 lbs., and will dress 600 lbs. of beef, while his skin will make twenty pairs of moccasins, which sell at $2.00 a pair. Notwithstanding the war which has been waged against the moose, they are by no means rare in the park country, and, now that protection is guaranteed them, are likely to increase rapidly in numbers and to overflow into the surrounding districts, where, after the 25th October, 1895, (before which time it is illegal to kill a moose anywhere in the Province), they will be lawful game in their proper season.

The common red deer are yet plentiful in this district, finding in this wilderness a refuge from the enemies which assail them on every hand during the hunting season. The complete immunity which they will here enjoy from the chase, will make the park a centre from which they will spread to other parts of the Province, there to afford the hundreds of deer-slayers in Ontario the sport they so keenly enjoy. In like manner, the beaver, most valuable of fur-bearing animals, will have a chance to prolong his career, now ended everywhere in Ontario south of Lake Nipissing but here, and all but ended even here.

Trappers, both Indian and white have pursued the beaver even more ruthlessly than the hunters have the moose, until this region, so adapted by

nature to be the home of this interesting creature, numbers but a very few scattered families. So prolific is the beaver, however, and so suitable to its habits are the ponds, creeks and lakes of the park, that even these few remaining representatives will, under proper protection, soon be succeeded by a numerous progeny, sufficient not only to re-stock the park, but to add beaver skins to the spoils of trappers in other parts of the Province from which they have long been absent.

Other fur-bearing animals, the otter, fisher, martin, mink and muskrat, are more or less plentiful, and may also be expected to increase under the protection afforded them in the park. Wolves and bears are quite common, the former subsisting upon animal diet, ranging from frogs to deer, the latter choosing by preference the less exciting regimen of nuts and berries, though by no means rejecting the carcass of a moose or deer slain by the wily hunter for his special delectation. Neither of these animals is accorded any protection by the provisions of the park Act, being classed by it along with "wolverines, wild-cats, foxes or hawks," and other injurious or destructive animals.



ON THE CARRY, ISLAND LAKE TO WHITE TROUT.

Another of the ends arrived at by the establishment of the park is even more important than the preservation of game. The conservation of so large a territory in a wooded state will strongly tend to maintain in full and equable flow the streams and rivers rising in and flowing out of the park. It does not yet appear to be determined by scientific observers whether or not forests exercise any decided effect in the precipitation of moisture, but all are agreed that they lessen the rate at which the water—whether from rainfall or melted snow—flows from the higher to the lower levels. The surface of the forest, made up of beds of leaves, moss, decayed and decaying wood, and similar substances of a porous, spongy nature, is capable of absorbing a large quantity of moisture, and parts with it slowly and in moderation. When filled to its utmost capacity, it must of course discharge its watery contents at a rate equal to that at which it receives fresh supplies, but under ordinary circumstances the resistance offered by the forest floor to the flow of water is quite sufficient to materially retard its progress. The effect of this is to prolong the period during which the surplus water runs off, and to prevent sudden floods. On the other hand, where the forest growth has been cleared away, and the absorbent forest bed has been dried up, burned off, or converted into soil, no great impediment is presented to the flow of water, and the consequence

is angry floods in winter and spring, and dried-up river courses in summer. Evaporation also acts more freely in the open than in the forest, and rivers, brooks and springs suffer great diminution in volume when the district which supplies them is exposed to the full effect of the sun's rays, untempered by forest foliage. The fierce floods which rush down untimbered hillsides after heavy rains or springtime thaws often do immense damage, not only by carrying away the fertile surface soil and exposing the colder and more sterile layers, but by cutting deep ravines and depositing the detritus on the flats below, and even by causing actual destruction of life and property.



"Home Sweet Home."

BUFFALO POINT, CANOE LAKE.

By drying up or greatly reducing the volume of water in rivers, the removal of forests brings about great changes in social and economic conditions, and thus affects the welfare of whole provinces and even nations. In Russia, we are told, forest destruction has wrought dire results. The "Mother Volga" grows yearly shallower; the Don, with its tributaries, is choked; the sources of the Dnieper creep downward, and its chief tributary, the once noble Worskla, with a flow of some 220 English miles, is now dry from source to mouth. This stream, which fertilized a broad region, supporting a numerous population, exists no more —not temporarily run dry, but with all its springs exhausted, so that in future it may be stricken from the map. Of the Bitjug, another river in the Don region, the upper course has wholly disappeared—valley and bed are filled to the bank with sand and earth.

In Prussia, where forest preservation and management is now a science, by stripping the beaches of their forests in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the sea coasts have become exposed to all winds and storms. Fields, once fertile, have been transformed into waste sand dunes, and whole villages, whose agricultural people formerly prospered, have ceased to exist. In the middle and eastern provinces light and undulating soil has been replaced by small or large sand hills, and places where forests once stood and served to carry off stagnant moisture have been turned into marshes.

In younger America, as in older Europe, like causes are beginning to produce like results. The State of New York at one time owned some five million acres of wood-lands, covering nearly the entire area of the Adirondack and Catskill mountains, where the principal rivers of the State, especially the Hudson, take their rise. The State sold most of these lands for any price they would bring. Now that they have been largely stripped of their forest covering, and the thin soil of the mountain sides is exposed



LUNCH, WITH BLACK FLY ACCOMPANIMENT.

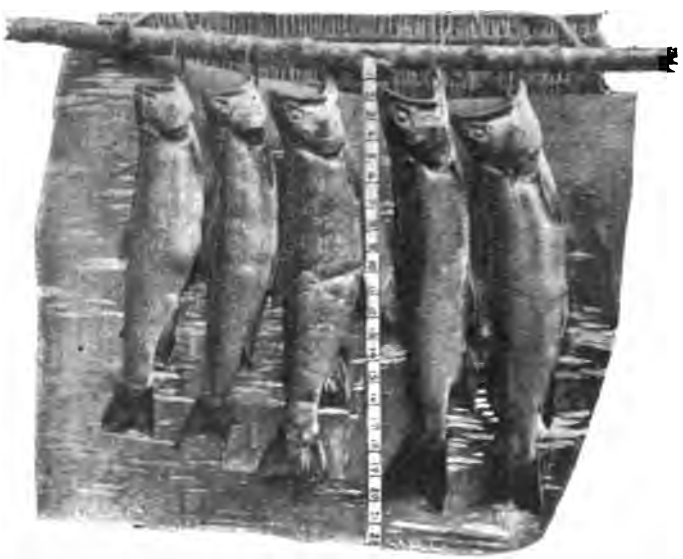
to the washing rains, it is found that the Hudson is in danger of becoming unnavigable at Albany, from the *debris* and earth carried into it.

Such warnings ought not to be lost upon us. We are already feeling the effects of the removal of the greater part of the forest growth from southern Ontario, in increased liability to floods, in the diminished volume of rivers, and in other ways, and we may be sure that an infraction of nature's laws will not go unpunished here any more than in Europe or the United States. The preservation of the forest growth, or the bulk of it, in Algonquin Park, will enable the unlessened waters of the rivers rising there to float the logs, turn the mill-wheels and refresh the fields of succeeding generations for all time to come.

Another advantage of the park will be the opportunity it will afford for the practical study of systematic forestry—a thing as yet little attempted, if at all, in our province. We have been, and still are, so busy cutting down our forests for lumber, and to make way for cultivated fields, that we have never stopped to think of the rapidity with which these forests are disappearing. Yet, there are already in Northern Ontario large areas of denuded pine lands, stripped by the lumberman, or devastated by fire. Can they be reforested, and made to bear a second crop of pine as valuable as the first? The task is a gigantic one, and some competent authorities are inclined to think it impracticable. Even if accomplished at great expense, what guarantee would there be that the slow growth of a hundred years would not perish by fire in a day, as it so often has done in times past? There has been little in the experience

of Canada or the United States, to indicate the best means to be adopted in attempting to restore the pine forests to their original condition, and a few years' experimenting in Algonquin Park may solve a good many problems, and cast some light on the methods of reforesting most likely to be successful.

The care of the park is in the hands of a superintendent and a staff of some four or five rangers, whose duty it is to see that no poaching or hunting is done; to prevent the outbreak and spread of fires, and generally to see that the provisions of the Park Act



BROOK TROUT.

are enforced. The headquarters of the staff have been established on Canoe Lake, close to the projected line of the Ottawa, Arnprior & Parry Sound Railway, in the form of a substantial hewed-log building, 21x28 feet, with hewed timber floor and "scoop" roof. In addition to this, some thirty-two shelter huts, for the accommodation of the rangers while on patrol duty, have been built in various portions of the park. All these buildings have been literally hewn out of the forest by Superintendent Thomson and his men, who are expert woodsmen and "shingle weavers." No sawn lumber whatever is used in their construction; walls, roofs, floors, beds and tables all being formed by axe and drawknife from the timber on the spot.

The smaller huts are intended to be close enough to one another to be reached in a day's journey on snowshoes in winter, and will each contain a small sheet-iron stove, and a supply of provisions and bedding for the use of the rangers.

The park staff have, in addition to their other labors, already cut out a number of portages from one reach of waters to another, and have cleared many creeks and river beds from floating brush and other rubbish, obstructive to canoe navigation. The men live in the park the year round, and though the winter is severe and the snowfall deep, as might be expected from the comparatively high altitude of the district, little real hardship is experienced. But little rain falls in winter, and the air is dry and invigorating.

This part of the country was long the resort of hunters and trappers, whose occupation was cut off by the establishment of the park. Superintendent Thomson, however, reports that even among this class there is a disposition to acquiesce in the new state of things, and to recognize the wisdom of affording a much-needed protection to the game and fur-bearing animals of the district. So far, therefore, there has been little difficulty in enforcing the laws.

There is practically no restriction on the admission of visitors to the

park, but, of course, no hunting or killing of animals is allowed, and fishing may only be done by hook and line, for which a license is necessary. The point on which the greatest possible care is required is the use of fire, and every precaution is demanded to prevent damage to the timber from this cause. A single act of carelessness in the dry season might result in the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property.

A few tourists from various parts of Ontario and the United States, who appreciate the charms of nature unadorned, are now in the habit of visiting this delightful region; and the photographs from which our illustrations are made are the handiwork of Mr. Geo. B. Hayes, President of the Buffalo Cast Iron Pipe Co., of Buffalo, N.Y., who has every season for twenty years been a visitor of what is now Algonquin Park. As its attractions become better known, they will invite crowds of heated, tired and worried tourists to cheat the dog-days by spending them in the cool depths and silent fastnesses of this northern forest.

AUTUMN.

Now the golden sheaves are gathered,
And the yellow bird has flown,
With the odour of the clover on its wing
To the bright and sunny south-land,
By its pleasant cots to sing,
And to sip the scented draught from blossoms blown.

Yes, the golden sheaves are gathered,
And the robin bids adieu
To the gardener, as he garners in his fruit—
Sweet they sang their songs together,
'Till from yonder dome of blue
Carolled forth its dainty anthem, dying mute.

Aye, the golden sheaves are gathered,—
And o'er their dead leaves mourn
The lightsome birch and haughty maple tree.
Though the lonely stork be weeping,
Round my hearth I'll happy be
'Till the songsters from the sunny lands return.

All the golden sheaves are gathered,
And the Autumn days are past;
Like a feather falls a snowflake, thin and white,
Shook from Winter's vulture pinion,
And upon my casement's cast;
Yet I'm happy in my gladsome home to-night.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

INDIAN TREATIES IN ONTARIO AND MANITOBA.—1781 TO 1893.

BY J. C. HAMILTON, M. A., LL.B.

THE census of the Indian people of Canada, as given in the annual report of the Indian Department for 1892, shows a total of 109,205, but the report for 1893 shows only 99,717.

I have endeavored to obtain the data for the years since confederation, but am informed by Mr. W. McGirr of the Department, that the material on hand is insufficient to enable one to state the population from 1867 to 1875. The totals, as published since 1875, are as follows, and contain the census of Ontario. Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The figures given regarding the territories attempt, though with very imperfect results, to include the Indians outside of Treaty limits, namely, in the Athabasca, Mackenzie River, Peace River, Nelson and Churchill Rivers, Eastern Rupert's Land Districts, also Labrador and the Arctic Coast:

1875— 91,910.	1884—131,952.
1876— 92,518.	1885—129,525.
1877— 99,650.	1886—128,761.
1878— 99,688.	1887—121,499.
1879—103,367.	1888—124,589.
1880—105,690.	1889—121,540.
1881—107,722.	1890—122,585.
1882—110,505.	1891—121,638.
1883—129,140.	1892—109,205.

Mr. McGirr remarks, "The difference can scarcely be due to *bona fide* increases or decreases in the population. They are accounted for principally in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, where it has been impossible until very recently to get accurate returns. Some years, several hundred Indians would be south of the International boundary line. When absent they would not be included, and when on Canadian soil they would. I think you would be quite safe in saying that the Indian population has been gradually decreasing in the western portion of Canada up to the last four or five years, since which time they have become more or less comfortably off, and educated to look after their health. In the eastern provinces they have about held their own. No estimate is given as to the number of our non-treaty Indians, but it is clear that there are several thousands of them. Ontario is credited in 1893 with 17,587 of an Indian population, of whom 7,750 are Iroquois, a few hundred are Huron, or of Huron-Iroquois stock, the remainder Algonquin. Quebec has 11,779; Nova Scotia, 2,129; New Brunswick, 1,540; Manitoba, 9,337; the North-West Territories, 14,271; and British Columbia, 25,618, or nearly twice as many as there are in any other one province. If we seek for their profession of religion, as a test of civilization, we regret to find a large measure of the old paganism. In Ontario, 9,654 are classed as Protestants, 6,354 as Roman Catholic, and 1,258 as Pagan, while the belief of many in this and other provinces is stated to be unknown. The Six Nations on the Grand River alone seem tainted with "Higher Criticism," twenty-four being classed in 1892 as non-denominational and eight as Universalists.

It is curious to note, that of the 4,790 Iroquois in Ontario, all are Protestants, except 897 Pagans on the Grand River; while the 3,000 Iroquois of Caughnawaga and St. Regis, and the Hurons of Lorette, are all Roman Catholics but 117. If we may believe the official report, there are no Red

Pagans in Quebec, and we hope all are good church-goers. The Pagan element is very large in British Columbia, those professing Protestantism being 6,327; Roman Catholics, 9,768; Pagans, 4,860, and there being 4,654 of which the Department has no return as to religion.

In the Province of Quebec no such distinction as to the half-breed population is made as we find in the newer provinces. Many of these, classified as Indians, are Bois-Brules, and this is evidently the case with regard to the historic remnants of the Hurons, 295 in number, whose home is the village of Lorette, and who are scarcely distinguishable in color, mode of living, and occupation, from the habitants. The blood of the native tribes, Hurons, Iroquois and Abenakis, commingled for generations with that of the Gallic immigrant, marks in this Province some thousands of the population who are classed only as white on the census roll.

I think we may fairly place the Indian population proper of Canada at 140,000.

Add Half-Breeds of Manitoba and the North-West Territories..... 20,000.

Add Half-Breeds in the older Provinces, at a guess (since the census does not aid us here)..... 40,000.

And we have a total of..... 200,000 Canadians with pure or mixed Indian blood in their veins. But I may say that this estimate of mixed bloods may probably fall much short of the reality, especially in regard to Quebec. Mr. S. J. Dawson, a high authority, would fully double the number.

I propose to confine further remarks to incidents of the main treaties made with Indians and Half-Breeds of Ontario and Manitoba. To the better understanding of the subject, let us regard shortly the nature and extent of the original title of the tribes possessing the provinces, and of the protectorate asserted over them, and how that is exercised.

Sovereignty over the natives of newly discovered lands has been generally claimed on behalf of the discoverers. Columbus and his son, brother and followers, treated the inhabitants of the Antilles as heathen chattels, and freely used them in the mines, and transported them to Spain. The Indians of the northern part of the continent were not so easily subdued, and were more favorably regarded by the early French and their British successors. When they fought with them, they were allies; when adverse, they were not rebels and traitors, but enemies of the Indian nations. When peace was made with them, it was through treaties in which representative chiefs joined; so, when their lands were dealt with, it was through the tribal sovereigns. But we will see that by usage and the gradual extension of the white man's sway, this sovereignty has been curtailed, as were the powers of the old barons of England, until now, statutes and departmental orders made at Ottawa narrowly limit and define the working of the Indian councils, and the franchises of these people.

Two articles in the Capitulation of Montreal, of Sept. 8th, 1760, had special reference to natives or captives. Art. 47: "The negroes and Panis of both sexes shall remain in their quality of slaves, in the possession of the French and Canadians to whom they belong; they shall be free to keep them in their service in the colony, or to sell them, and they may also continue to have them brought up in the Roman religion." Under this, Pani Indians were actually in slavery in the Province of Quebec until 1800, and there are a few instances of these captives being in the Upper Province until after that time.

The records of the old parishes, such as Three Rivers, Quebec and Montreal, have many references as to baptism and burial of Pani slaves, and the books of the Montreal General Hospital show the death, in that institu-

tion, of eighty such slaves, between the years 1754 and 1800, and the names of their masters, representing many of the old seignorial families.(a) Art. 40 provides that the Indians should be maintained in the lands they occupied, if they wished to remain, also that they should have liberty of religion and keep their missionaries, and should have a supply of new missionaries when the church authorities think it necessary to send them.

It was thus that his Brittanic Defender of the Faith and His Most Christian Majesty provided for a continual paternal control over body and soul of the native inhabitants.

After this came, in 1763, the Treaty of Paris, which declared particularly the relative rights of the two nations, and their subjects in America especially. Prior to this, many matters were undefined, and in some cases the natives had, asserting title in fee, sold large tracts of lands to speculators for trifling considerations. The proclamation of King George Third, issued 7th October, 1763, recited that frauds and abuses had so been committed to the prejudice of the Crown, and the dissatisfaction of the Indians, and enjoined that no private person should make any purchase from them of any lands reserved to them; and in case the Indians should be inclined to dispose of any such lands, that should only be done in open assembly or meeting presided over by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief. The nature of the title was no longer considered as an absolute fee, and this was defined in the important Ontario case of *The St. Catharine's Milling Co., vs. The Queen*, which was finally decided on appeal to the Privy Council. The able judgment of Chancellor Boyd states thus: "The claim of the Indians, by virtue of their original occupation, is not such as to give any title to the land itself, but only serves to commend them to the consideration and liberality of the Government upon their displacement. The surrender to the Crown by the Indians, of any territory, adds nothing in law to the strength of the title paramount." *Ontario Reports, X. 234.*

This judgment was upheld by the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and settles the matter through precedents, and in the white man's interests and views. It may be as well also in the interest of the red man to acquiesce, yet, as we have seen, their title was treated as allodial, nor were they deemed serfs, but sovereigns of the soil they occupied.

The views so expressed appear with more or less clearness in the instructions issued to Governors by the Crown, and in their discussions, and the treaties made from time to time. This may be illustrated by reference to the treaty made at Manitowaning, in August, 1836, by Sir F. B. Head with Ottawas and Chippewas. Addressing them, he said: "If you would cultivate your land, it would then be considered your own property in the same way as your dogs are considered among yourselves to belong to those who have reared them, but uncultivated land is like wild animals, and your Great Father, who has hitherto protected you, has now great difficulty in securing it for you from the whites, who are hunting to cultivate it."

Up to a comparatively recent period, special instructions as to the care and management of the Indians and their affairs accompanied the Royal commissions appointing Governors-General of Canada. By section 91 of the Imperial Statute of 1867, known as the Confederation Act, it is declared that the exclusive legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada shall include Indians and lands reserved for the Indians. Under this, we find that Parliament has vested the power to manage Indian affairs in the Minister of the Interior. It is through him or his agents that treaties are made in the name of the Crown, and the terms

(a) M. L'Abbe Tanguay's Travers les Registres, Montreal, 1886.

of former treaties carried into effect.

The right to occupancy attaches to the Indians in their tribal character, and it is only when so assembled or represented that treaties or contracts can be made with them.

The commissioners whose names appear on the treaties include many well-known in the history of Canada. They include in Ontario the late Governors Haldimand, Simcoe, and F. B. Head; Hon. W. B. Robinson, and the late Colonel William Claus; and, in Manitoba, Lieut.-Governors Archibald and Morris, and Mr. S J. Dawson, who for many years represented Algoma in Parliament.

Fine summer weather was generally chosen for the meetings, and the Crown representative was attended by a considerable staff of officers, and others who went to enjoy a gala day or two. Such assemblies have been described by the pens of able writers, and the pencils of Paul Kane and other artists, whose works are familiar. The Indians who are parties seldom sign their names, but they are written for them, and the totem, or crudely drawn crest, is attached. Referring particularly to a few of the treaties, we find that on the 12th of May, 1781, Kitchi Negou, or Grand Sable, and other chiefs of the Chippewas, in consideration of £5,000, New York currency, surrendered to King George III. the famous island of Michillimakinak, or, as it was then called, La Grosse Isle, and they promised "to preserve in their village a *Belt of Wampum*, of seven feet in length, to perpetuate, secure, and be a lasting memorial of the said transaction."

The gallant Governor Simcoe made treaties numbered 3 and 3½, and 4 and 4 . In these only do we find the Indian women mentioned as parties.

No. 3 was made at Navy Hall, in 1792, between Wabwkanyne, Wabanip, Kautabus, Wabaninship and Nattoton, Sachems, war chiefs and principal women of the Mississague Nation and King George and No. 3½ has, as grantees, the chief warriors, women, and people of the Six Nations, and secures to them a reserve on the Bay of Quinté, between the river Shannon and Bower's Creek. Treaty No. 4 confirms to the chief warriors, women, and people of the same nations, a grant of land running along the banks of the Grand River for six miles. Treaty 4½ is a conveyance by them to Nancy Kerr and Margaret Kerr ("in whose veins flows our blood, they being children of Elizabeth Kerr, daughter of Mary Brant"), of a tract of land on the Grand River, containing 2,000 acres.

The harbor and islands at Penetanguishene were given up by the Chippewas by Treaty No. 5, the 22nd of May, 1798, in consideration of £101 worth of goods.

In Treaty No. 9, on the 15th day of January, 1798, "Captain Joseph Brant, Thayandanagea, Sachem and Chief Warrior of the Five Nations," appears by petition as attorney for his people interested in Treaty No. 4, and setting out that owing to encroachment of settlers it was advisable to sell, prays that these lands on the Grand River might be disposed of for the benefit of his people.

By Treaty No. 16, made in November, 1815, between Chippewa chiefs, of whom Aisaince was one, a great tract of land between Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe, containing 250,000 acres, was given up to the King for £4,000, then paid to them on behalf of the nation. This territory included the tract occupied by the Hurons and the Jesuit missions 200 years before. The present site of Toronto was included in an agreement made at the Carrying Place, Bay of Quinté, on the 23rd of September, 1787, between Sir John Johnson and the Missasaugas, and this was confirmed by a conveyance, given in the official documents as No. 13, August, 1805, wherein the Missassauga nation were represented by Chechalk, Quenepenon, Wabukanyne, Acheton, Wabenose, Osenego, Kebebonecence, Okemapenesse, chiefs, all of

whom appended their totems (see page 34, vol. 1, of Government Report). The tract of land so affected contained more than a quarter of a million of acres.

It seems a remarkable omission that none of the names of these old sovereigns of the soil are perpetuated at this day. Surely no names could be more appropriately used to denote bays, villages, or other landmarks of the great territories they peacefully gave up to the advancing white man. The right of fishing in the Etobicoke, Twelve Mile Creek, and Sixteen Mile Creek, then important salmon and white fish streams, was reserved for the use of the Mississague nation. The valley of the Don, and beautiful Humber vale, became thenceforth the white man's portion. Governor Simcoe had already been over from Newark, his village capital at the mouth of the Niagara River, with his surveyors, marking out the site of Toronto, the future capital. In the winter of 1793-1794, he spent some time in a tent near the Old Fort, and had penetrated up the Don valley, and built his summer house, called after his son, Castle Frank. The way was up the Don to a place near the present Winchester-street bridge; then by a path, winding over hill and valley, under the shade of elms, oaks and beeches, to the Castle, still well defined. Young Frank Simcoe entered the army, and fell bravely in his country's cause at Badajoz, in Spain.

Writing in 1795, the Duke De Liancourt stated: "There have been not more than twelve houses hitherto built in York. They stand on the bay near the River Don. * * In a circumference of 150 miles, the Indians are the only neighbors of York. They belong to the Mississagas." A preliminary bargain, or treaty, had been made with this tribe, for the territory referred to, by Sir John Johnson, at the Carrying Place at the head of the Bay of Quinté, but the deed of the property was obtained by Colonel William Claus, Deputy Superintendent-General, on behalf of the Crown, on the 1st of August, 1805, as stated.

By similar treaties, other parts of Ontario, then Upper Canada, were from time to time opened for peaceful settlement, the original inhabitants receiving recompense generally by way of annuities for each member of the family. Passing over, we refer next to Treaty 45, made at Manitowaning, by Sir F. B. Head, on the 9th of August, 1836.

Under this, an arrangement was made with certain Ottawa and Chippewa Indians scattered about the Georgian Bay, that they should surrender all except the reserves on the Grand Manitoulin, Saugeen Peninsula, and north shore of the bay, where they should repair, and have houses built for them, and assistance given to enable them to become civilized. The Governor had been instructed by Lord Glenelg, Colonial Minister, so to segregate these Indians that they might be free from the influence of evil white men. To this the Ottawas and Chippewas agreed. Some Pottawattomies also joined them, and we find on this island and peninsula at this day, the happiest and most prosperous of these tribes. Next to the Governor's signature comes that of F. B. Assikinack, who signs without a totem, and of whom I have before treated. He was in his youth, a great warrior. He harassed the Americans at Niagara and along the St. Lawrence during the war of 1812, and was known south of the lakes by his translated name, the Black Bird.

Assikinack was a loyal Canadian, who, after a brave career in the war, still adhered to Britain, was appointed interpreter at Drummond Island, and afterwards at Manitowaning, the chief town of the Manitoulin Island, and so, unostentatiously and with honest industry, did his duty to his people and country until his death, in 1866.

Of his son, the talented Francis Assikinack, I have also given some ac-

count. He was a rare instance of a pure Indian, a true "Warrior of the Odahwas," as he styled himself, taking up English learning and civilization in



FRANCIS ASSIKINACK,
A Warrior of the Odahwas.

such a manner as to outstrip many of his white compeers in Upper Canada College, among the ranks of civil service employés, and in cultivated circles. His papers read before the Canadian Institute and published in its proceedings, 1858-'60, attest his ability. He was too soon called away, and sleeps beside his brave father at Wikwemikong.

Treaty No. 61, made by Hon. W. B. Robinson on the 9th of September, 185[illegible], at Sault Ste Marie, with the Chippewas of the north shore of Lake Huron and part of Lake Superior, arranged matters with fifteen bands of this tribe. This document is noticeable in that the first signer was the great Shinguacose, the Small Pine [a]. His story is told by the German traveller, Dr. Kohl, in his book, *Kitchi Gami*. He was a mighty warrior in his day, and often led his people against the Sioux. He led the Indians who aided Captain Roberts in the taking of Fort Michillimackinack in 1812. He was also very learned as a medicine-man and in the strange art of necromancy found among the Indians of two ages ago. He became a Christian under Dr. McMurray (late the Venerable Archdeacon of Niagara), when he ministered as a missionary at Sault Ste Marie. In his latter days, the Small Pine lived on his reserve at Garden River. He was succeeded by his excellent son, Augustin Shingwauk, from whom the home for Indian children at Sault Ste Marie was named. An excellent oil portrait of Shingwauk—a masterpiece of Paul Kane,—graces the library of the Canadian Institute.

It should be noted that a considerable tract of land north of the Georgian Bay has not been as yet put under treaty, a great hardship to the Indians, mostly Chippewas, so left to their own resources.

In modern treaties, the annual grants given to the Indians have been accurately defined, being generally, $5 per head each year, to each member of the tribe, and larger sums to chiefs and councillors; also carpenters' tools, twine for nets, farming implements and cattle, distributed to the tribe. An unfortunate grievance has been allowed to exist ever since the treaty of 1850 was made by the late Hon. William Benjamin Robinson, with Indians of Lakes Superior and Huron. The Lake Superior Indians were to receive at first but $1.49½ per head, annually, and the others $1 per head. It was further provided, that, should the ceded territory thereafter produce such an amount as would enable the

(a) See "The Georgian Bay," Chapter V., as to the Assikinacks and Shinguacose. Bain & Son, Toronto.

Government of the Province to increase the annuity, the same should be proportionately augmented. The sale of the lands, and of timber and mineral claims, soon produced a revenue that fairly entitled the Government's wards to a considerable yearly increase; but no addition to the original annuities was made, until, in 1875, when $4 a head was given. Meantime and until the present day, arrears, properly due, have been accumulating, as the Indians well know, but payment of these is withheld. The lands ceded are part of the Provincial territory, and have yielded largely to swell the financial surplus. The Dominion Government, however, having charge of the Indians, are the paymasters, and because of an unfortunate dispute between the two Governments, as to the portion of the arrears accrued since Confederation, the money, a very considerable sum, lies somewhere, bearing interest let us hope, and the Indians look on with grumbling, but with commendable patience, as heirs whose patrimony has become involved in a great chancery suit. We have seen that through the fineness of legal logic the claim of the native tribes to occupy their lands was reduced to one of courtesy under a patriarchal sovereign, but the agreement to pay the income derived from the proceeds of the territory taken, is one of a clearly defined character, and should be lived up to.

Were an equal number of white men so treated by any Government, their grumbling would be much more audible than any such as we may hear in the Algonquin cabins and tepees on the north shore.

MANITOBA TREATIES.

When I first visited the Prairie Province, in the summer of 1876, it had lately passed from the hands of the Company, to form part of the Dominion. No railway yet crossed its borders. The flat-bottomed *International*, the oldest vessel of the Kittson line, carried our party pleasantly down the muddy curving river, from Fargo to Winnipeg. The same vessel had, four years before, borne Captain Butter, on his historic journey in advance of the expedition under Wolseley. The scenery through the level prairie was interesting, as well from the varied beauties of nature appearing about us, as from the fact that we were coursing through the late debatable land of warlike nations who have left their names here; such are the Cheyenne and another tributary of the Red River, called the Bois de Sioux. It was a beautiful scene in the earlier part of our voyage, as the vessel clove her way between stately elms, cotton-woods and oaks, that lined the banks, which were covered with a rich vegetation—long grass, wild plum and cherry, prairie roses; the white blossom of the wild hop; wild tea vines; the winding convolvulus of varied hues; the dark green of ivy and grape vines hanging from trunks of trees. Clusters of the pink squaw-berries, Scotch thistles of great size, other flowers of many varieties and shades of color, dotted the rich carpet.

As we occasionally ran out over the prairie, our feet scattered the little gopher mounds, or started coveys of prairie chickens, but, busiest of all, were the myriads of mosquitoes, who resented the invasion, and soon drove us back to the deck.

By the time half the devious course had been made, the river became larger in volume, and its banks generally destitute of trees. Red men appeared at the Roseau reserve, and elsewhere on the banks. Indian boys sat in canoes, fishing with poles, or trying the still lines set to catch the great Red River cat-fish. We heard of the late troubles of the half-breeds, now happily pacified. Governor Macdougall, finding discretion the better part of valor, advanced no farther than Pembina. Captain Cameron got as far as the Little Sale River, and here found a fence crossing his path, guarded by angry bois-brulés. Mr. Proven-

cher also stopped here. Both retired from the storm. All these matters were discussed as we passed pleasantly on, and finally tied up, on a beautiful morning, in the Assiniboine, beside Fort Garry.

Arrived at the prairie capital, I found the Governor, Hon. Alexander Morris, preparing his party and outfit for an expedition, which resulted in an important treaty. It was also interesting to find among the half-breed residents of the town and of the river parishes, many landholders whose title was derived from the compact to which reference will now be made.

On the 18th of July, 1817, Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, had his headquarters at Fort Douglas, near the present city of Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, and here made a famous treaty with the five chiefs of the Chippewas and Crees, Matchie-Whewab, Mechkadettinah, Kayaqushkebinoa, Pegwis, and Oukidoat. The land then ceded was a long, narrow and fertile tract on either side of the Red River, from its mouth to Grand Forks, at its junction with the Red Lake River, and on either side the Assiniboine as far as Muskrat River, which is west of Portage La Prairie. This belt was, in Indian parlance, to be as far on each side of these rivers as one could see under a horse's belly, but, in the English of the treaty, it is two English miles from either river's banks, and at Fort Douglas, Fort Daer, and Grand Forks, was to extend round in a circle of six miles on each side. The settlers found the land so fertile, that, being shut in from markets with the world, they became careless husbandmen, and yet had abundance, save in the unhappy years when the locusts devoured all before them. To the present day this two-mile limit is known as "The Old Settlers' Belt." Here the Selkirk people built their primitive houses facing the river; their narrow farms ran back two miles, and behind each, by general consent, the occupier in the autumn cut hay for his stock. From this arose a claim to the whole four-mile strip—to the first two miles under the treaty, and the apportionment made among the heads of families; to the second, under the custom called "Hay Privilege."

Since the creation of Manitoba into a province, the Government has recognized both claims, and the river farms, often but a few chains in breadth, and generally four miles in depth, were secured to those who could trace title back to the simple treaty between the five friendly chiefs and the crafty Scotch earl in the pleasant month of July seventy-seven years ago. The consideration for the grant agreed to be given by Lord Selkirk was 200 pounds weight of tobacco, to be annually delivered on or before the tenth of each October.

It was in this belt that the hardy pensioners, discharged after the cessation of European strife, settled. Many married daughters of the land, and from them sprung the Métis boisbrulé, or half-breed race of the North-West. These names have been given to all inhabitants of mixed origin, more particularly to those tracing parentage to civilized nations and Indian tribes. The late Archbishop Taché claims that there are so represented fourteen civilized nations and twenty-two Indian tribes among the inhabitants of our North-West.

They are generally classed as French, Canadian, or English half-breeds, the classification being based on the language spoken, and is such that we may find Sutherlands and Greys amongst the French half-breeds, and Lamberts and Parisiens amongst the English.

A curious circumstance is stated by the Archbishop. A small colony of Iroquois from Lower Canada went to the base of the Rocky Mountains. There they allied themselves with the local tribes, and their offspring are classed as half-breeds. The descendants of these savage warriors, who made our forefathers, in their pioneer homes, tremble for their lives, and in whose veins there flows not a drop of

white man's blood, are called French half-breeds. The same eminent authority affirms that the "Northern Department" (being, generally stated, the region between Ontario and the Rocky Mountains) contained, in 1870, 15,000 half-breeds.[a] Confining our remarks to the region of the Red River, we find that many of the early settlers on its banks were gay French hunters and *coureurs de bois* who rested here from their wanderings, and intermarried with native women. Thus of kin with the red people and their children, they joined them in their hunting parties, and a wonderful state of freedom from strife prevailed for more than a generation. The bickerings which arose between the North-West Company and the Hudson Bay Company caused ill-feeling and clashing of interests, and occasional bloodshed for a time, until these companies were united, and through all, the red men refused to take part in their quarrels. Hearing of a threatened attack, however, Governor Semple, with thirty men, left Fort Douglas, and met the people of the North-West Company at Frog Plains. Angry words were soon followed by gun shots. Then a general mêlée ensued, and many were killed or wounded by the attacking party, under Cuthbert Grant, a Scotch half-breed, and chief clerk of the North-West Company. Fort Douglas was taken. The dead and wounded were left for a time on the field, but friendly Indians cared for them, and brought in the bodies of the slain. The poor people of the worsted faction were ordered to disperse, and fled for their lives. Indians again proved more humane than the cruel half-breeds. They formed a guard or convoy for the women and children, and conducted them in safety to a fort on Lake Winnipeg. It has been well suggested that the arms of Manitoba should be, not the buffalo, which has gone from her borders, but a design showing these unfortunate women and little ones supported and guarded on their sad retreat by the humane red man.

It is interesting to Torontonians to know that Paul Brown, Francis F. Boucher, and other persons implicated in the lawless events related, were indicted and tried in Toronto in 1819. The court was formed under a special Imperial Act, and was presided over by Chief Justice Powell, and Judges Campbell and Boulton. The result was a verdict of not guilty.

Many treaties have been made since Confederation. They are all based upon the model of that signed at the Stone Fort in 1871, and that of the North-West Angle, made in 1873; and these again embraced many features of the compact made through Hon. W. B. Robinson with the Indians of Lakes Huron and Superior in 1850. An important element in the treaties is the giving of agricultural implements, cattle, and seed grain, and the encouragement to the adoption of a settled mode of life. But this by no means includes all that the Dominion does for these its wards. The sick receive medicine and attendance, and the destitute or unfortunate, food and clothing when needed.

Schools, industrial and boarding, as well as day schools for the children, are provided by the Government and supplemented by the churches, or *vice versa*. In Ontario there are six industrial and two boarding schools. In Manitoba, four of each. Ontario has seventy-six day schools, and Manitoba (including Keewatin) fifty. In many of the Ontario reserves, agriculture is extensively carried on. Only on the St. Peter's reserve in Manitoba, under the charge of Major A. M. Muckle, is steady progress made in farming and industrial pursuits. The St. Peter's band may be regarded as the wealthiest Indian community in Manitoba in real and personal property.[b]

(a) *Sketch of the North-West of America*, by Mgr. Taché, translated by Captain Cameron, R.A., p. 96.

(b) Departmental Report, 1892, xvi.

In Major Muckle's official report for 1893, he summarizes his experience in the following interesting manner:—

"I notice in my agency that those treaty persons who belong to the Cree Nation, or who have white blood, are increasing, those of the Ochipway decreasing; for instance, at St. Peter's the number of adults amongst the Protestants, who are generally Swampy Crees, amounts to three hundred and twenty-six, with five hundred and twelve children. The Roman Catholics and Pagans, who are nearly all Ochipway, ninety-three adults, with seventy children; then at Broken Head River, where they are all Ochipway, there are one hundred and seven adults, with only eighty-eight children. At Fort Alexander, where the Roman Catholics are principally French half-breeds, there are ninety-seven adults, with one hundred and forty-five children, while the Protestants and Pagans, who are nearly all Ochipway, have only one hundred and twenty-three adults,

These figures also show that those increase who have settled down on their reserves, and are more under the influence of the Department, and have become civilized to a great extent; but those who will not, will gradually disappear.

The Ochipway in this section of country is a confirmed wanderer."

The Manitoba and North-West treaties have been effected through the agency of Lieutenant-Governors and others, among whom mention should be made of Hon. Thomas Howard, Hon. J. A. N. Provencher, the late Hon. Jas. McKay, who was a half-breed gentleman, and Mr. S. J. Dawson. The first treaty made since Lord Selkirk induced the Crees and Chippewas to cede the "Old Settlers' Belt," in 1817, was concluded by Governor Archibald in 1871, and included all the Province of Manitoba. The Indians dealt with were 3,374 of the last-named tribes. Next, a great tract lying north and west of the Province, and inhabited by less than 1,000 Chippewas, was ceded. On the third of October, 1873, a third treaty was made at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, with the Saulteaux tribe of Ojibways or Chippewas, inhabiting the country between Manitoba and Ontario, said to number 3,000. By this treaty, 55,000 square miles, now forming the Keewatin district, was secured for settlement, railway and lumbering purposes. This was most important, as the railway connecting Thunder Bay and Red River now passes through this region; so did also the Dawson route. It has most valuable timber and mineral deposits, which are opened to enterprise. On the 15th of September, 1874, a fourth treaty was made, at Qu'Appelle Lakes, by which 75,000 square miles was ceded. The Indians concerned were about 3,000 Crees, Saulteaux and mixed breeds. The lands in this treaty extend from those in the second treaty to the South Saskatchewan River and Cypress Hills on the west, the Red Deer River on the north, and the United States boundary on the south.

These and other treaties covered all the lands in Manitoba, and part of the western territory.

INCIDENTS OF TREATY-MAKING.

The scene when treaty-making was going on, was often highly picturesque. The official party was generally accompanied by soldiers from Fort Osborne, or a company of Mounted Police. Ladies often graced the proceedings with their presence, and their names may be seen as witnesses to the final contract. Mr. Dawson informs the writer that when the white party, with their escort and interpreter, were about to open proceedings in a spacious tent at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, the Chief, Ma-wa-ni-to-bi-nesse, arose and asked for a short delay, saying his Secretary had not yet come. Seeing a smile on some of the white faces, he said: "You smile and think it strange that we who do not write as you, my white brothers, do, should speak of having secretaries, but such we have, young men trained to listen and store up in memory all that is said and done, and all that can be repeated by them accurately years hence." It was found, too, that the substance of debates in Parliament, and controversies as to

them in our newspapers, were often familiar to the leading men and their half-breed relations, and the secretaries and orators came prepared with data, to support argument, and to claim a good bargain.

At the Qu'Appelle negotiations, these Cree and Saulteaux children of the plains showed that they had been considering the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs, and found as much difficulty to understand why they got the £300,000 from Canada, as many of our readers have experienced. It was, in fact, their national grievance.

"They claimed," said Governor Morris, "that the sum paid to the Company should be paid to them." He adds that he explained the nature of the arrangement with the company, and their further demand, also objected to, for a valuable reserve in the territory of these tribes. It appears that the pow-wow was then adjourned, and that it took three days after His Honor's explanations were given, for these simple folk to discuss and understand British justice. We can imagine the earnest bands collecting by their tent fires at the Calling Waters, harangued by the Cree Chief, "Loud Voice," and the Saulteaux Meemay, on the same theme as had been discussed by our statesmen at Westminster and Ottawa. The Crees for a time refused to treat, but the Saulteaux were more good-natured and came to terms.

The commissioners congratulated themselves that they had a good escort under Colonel Osborne Smith. They were far from home, surrounded by many hundred barbarians in their native wilds, each jealous of the other. The Crees were very cross, and showed knives, hatchets and pistols; but at last, influenced by example, and by half-breeds favorable to the Company, they also, by their chiefs, joined in the indenture.

We gather the following as to the main points discussed: The Indians, through O-ta-ka-o-nan, the Gambler, a noted orator, said: "A year ago, these people (the Company) drew lines, and measured and marked the land as their own. Why was this? We own the land; the Manitou gave it to us. There was no bargain; they stole from us, and now they steal from you. Then they were small; the Indians treated them with love and kindness. Now, there is no withstanding them; they are first in everything." Governor Morris asked: "Who made all men?—the Manitou. It is not stealing to make use of his gifts." The Indian Pah-tah-kay-we-nin replied thus beautifully: "True, even I, a child, know that God gives us land in different places, and when we meet together as friends, we ask and receive from each other, and do not quarrel as we do so." Says the narrator: "State policy, not philanthropy, and that, briefly, will effect philanthropy's noblest work—the teeming and hardly used peoples of the Old World will here find a home, their moiety and fee—even as their life—so plain, that in the beautiful words of Pah-tah-kay-we-nin, 'Even I, who am a little child, know that.' It was done—a little crowding—the low-toned voices and laughter of the Indians—a touch of the pen—and an empire changed hands." *

The report of Governor Morris of the circumstances connected with Treaty No. 5 is full of interest. I make a few extracts.

Near Carlton, at Dutch Lake, Beardy, a chief of the Willow Crees, came and asked the Governor to stop at his encampment. He says:

"When I arrived at Beardy's encampment, the men came to my carriage, and holding their right hands to the sky, all joined in an invocation to the Deity for a blessing on the bright day which had brought the Queen's messenger to see them, and on the messenger and themselves; one of them shook hands with me for the others.

"The scene was a very impressive and striking one, but, as will be seen hereafter, this band gave me great trouble, and were very difficult to deal with.

* Notes on the Qu'Appelle Treaty, by F. L. Hunt, *Canadian Monthly Magazine*, March, 1876, page 173. See also Governor Morris' book, "The Treaties of Canada with Indians," page 77.

"I then proceeded to the Indian camp, together with my fellow commissioners, and was escorted by Captain Walker and his troop.

"On my arrival, I found that the ground had been most judiciously chosen, being elevated, with abundance of trees, hay marshes, and small lakes. The spot which the Indians had left for my Council tent overlooked the whole.

"The view was very beautiful; the hill and trees in the distance, and in the foreground, the meadow land being dotted with clumps of wood, with the Indian tents clustered here and there to the number of two hundred.

"On my arrival, the Union Jack was hoisted, and the Indians at once began to assemble, beating drums, discharging firearms, singing and dancing. In about half an hour they were ready to advance and meet me; this they did in a semicircle, having men on horseback galloping in circles, shouting, singing, and discharging fire-arms.

"They then performed the dance of the 'pipe stem;' the stem was elevated to the north, south, west, and east; a ceremonial dance was then performed by the chiefs and headmen, the Indian men and women shouting the while.

"They then slowly advanced, the horsemen again preceding them on their approach to my tent. I advanced to meet them, accompanied by Messrs. Christie and McKay, when the pipe was presented to us, and stroked by our hands.

"After the stroking had been completed, the Indians sat down in front of the Council tent, satisfied that in accordance with their custom, we had accepted the friendship of the Cree nation.

"I then addressed the Indians in suitable terms, explaining that I had been sent by the Queen, in compliance with their own wishes and the written promise I had given them, etc.

"The 20th being Sunday, the Rev. Mr. John McKay, of the Church of England, conducted divine service at the Fort, which was largely attended; the Rev. Mr. Scollen also conducted divine service.

"At noon a messenger came from the Indian camp, asking that there should be a service held at their camp, which Mr. McKay agreed to do; this service was attended by about two hundred adult Crees."

At one of the conferences they asked that the Government should send missionaries—but the Governor would not establish the old State Church trouble. He answered:

"I told them that we could not give them missionaries, though I was pleased with their request, but that they must look to the churches, and that they saw Catholic and Protestant missionaries present at the conference. We told them that they must help their own poor, and that if they prospered they could do so. With regard to war, they would not be asked to fight unless they desired to do so, but if the Queen did call on them to protect their wives and children, I believed they would not be backward."

One Indian was immensely averse to capital punishment in British style.

The Bear said: "Stop, my friends. I never saw the Governor before; when I heard he was to come, I said I will request him to save me from what I most dread—hanging; it was not given to us to have the rope about our necks." I replied, that God had given it to us to punish murder by death, and explained the protection the police force afforded the Indians.

Big Bear still demanded that there should be no hanging, and I informed him his request would not be granted. He then wished that the buffalo might be protected, and asked why the other chiefs did not speak.

The Fish, a Chippewayan, replied, "We do not, because Sweet Grass has spoken, and what he says, we all say."

I then asked the Bear to tell the two absent chiefs, Short Tail and Sagamat, what had been done; that I had written him and them a letter, and sent it by Sweet Grass, and that next year they could join the treaty; with regard to the buffalo, the North-West Council were considering the question, and I again explained that we would not interfere with the Indian's daily life, except to assist them in farming.

The speech of Sweet Grass referred to is thus related by Governor Morris:

Sweet Grass rose and addressed me in a very sensible manner. He thanked the Queen for sending me; he was glad to have a brother and a friend who would help to lift them up above their present condition. He thanked me for the offer, and saw nothing to be afraid of. He therefore accepted gladly, and took my hand to his heart. He said God wrs looking down on us that day, and has opened a new world to them. Sweet Grass further said he pitied those who had to live by the buffalo, but that if spared until this time next year, he wanted this my brother (*i.e.* the Governor) to commence to act for him in protecting the buffalo; for himself he would commence at once to prepare a small piece of land, and his kinsmen would do the same.

Placing one hand over my heart, and the other over his own, he said: "May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white man and red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one; use your utmost to help me and help my children, so that they may prosper."

The chief's speech, of which the foregoing gives a brief outline in his own words, was assented to by the people with the peculiar guttural sound which takes with them the place of the British cheer.

The Little Hunter, a leading chief of the Plain Crees, said he was glad from his very heart; he felt in taking the Governor's hand as if it was the Queen's. "When I hear her words, that she is going to put this country

to rights, it is the help of God that put it into her heart.' He wished an everlasting grasp of her hand; he was thankful for the children who would prosper. All the children who were settling there hoped that the Great Spirit would look down upon us as one. Other chiefs expressed themselves similarly.

Let us not forget to refer to the great Sioux race, who, within thirty-three years, waged a terrible war with the United States in Minnesota, and later in the Black Hills, but have since, to some extent, been affected by Canadian treaties.

Their home before 1863 was in Minnesota, at the headwaters of the Mississippi and Red Rivers. Trouble arose as encroachment was made on their reserves, and because of the unjust manner in which they were systematically treated by United States officials. The greater contest between the North and South States diverted our attention from the terrible story of barbarities inflicted on the settlers of this sparsely peopled region. New Ulm and other villages were destroyed, women and infants falling victims in scores. The Hon. Dr. Schultz, since Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, described the event in a speech in the House of Commons at Ottawa, on 31st March, 1873, thus:—

"Ten years ago, this tribe of Sioux were in as profound a state of peace with the United States, as the Crees are now with us; but a grievance had been growing; the conditions of their treaties had not been carried out; remonstrances to their agents had been pigeonholed in official desks; warnings from half-breeds and traders who knew their language had been pooh-poohed by the apostles of red-tape, till, suddenly, the wail of the massacre of '63 echoed through the land. Western Minnesota was red with the blood of the innocent, and for hundreds of miles the prairie horizon was lit with burning dwellings, in which the shriek of childless women had been silenced by the tomahawk of the savage. The military power of the United States was of course called into requisition; but the movement of regular troops was slow, while that of the Indian was like the 'Pestilence which stalketh in darkness.' Where least expected; where farthest removed from military interference; in the dead of night, they appeared, and the morning sun rose on the ghastly faces of the dead, and the charred remains of their once happy homes.

Trained soldiers, in the end, overcame the savages, but not until a country as large as Nova Scotia had been depopulated; not until the terror had diverted the stream of foreign emigration to more southern fields, and not until three military expeditions in three successive years, had traversed the Indian country, at an expenditure of $10,000,000, and necessitated, since that time the maintenance of ten military posts with permanent garrisons of three thousand men."

The war ended as such conflicts have always ended in America. At Mankato and elsewhere, miscreants caught red-handed suffered by the score, on the gallows. The Sioux, as a nation, were dispersed and became vagabonds, although many of their people had made considerable progress in civilization. A band of sixty Sioux families entered Manitoba seeking a home. They were assigned to a reserve, and cattle, seed and implements supplied to them. Farm instructors were appointed, and the churches did not neglect them. They have done fairly well as agriculturists, though many rove about too freely. As between the Sioux, the Crees and the Saulteaux the hatchet is buried.

These Canadian Sioux number 1,500 souls. Their reserves are at Birtle, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Maple Creek, Oak Lake and elsewhere in the Territories.

The Sioux and Chippewas were ancient enemies. Many instances can still be gathered, on the frontier, as to their cruel treatment of each other. At Fargo a Chippewa brave showed a wonderful example of endurance. Tied to a stake and slowly burning, he was scalped; the wet scalp was struck in his face, yet he uttered no cry. At St. Paul, when it was a village, an angry Sioux followed a Chippewa into a store, shot him and walked out. "Let him go, let them kill each other so they let us alone," was the verdict of the whites who looked on.

As late as 1866, in Fort Garry, the deadly hatred showed itself. A band of Sioux, from the United States, were

attacked by Saulteaux from Red Lake, and five of them were shot. The remainder fled

Such events as are above related are becoming mere matters of history among the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, but they are remembered and keenly discussed by the fires of many a wigwam. The following tale was, in May, 1894, related by Mr. James Sanderson, of Medicine Hat, and is given as an interesting example of tribal conflicts of an age scarcely yet past:

"About 26 years ago, as near as I can come to the date, in my reckoning, a party of Crees and Saulteaux, numbering 900 lodges, were camped at a place 40 miles east of Swift Current, and some distance to the northward of Old Wives Lake, known as Man-e-a-Man-an, or 'The Vermillion Hill.'

A war party of the allied Bloods, Blackfeet and Pegans, got wind of their whereabouts, and sent runners to reconnoitre, so as to make sure whether they might venture to attack them with a fair prospect of success.

The runners, having been deceived by the nature of the ground, which did not permit of their seeing but a portion of the lodges, returned and reported that the Crees were but a handful and would easily be overcome and killed.

The Blackfeet and their allies, numbering between 700 and 800 braves in all, in accordance with their information, advanced confidently to the attack, and reached the camp of their enemies just as day was breaking. There, in the brush, they surprised and captured two Saulteaux girls, daughters of a man named 'Na-im-a-tup' or 'The Man Who Sits' while they were cutting wood in the brush Then began the attack.

Naturally, the Blackfeet did not find it such an easy matter at they had expected to overcome the Cree warriors and take their hair. On the contrary, after fighting all day they had to retreat with heavy loss, and their enemies finally got them hemmed in in a coulee, where they were shot down by their pursuers from the vantage ground of the sides of the narrow canyon, in great numbers So thick, indeed, was the pile of corpses that at least one Blackfoot brave is reported to have thrown himself on the ground, as if wounded, and covered himself with the dead bodies, thus evading death or capture until he escaped under the cover of night. Altogether, over 300 Blackfeet fell the rest escaping with great difficulty from the corpse-filled coulee, while only 15 of the Crees fell.

So thorough was the defeat that, to this day, no Blackfoot, Blood or Pegan will stand any reference to the 'no-tin-tu-in,' or battle of 'Man-e-a Man-an,' any more than a son of the 'ould sod' will stand quietly by while an Orangeman whistles 'the Boyne Water.'

The Saulteaux girls, who were captured by the Blackfeet, were carried away and sold by their captors to one of the young chiefs of the Bloods, for ten head of ponies. He, afterwards, in 1872, returned them to their father.

The chiefs of the Blackfoot party were 'Pu-aps-gu-bachk-wan,' or 'Iron Shield,' and 'Ka-kwis-ki-ka-pu-it,' or 'The Man Who Turns His Back.' The Crees were led by 'Ka-nacha-stya-pu-e,' or 'Good Bow,' 'Kus-ko-tchayo-mucka-sis,' or 'Little Black Bear,' and 'Ki-sa-kau-a-tchach-kus,' or 'Day Star'."

Next to the Sioux the Blackfeet were the ancestral enemies of the Crees and Saulteaux. Their conflicts were many and bloody. Now, the Blackfeet are among the most progressive Indians in the North-West Territories. They have missions and schools, and raise a large amount of farm produce. Their great chief, Crowfoot, was a good friend of the English race. Near "Three Bulls" village is the monument put up over his grave. On one side is inscribed "Chief Crowfoot: Died April 15, 1890; Aged 69 years." On the other side; "Father of his people."

Not far from Crowfoot's grave, Poundmaker, of rebellion fame, is buried. He was on a visit from Battleford, and died here.

With such wolves on our borders, was it not strange that the little white flock of Manitoba did not fall victims? I was led to make enquiry and found that the danger would, indeed, have been imminent, had not our Indians been of the true and loyal spirit which has ever characterized them. In August, 1893, I visited St. Peter's Reserve, the most important Cree settlement in Manitoba. It is on the Red River of the North, midway between Winnipeg and the lake of that name. Muckle's Creek, a beautiful stream, runs through the settlement. Here we met Counsellor John Prince, whose Cree name is I-and-way-nay, or Thunder-bolt. He

is the ideal of a handsome native. He stands fully six feet in his mocassins, with features remarkably like those of the late premier of Canada, Sir John Macdonald. His hair was becoming silvery, and fell loose and curling to his shoulders. He was affable and polite, a fine specimen of his nation after contact of two generations with Christian civilization.

He had paddled in a birch-bark up the Creek to the house of Major Muckle, the Superintendent; his squaw, an old lady of good features and finely formed hands and feet, was with him. She had also wielded a paddle on the creek. I-and-way-nay was descended from Pegwis, a renowned warrior in his youth, who became a Christian in early Hudson's Bay Company days. We asked our visitor to tell us of the relations between Pegwis and the Sioux, saying we had heard of the good influence he had wisely used in shielding the white people of Rupert's Land and Manitoba from attacks such as fell heavily on settlers south of the national boundary. I-and-way-nay lit his pipe and smoked thoughtfully awhile, made some remarks to his wife and to our hostess, as he recalled events of his youth, and said: "I never went on the war-path, but I heard of the Sioux massacres in Minnesota and of the many contests between my people and that nation and the Blackfeet, in early days. The Sioux were from the South; the Blackfeet away beyond the Saskatchewan, in the west. Some of the Sioux came in early times, before the Scotch settlers, to smoke with Pegwis. Wah-ni-tii was their old chief. He had English medals, but grandfather suspected his sincerity,



I-AND-WAY-NAY.

A Cree Councillor.

even when smoking the pipe of peace. The Sioux wanted the Crees to join together against the English. Wahni-tii left our reserve, and soon after killed all the Saulteaux he could catch on the plains.

"The next generation of Sioux were worse. They were sly as foxes and cruel as wolves. After the Minnesota massacres, ten of them came from there to see Pegwis at St. Peter's, and pretended to regret having killed the Americans. The bad chief, Little Crow was among them. He had led the bands in their bloody work in Minnesota. Grandfather was annoyed and angry with them, and died of heart-disease soon after. Little Crow was shot and killed by a Mr. Lampson, at St. Joe, on the Plains after this. My grandfather always advised us to be friendly with the whites."

I quote the testimony of the venerable Bishop Whipple of St. Paul as to the point under discussion.

In a letter of the 3rd of March, 1876, to the New York *Times*, Bishop Whipple refers in severe terms, to the subject of American Indian treatment, pronouncing the system "a web of blunders, full of shameless fraud and lies." He continues thus:—

"North of us there is another nation of our own race. Since the American revolution they have expended no money in Indian wars. They have lost no lives by Indian massacre. The Indians are loyal to the Crown. It is not because these Indians are of another race. It is not because there is less demand for the Indian's land. It is not because their policy is more generous. We expend ten dollars for their one. It is because with us the Indian is used by corrupt men as a key to unlock the public treasury. In Canada they are the wards of a Christian nation. They select good men as agents. They give the Indians personal rights of property. They make them amenable to the law—crime does not go unpunished."

Any treatise on treaties to secure the land of the natives would be incomplete if reference were not made to the historical and political record of the half-breeds of the North-West. Their history would include that of the fur-trade—a large and interesting field. First, up to 1763, under French régime; from that until 1821 it was held by two great rival companies—the North-West Company and Hudson's Bay Company. These united under the latter name, and that company held sway until the North-West became part of Canada, in 1870.

These hardy Métis voyageurs and hunters feared no hardship or exposure. They mingled freely with the Indians, and in some of the Indian treaties take benefits under them to the exclusion of their other claims on the Government. The Dominion Act of 1870 reserved lands to the extent of 1,400,000 acres, for the benefit of the Manitoba half-breeds. It was supposed that each head of a family would have thus 160 acres, and each child 190 acres, but as the number of these people were not so large as expected, each, in fact, had 240 acres assigned to him or her as a birthright. Mr. John Machar, Q.C., of Kingston, was a commissioner to enumerate the Métis in 1875, and gave me a memo as to his finding as follows:—"The total number of the Manitoba Métis, of all extractions, is about 10,000; of French origin somewhat over half; of the rest, the Scotch number about five-sixths; English, Irish, and others, one sixth. The Scotch were principally from Orkney; some from Caithness and Sutherland. About two-thirds of the race are engaged in farming of a rude and unskilful kind, on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Nearly one thousand of the Manitoba half-breeds have already moved westward, and may be found near Carlton, Qu'Appelle, St. Laurent, Edmonton, and Prince Albert; so that their number in the Province is, after making allowance for natural increase, certainly no greater than in 1870."

Since that, the extinction of the buffalo has, of necessity, forced many of these hunters to find in agriculture and in commercial pursuits a means

of subsistence. Even before this, natural instinct led many descendants of the Scotch Highlanders, and other British settlers, to till the ground. The French Métis seemed generally to partake more of the natural Indian spirit, and to prefer the chase. The strong fibre of the Scottish mind has not generally given way, but has often raised the Indian to its own level, and many traits of character will be found in the Bois-brulés of the North-West, which seem derived from the half-wild and sometimes cruel followers of the proud heroes of Waverley.

At the time of the fight referred to, at Frog Plains, the names of the four chiefs of the half-breeds were Bastonnais, Pangman, William Shaw, Cuthbert Grant, and Bonhomme Montoun, and these indicate their national origin. Since that, there were cruelties perpetrated by the half-breeds in the employ or interest of the fur companies, which gave some reason for reflection. Then came the national and religious struggle, in which they and certain French residents were involved on the cession of the Prairie Province as part of Canada which gave rise to the bloodless expedition under Colonel, now General Lord Wolseley.

Had Riel then been disposed of, and territorial affairs been competently administered, future trouble might probably have been avoided, but that was not to be, and we had to meet the small rebellion led by the same restless spirit. It gave opportunity for displays of bravery at Cut Knife Creek and Batoche, which we would not but regard with interest, and all due praise. But for these unfortunate incidents, which are connected with a phase of the country now probably passed, not to reappear, the history of the Métis has been as loyal as that of their red brethren in their contract with the whites in our North-West. The future of Canada depends much on the development of the great territory of which we have spoken. There can be no doubt that the limit of fertile lands in the Western States of the Union has been reached. The next half century will produce a marvellous change in the region late the home of the red men, and their half brothers, the Métis. The surplus population of Europe, and of the Eastern States of the Union, and older provinces of Canada, when searching for arable lands, will learn in time, by sad experience, to avoid the arid plains of the Western States. They will find in the valleys of the Red River of the North, the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, homes waiting them, where manly labor will produce plenty, and where constitutional freedom will stretch her hand over all. They will find the native tribes at peace, welcoming the new comer. Let us pray that all there meeting may multiply and prosper together, with rulers blest, because they have done justly, under the laws of Canada, and the benign ægis of the British Constitution.

A CANOE TRIP TO LAKE MISTASSINI AND JAMES' BAY.

BY ALEXANDER H. D. ROSS.

A MAP of the Far North of Eastern Canada shows the East Main river flowing west, into James' Bay, and the Hamilton, flowing east, in the same latitude, into Hamilton Inlet, to be two of the largest rivers of this inhospitable region, As an instance of the extent of the North-East Territories, it may be mentioned that Moose Fort, on James' Bay, is as far from the easterly point of the Labrador coast as it is from Washington.

The interior of this vast territory has always been beyond the line of accurate knowledge. It is as truly a *terra incgnita*, as when it was, in popular belief, the home of dwarfs, of giants, of headless men and semi-human monsters.

Many queer stories have been told about this practically unknown country, one of the latest being that of an English explorer, who claims to have discovered the Hamilton River falls, over 2.000 feet in height.

The East Main River is supposed to rise fully 500 miles inland, near the central watershed of the Labrador Peninsula, which divides the waters running north into Ungava Bay, on Hudson Strait, from those flowing west and south into Hudson Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, respectively. The source of the Hamilton appears to be not far distant from that of the East Main, and it has been proposed to make these two rivers the northern boundary of the Province of Quebec. This would give the province an additional strip of territory 250 miles in width at its western extremity, and including the whole of Lake Mistassini and the Rupert River and surrounding country.

In 1892, Mr. A. P. Lowe, of the Geological Survey of Canada, was sent to explore and map the East Main and surrounding country. The writer accompanied him as assistant. As the northern country is densely wooded and abounds with lakes, rivers, creeks, hills, and mountains, and we had only a rough sketch of it made in 1821, by a Hudson Bay officer, ours was a somewhat hazardous undertaking; but, as Adam Lindsay Gordon, the poet of the Australian bush, declares:

> "No game was ever yet worth a rap
> For a rational man to play,
> Into which no accident, no mishap
> Could possibly find its way."

To make a topographical and geological survey of the unknown lakes and rivers was *our* business.

Leaving Ottawa on the 26th of May, we travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Quebec, thence, 90 miles north by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, which runs through the Laurentians, which present some of the wildest scenery to be found on the continent. The mountain scenery along the line is exceedingly grand, and most gigantic are some of the rock-cuttings made for the passage of the railway. The road follows the course of the Batiscan for 25 miles. This river is a succession of wild, leaping cascades, and rushing, foaming rapids, with occasional stretches of deep, dark water, that contrast strangely with the rough and rocky descents that form the chief characteristics of the river's course through this wild, mountainous country.

All the lakes drained by the Batiscan contain immense quantities of speckled trout. Very wonderful and very beautiful is the network of lakes and rivers seen in every direction on



HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST AT MOUTH OF EAST MAIN RIVER.

both sides of the railway, and all teeming with the most luscious and most voracious brook trout. Of these lakes, Lake St. Joseph, the summer retreat of numbers of Quebec families, and Lake Edward (throughout its entire length of 21 miles), are free to the public.

Arriving at Roberval, on the south-west shore of Lake St John, we soon made our way to Mr. H. J. Beemer's magnificent summer hotel, which is supplied with all modern conveniences—electrie light included—has an excellent table, and furnishes accommodation for 300 guests.

Lake St John is of a circular form, about 85 miles in circumference, very shallow, and discharges into that marvellous river—the Saguenay. The bed of the lake is composed of Silurian limestone, which at various points is formed entirely of fossil shells of the Trenton and Hudson River groups. Many of these may be had in very perfect form for the trouble of picking them up. Utica shales occur on some of the islands. On the lake ply three steamers, bearing the picturesque names, Peribonca, Mistassini and Undine, to carry excursion parties over its surface and up the large rivers flowing into it. These are the Peribonca, or "River with Sandy Shores," over 400 miles long; the Mistassini, or 'River of the Big Rock," some 300 miles in length, and nearly two miles wide at its mouth, and the Ashuepmouchouan, or "River where the moose cross over." about 275 miles long,—all flowing in from the north and north-west:—The Ouiatchouan, or "River whose Falls you see from Afar;" the outlet of Lake Bouchette; "the Ouiatchouaniche, or Little Ouiatchouan; and the Netabetchouan, all flowing in from the south. The Ouiatchouan owes its name to the circumstance that the falls near its mouth are visible, on a clear day, for many miles around. These falls are 236 feet in height, and rival in altitude those of Montmorenci, but far surpass them in the distribution of their waters as they are lashed into foam by the projecting rocks.

This wild, weird region is the home of the Ouananiche, or land-locked salmon, one of the handsomest and one of the gamiest fish that swims. The French and Indian *voyageurs* are never so much at home as when steering their frail barks through a rushing, whirling, seething rapid, or bringing an angler to the edge of a scum-covered eddy, dotted with insect life, where the hungry Ouananiche lies in ambush below, waiting to spring upon his favorite fly as soon as it floats around. A five-pound fish frequently leaps four feet or more out of the water a dozen times in succession, and it requires considerable skill to land him.

Owing to the late spring freshets in the rivers, and the difficulty of procuring suitable *voyageurs* to accom-

pany us into the wilderness, we were unable to leave Roberval before the 13th of June.

With two eighteen feet, cedar, Peterborough canoes, and a four fathom birch-bark canoe, we ascended the Ashuepmouchouan, 58 miles, to the Shegobiche branch. As we expected to be in the bush for three months, and would often be compelled to carry everything overland, it was absolutely necessary to have a maximum of nourishment in the smallest possible space, and to reduce our baggage to a minimum. Hence, our provisions consisted of pork, beans, flour, baking powder, sugar, tea, evaporated peaches, butter, extract of beef, some canned beef, and even a few tins of fruit.

The first afternoon, a tremendous thunder-storm drenched us through and through, and loosened a clay bank, which just missed overwhelming one of the canoes and its occupants, who escaped by quickly shooting into mid-stream.

As the water in these northern rivers is generally shallow, and at many points runs very swiftly, it is often a difficult matter to ascend them. Up short rapids and small cascades, canoes may be propelled with iron-shod poles. Shifting, spreading waters were the dread of ancient settlers on "The fruitful shore of muddy Nile," but *snags* are the evil genii of *voyageurs*. The bowsman has to keep a sharp look-out for submerged rocks, stones and trees, the dark-colored water making it extremely-difficult for an inexperienced person to tell where they are. Twelve and fifteen yards away our men would detect the presence of snags, which we could not see until within five or six yards. A *voyageur's* life is not an easy one. Besides paddling, poling and portaging all day, he must help to unload the canoes, store stuff for the night, examine the canoes, stop leaks in them, pitch tents and carpet them with balsam-fir, procure wood for fires, cut sticks to hang pots on, or make handles for frying pans, clean game and fish, and manufacture *gelettes*, or scones, out of flour, water, baking powder, and a little salt, and bake them before a rousing fire. Our *voyageurs* were willing on the portage, cool in the rapid, keen in the hunt, and very handy round the camp fire. Taking great pride in their calling, they felt hurt if not left to choose the camping-place. Invariably they chose the best, often selecting a charming spot in the immediate vicinity of a rapid or waterfall. As for our meals, each man was a capital cook; everything was seasoned with hunger sauce; the tea was strong enough to float a broadaxe, and the watchword was "Everything goes."

On Dominion land surveys the assistant had spent two summers on the plains between Winnipeg and the Rockies; but this first day's experience convinced him that he was a regular tenderfoot in the bush. Learning to paddle 46 to the minute for hours at a stretch, and to keep the *voyageur's* straight arm stroke, nearly broke his heart. Carrying a sack of flour over a quarter-mile portage next morning nearly broke his neck. Everything was carried with portage straps. The ends of the strap being properly adjusted, and made fast around the load, the head is inserted in the loop, with the forehead pressing against the broad part, and the load upon the back and shoulders. This leaves the hands free to push aside bushes and branches, to climb up steep places or over fallen trees, or to swing round awkward corners among the rocks. Our first portage ran up a steep clay bank, over fallen trees, through willows and marshy places, over sharp stones and rounded boulders, and finally over a ledge of granite rock.

Our men never carried less than two or three hundred weight, and trotted along briskly wherever the path was good. To win a wager, one of them carried five sacks of flour over a 200 yard portage, a rate which would mean

a ton of stuff in four trips! Before a month was out, the tenderfoot managed to "waltz" his 200 pounds over short portages. Having carried their load across at a rapid trot, our men ran back for another without a moment's halt, and so on till everything was in readiness for starting on the next lake or portion of the river. Often for an hour at a time, not a word fell from their lips, as they paddled with all the ease and regularity of machinery. As the weeks went by, their patience, endurance, dignity, and self-control did not fail to evoke our friendship and admiration.

When it was impossible to pole up a rapid, "tracking lines" (light ropes about forty yards long) were fastened to the bows of the canoes. Some went ashore and pulled on the free ends; the rest pushed with their poles; everybody "yo-heigh-oed" and the canoes rode gallantly over the opposing rapids and cascades. By this means we ascended many places which at first sight seemed impassible—sometimes rising forty or fifty feet in half a mile.

The Hudson's Bay Company's officer at Point Bleu, near the mouth of the Ashuepmouchouan, told us we could not reach Lake Mistassini in less than twenty-five days. But we thought we could; we "pitched in" and "hustled things along" until Lake Obatagoman was reached. Some days we had miles and miles of "tracking." At one moment we might be running along a wet clay bank, the next over sharp rocks and rounded boulders; then over driftwood, which put both line and temper in a tangle; now in loose sand, which gets into our boots, but is washed out again as we splash through shallow places in the river, and finally along the face of a granite cliff, where the sudden lurch of a canoe would perhaps "spill 'em in the drink" twenty feet below. Rain, river, and perspiration, kept us in a chronic state of saturation until tracking days were done.



MOUTH OF THE "GORGE," EAST MAIN RIVER.

If getting wet did not bother us, the

flies did, and kept bothering until the middle of August. A black fly will bite in a dozen places, and a single bite from a sand-fly will nearly drive a man crazy. The "gay and festive mosquito" is the least troublesome of all. It is useless to wear a veil, because black flies crawl under it, and the bushes tear it to pieces. In daytime the best protection is a mixture, applied to forehead, face, hands and neck, of tar and castor oil, which, despite its unsavory odor, answers the purpose admirably. Castor oil, containing a few drops of carbolic acid, also does very well. At night, cheesecloth tents, inside our canvas tents, protected us from our enemies—the flies—and we thoroughly enjoyed reading in peace, and "listening to those skeeters sing," for "'twas sweet music, I declare."

During the first three days we overcame many portages and small rapids, and at the end of the fourth reached Kettle Portage, which gets its name from the deep holes drilled in the solid granite rock by the whirling action of water on stones. One "kettle" is forty inches wide, and nearly ten feet deep; another six feet across, and seven feet deep.

On the 17th of June, our minimum thermometer registered three degrees of frost. During the morning we saw great masses of ice lodged in gullies close to the river, and by noon the temperature had risen to 85° F. in the sun

Leaving the Ashuepmouchouan, we ascended the Shegobiche, or "Shelldrake River" to Shegobiche Lake, which is a shallow, crescent-shaped body of water, about twelve miles long, and surrounded by very high hills. The Shegobiche River is a small stream, much obstructed by rapids and falls, and only navigable with loaded canoes during high water. Ascending a long, shallow, crooked river flowing into Lake Shegobiche, and making a short portage, we paddled down a small stream flowing into Lake Ashuepmouchouan. Meeting here an Indian and his boy on their way to Lake St. John, we took the opportunity of sending letters home.

On the north shore of Lake Ashuepmouchouan we found Indians encamped in birch bark wigwams, and exchanged some pork and flour for smoked whitefish and dried meat.

With 80 feet of canvas on each of our Peterboroughs, and a stiff breeze, we quickly reached the further end of the lake. Ascending the Nikauhan, or "Alder-Point" River, we came to a 1,600 yard swamp portage, where we sank to the knees at almost every step. No convict ever worked as hard as we did in making that portage. Ugh! it made most of us tired to look at it. But, on the survey, "everything goes," so in we plunged and toddled across with half loads, our good dog Jack (a beautiful, jet black, cocker-spaniel, which I had forgotten to mention) gaily bounding on before.

On the tenth day out we crossed the height of land between the St. Lawrence River and Hudson's Bay, bringing away birch bark souvenirs of the event.

Next day, in a chain of small creeks and lakes, we saw many beaver dams and huts. In one place we found a canal dug by these sagacious creatures to keep the water up to a certain level. All along the route, deserted wigwams, or the bleaching skulls of bears, otters, beavers, foxes and muskrats, indicated the position of former camps. Spruce partridge, plover, geese, and ducks abound in certain localities, but are scarce in others, Whenever a duck or partridge was spied there was a general whisper of "Snack! snack!" up went the gun and down came the bird. We had heard of a gun which shoots, cleans and cooks the bird at the same time, but were unable to procure one for our trip.

A series of creeks, small lakes (many of them covered with poplar pollen), and portages, now brought us to Chatagoman or "The Lake with Many

Narrows," a large and beautiful sheet of water, which might well be called the Lake of the Thousand Islands, so many are the islands dotting its surface.

In Chatagoman are areas of syenitic granite and eruptive granite, followed by green chloritic schists in the north-east bay to the west end of Lake Chihougamoo, situated at the head of the Notaway River flowing into James' Bay. Chihougamoo is a large lake in the form of a parallelogram: the islands are very numerous; the water is very clear and deep: the fish are large and plentiful; the shore is clean and well wooded, and game abounds. This lake is much finer than any part of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and would make a most magnificent summer resort. While passing through, we caught trout weighing as much as six pounds.

At Paint Mountain, two miles this side of the portage between Chihougamoo and Wakiniche, or the "Lake with the Lichens on the Rocks," are diorites and green schists. Iron and copper pyrites are abundant. About Wakiniche most of the rocks are green schists. Towards the east end are reddish feldsitic schists and conglomerates which run under the limestone forming the bed of Lake Mistassini.

While passing through Wakiniche, we caught 38 trout in less than four hours; their average weight was nearly four pounds.

Chatagoman, Chihougamoo, and Wakiniche form a most remarkable group, and must be seen to be appreciated.

During the morning of the seventeenth day out from Lake St. John we reached that wonderful inland sea, Mistassini, about whose existence and extent there was so much controversy a few years ago. At noon we reached the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post, thus beating the time allowed us by seven days and a half. With another Peterborough, instead of our birch bark, canoe, we could have made the trip in fourteen days. Being much lighter, easier running, and more easily managed in a rapid, and drawing less water than barks, our Peterboroughs were the wonder and admiration of every Indian we met. On one occasion our smallest carried eleven men (averaging about 165 pounds) across a big bay, and could have taken fifteen.

At Mistassini the Chief was received with great enthusiasm. While there in 1885, his sterling qualities of mind and heart endeared him to all who came in contact with him. During that year he made a complete instrumental survey of the lake, and found it to be nearly 100 miles in length, and from 5 to 15 miles in width. A chain of islands runs down the centre, and the water between them is so shallow that a slight decrease in the



"THE GORGE," EAST MAIN RIVER.

level of the lake would result in the production of two separate lakes. An isolated sounding, made not far from the discharge into the Rupert River, showed a depth of 374 feet. Owing to its great size, the main body of the lake seldom freezes before December 20th (nine weeks later than the other lakes around), and breaks up a fortnight later than the rest.

The bed of the lake is composed of hard, compact, siliceous, dark blue limestone. The country in its immediate vicinity is slightly rolling, with rounded hills rising from 30 to 60 feet above the water, and interspersed with numerous small lakes and marshes. During the summer months the sky appears to be clouded the greater part of the time, and drizzling rains and heavy thunderstorms fall. As frosts occur in every month except July, the climate unfits the surrounding country for agriculture. Barley has been sown at the Post, but will not ripen. Even in July, low land bordering on the northern part of the lake, is frozen solid within a foot of the surface, in places where the trees are at all dense. The soil is a sandy loam, with clay subsoil, and in a more favorable climate would yield fair crops.

The waters of Mistassini and all the adjoining lakes are full of fish, which is the chief article of food of the inhabitants of the district. The principal kinds are lake-trout, river-trout, white-fish, pike, pickerel, and sucker, all of large size and fine quality. These fisheries would be of considerable commercial value if access could be had to them by railway. During the spawning season, when the fish come into the shallow water, large numbers of them are caught in nets, then cleaned and smoked for winter use.

As there are no longer any deer in the country, and small game, such as rabbits and partridges are scarce, if it were not for the provisions supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company the Indians around Mistassini would be unable to live. As it is, cases of death by starvation are by no means uncommon during the winter. In summer all the able-bodied men descend the Rupert River to Rupert's House for supplies for the ensuing year. In August the company's ship from London arrives at Moose Factory, with a year's supplies for posts on and accessible from James' Bay. From Moose, sloops carry merchandise to Albany, Rupert's House, East Main, and Whale River, and from these points it is taken inland in canoes. From Rupert's House it takes a month to reach Mistassini, and in the fall of 1891 it took nearly two. When half-way up the river, the party was "taken with the sickness" (La Grippe); one man died; the rest were badly shaken up, and half a year's supplies were consumed or lost before the destination of the party was reached.

After discharging the four men engaged in bringing in provisions, and sending them back to Lake St. John, we found we were rather short of flour. As there were only two bags of that commodity in the storehouse, we bought one of them. It cost us $14, and fully one-half of it proved unfit for use. At Waswanapie, on the upper East Main River, the Hudson Bay officer is allowed two barrels of flour per year. As he divides it amongst his family, he eats bread only on New Year's day. On our trip, we lived very plainly, but, compared with the people all through that country, we fared like princes. Having received an invitation to tea at Mistassini, we accepted and took with us some rice, sugar, canned sausage, butter, canned cherries, and condensed milk. As they had nothing to fry fish, the assistant paddled back to camp for some lard. As for butter, not half the people at inland posts ever saw a cow. Even if she got inland, she would have a dry time chewing moss and browsing on black spruce. Everywhere the sombre forest is thickly carpeted with moss, which does equally well to make a cushion, clean a plate, or wrap up a

papoose in cold weather. The whole country is wooded with black spruce, balsam fir, scrub-pine, tamarack, birch, and poplar. In some localities, birch and white spruce grow to a considerable size, but seldom large enough to make lumber. At Mistassini may be seen a saw pit, for the conversion of black spruce into lumber; "canoe keels," on which six and seven fathom canoes are built; while birch toboggans; Esquimaux dogs to haul them: round snow shoes used by hunters in the winter: women making fish nets, and tanning them in an infusion of spruce roots, which preserves them; and a potato patch manured with suckers taken out of the small bays in great quantities.

Potatoes are planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground a spade's depth, and one year in three a fair crop is obtained.

At the post, we found an Indian woman, suffering from an enormous ulcer on her side. The misery endured by that poor creature, lying on the cold, damp ground, with an old bear skin under her and a blanket over her, can scarcely be imagined. Fortunately, the Chief had medicine and medical skill. Under his treatment the sore healed rapidly.

Mistassini receives its name from a solitary twenty-four feet high spherical granite boulder, lying on its north-western shore—the derivation being, *mista*, big; and *assine*, a stone. Its waters are fresh and crystal, cold in midsummer as the Atlantic—48° F. in the middle of July. The color is a dark ultra-marine blue. One of the sights which impressed us most was that of a thunder storm slowly moving along the high, rocky shore some twenty miles away. It made us feel lonely and insignificant.



LOWER LONG RAPID.

But how can words describe this wonderful lake? "*It is in truth an utter solitude.*" On calm days, for an hour at a time, you may not hear a sound save the dipping of the paddles. Then the oppressive silence is broken only by the scream of a gull, or the

loud and melancholy call of a loon to his mate. In his weird, wild cry there is an uncanny resemblance to the distant scream of a man in distress, and it is easy to believe the Indian has many superstitions connected with the loon. On and around Mistassini, the sightseer and the sportsman can spend many days with the liveliest satisfaction. The bracing air, the novel surroundings, the wild, dark landscape, the isolation from human kind, the utter loneliness and awful grandeur, all conspire to give it a weird, never-to-be-forgotten, fascination.

Leaving Mistassini with an Indian guide, who knew a route to Lake Kawashagami, and four of the men who had come from Lake St. John with us, we made a short portage between the lake and the Rupert River, which we descended for nearly fifty miles. The Chief's canoemen were Henry Conly and Tommy Basil, each three-quarters Indian; the assistant's canoemen were Prosper Cleary and Johnnie Beaucelle. Many a queer fix we got into before reaching James' Bay.

A few miles below where we reached the Rupert River, it is divided by a large island, and the two streams do not unite again for nearly one hundred miles. We followed the eastern channel in a northerly direction for about fifty miles, ascended a small river lying between high, barren hills where bears abound in the fall, passed through a chain of lakes along an old glacial course, crossed the most frightful portages imaginable, and finally landed on an island in Lake Kawashagami, on a tributary of the East Main. Here our guide told us he did not know the way any further, and left us to find it ourselves. The Chief, Henry, and Prosper were the very men to solve a difficulty of this kind. Equally at home in the rapid or in the bush, their keen vision was as remarkable as their accurate estimate of distance and direction. Half a day was spent in climbing high granite hills, with bare summits, to see where the lakes lay and to ascertain the general trend of the mountains. From the top of one hill, we counted no less than thirty-eight lakes lying all around us. Who dared say which was the course to follow and which was not? Finally we sighted a chain of lakes, stretching north-eastward and flowing in the same direction. Following this chain, we reached the East Main on the 17th of July.

By our route, the distance between the Rupert and East Main rivers is fifty-eight miles. The surrounding country is rough and barren and covered with innumerable boulders. The trees are small, and consist of black spruce, tamarack and banksian pine, with a few white birch and aspen poplar. Small lakes in this region, fill the valleys between the low-rounded ridges of hills, and cover *fully one quarter of the surface.*



EAST MAIN INDIAN WOMEN

Ascending the East Main about forty miles, to the first rapid above the Tshegami branch, we began our transit and micrometer survey, and ran



RUPERT'S HOUSE.

308 miles before reaching James' Bay. Occasionally we ran from 24 to 30 miles in a day, but the next was often lost in getting across a three mile portage, or making four or five short portages. The average length of the portages, however, is less than three-quarters of a mile, and we ran many small and several of the large rapids. To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is like. About it there is a fascination which must be experienced to be understood.

Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth and shining as glare ice. Beyond that it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls where the water breaks on the rocks beneath. The bowsman in his place, the steersman at his post, a push of their paddles shoots the canoe straight and swift as an arrow right down into the mad vortex; now into a cross current, which would twist her broadside round, but that every man fights against it; then right to a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces, but a rapid turn of the bowsman's paddle at the right moment causes her to rush past the black mass as swiftly as a race horse. As the waves boil up at the side, and the seething water constantly threatens to engulf the frail craft, the excitement is intense. At critical moments a false stroke or too weak a turn of the bowsman's wrist means death.

One rapid was nearly a mile and a half long, and full of great "boilers." In it we had a most exciting ten minutes' run, shipped half a barrel of water, and tore a big hole in one of the canoes. Sheet copper, white lead, a piece of the Chief's coat, copper nails, a hammer, and Henry Conly stopped the leak, and sent us on our way rejoicing But the beans got wet, and when they grew sprouts nearly half an inch long they didn't make very good eating As the countersign was "Everything goes," even the beans went, sprouts and all.

The upper part of the East Main flows almost level with the surface of the country, and lake-like expansions, with deep bays, covered with islands, are frequent Some parts strongly resemble the St. Lawrence between Gananoque and Thousand Island Park. Many of the islands are large, one of them being over twenty miles long. In other parts there are terrific chutes and rapids. In one place it was absolutely impossible to get down the gorge through which the river ran. We had no idea of the direction it took at the bottom, but, following the shore back, Henry spied a small, crooked creek, which brought us into

a chain of shallow lakes. At the end of these we climbed a high granite ridge, and found the river on the other side but four miles distant. By making three short portages and traversing another chain of lakes, we finally reached it In places, tall, bleached rampikes show where fire had swept along the shores of the river for miles, giving the scenery such a dreary, monotonous tint that the heart aches with a sense of wild loneliness. For over 100 miles from its mouth, the river runs in a shallow valley, cut into stratified sands and clays. It is fully as large as the Ottawa at Ottawa city, with an average breadth of a-third of a mile, In one place the whole river rushes through a cleft in the rocks, *less than twenty yards wide.* It must be very deep, and it runs so swiftly that stones weighing over a hundred pounds were carried long distances before sinking out of sight. A few yards apart, neither of us could hear the halloo of the other While the outfit was being carried across, we "ran the line" down and around the semi-circular gorge, obtaining several fine photos of rapids and falls by the way. The total drop was 230 feet, and it took us nine hours to go less than three and a-quarter miles.

On the portage, the men had even a worse time, wading through muskeg for over a mile and a-half, and climbing over fallen trees the greater part of the remaining mile. They were so tired that they slept on the rocks, rather than go to the trouble of pitching their tent.

One evening we had "a big time" capturing geese. When pushing their feathers, they cannot fly well, and when pursued they poke their heads under clumps of grass and pieces of bark. Making a slash for one, we'd wring its neck, and start after another. The fun grew fast and furious, and reached a climax when Tommy tripped and flew over a fallen tree, with a big fat goose in each hand. Johnnie used to say, "I tell you, fine goose, he taste good when you have eat much pork and bean."

All along the river we saw signs of beaver, and shot a few on the way down. Very few Indians hunt on this river now. It is difficult to navigate, and fish are so scarce that we only made three or four hauls, though we set our nets about twice a week.

We were on the East Main for 27 days, and did not meet a living soul until within two days of its mouth, when we met an Indian and his family going up to hunt. Almost every day we saw bear tracks, but only one bear, which was swimming up the river, and too far away for a shot.

In 1887, however, the Chief and J. M. M. (who recently figured in the Behring Sea controversy), landed on an island in James' Bay to pick berries, and came across a bear some distance from shore. M. had a tin pail in his hand, and asked the Chief



MASTER'S HOUSE, ETC. MOOSE FACTORY.

to return to the canoe for a rifle. Objection being raised, he exclaimed: "Oh! never mind me. You get the shooting irons, and I'll amuse his nibs." A steady advance was now made upon the astonished monster, who just as steadily retreated before the waving of the pail and the gentle "shoo-shoo"-ing of the intrepid Jimmie. The Chief returning with his Winchester, Bruin soon came to grief.

Coming suddenly upon another bear, the Chief, in his surprise, hurled a book of micrometer tables at him. These he caught, tore to pieces. and ate. Afterwards the pieces were recovered, spread out, placed together, interpolations made, and a copy of the whole transferred to paper. This task seriously impaired the bear's digestion, and delayed the survey two days.

Between Lake Mistassini and the East Main River, the rocks are all of Laurentian age, being made of red syenitic gneiss, with pink and gray mica, and mica-hornblende gneisses.

Along the upper East Main, a coarse, light grey pegmatite and black mica-schist predominate, and are associated with pink mica-hornblende gneiss. Lower down stream these give place to an area of light grey and light pink syenite; followed by dark green, altered hornblende, and chloritic schists, with diorite, and a dark gray, micaceous schist, becoming in places a conglomerate, from the presence of rounded pebbles of syenite. This series of rock closely resembles those north of Lake Huron. The green schists, at and near their contact with the diorite masses, are highly charged with pyrites. The diorite, also, holds considerable quantities of that mineral. In several places large masses of almost pure pyrites were found, and specimens were taken to Ottawa for analysis. This rock band, or similar ones, cross and re-cross the river at intervals for nearly two hundred miles, the strike of the rocks being only slightly different from the general curve of the river. Syenite and ordinary Laurentian gneisses occupy the intervals between the bands of the Huronian.

With a change of rocks there was always a change of flora. Labrador Tea (Ledam latifoliam) grows everywhere, but gets scarce towards the north. Laurel grows in great quantities in wet places, and every stream is fringed with willows and elders. The pretty little Twin Flower (*Linnæe borealis*), the only plant named after Linnæus, with whom it was an especial favorite, is very abundant, and in July fills the woods with its fragrance. The curious Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia*), and the Sundew (*Drosera*), are also quite common.

During the summer, the assistant made an extensive collection of the plants of the country traversed. These have been examined by Professor Macoun, and, while not new, add considerably to the knowledge of the distribution of several species.

With only three days' provisions left over, we reached the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at the mouth of the East Main, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. C., who is one of the kindest old gentlemen we ever met. At some posts they hear from the outside world as often as thrice a year, at others only once We have referred to the living at Mistassini, Waswanapie, and other inland posts. Even at East Main they eat bread only on Sunday, and live on salt geese more than half the year. Whilst there, we fared sumptuously on salt goose, spruce beer, blueberries, cream and rhubarb pie, and will not soon forget the kindness and generosity of old Mr. C. At East Main, the Indians of East Main bring in great quantities of fish in baskets made of spruce bark, sewn together with spruce and tamarack roots. In the fall, they shoot great numbers of wild geese, which have lived away north, and fattened on crowberries (*Empetramni-*

grum), which grow in great abundance along the east coast of James' Bay.

In winter, the cattle at posts on the Bay are fed on marsh hay, cut and brought in on boats in July and August. At East Main there were thirty Indians cutting and bringing it in.

When some of our party took a standing jump over an old grindstone in the yard, the Indians advanced with the intention of jumping over, too, but silently turned away. Evidently they had never seen much in the athletic line. Some of our party gave an exhibition, including high and broad jumps, hop-step-and-jump, vaulting with and without a pole, jumping into a barrel and out again, skipping, rolling barrels, short races, and three-legged races. Don't tell me an Indian never laughs. Those fellows laughed as if they would kill themselves. Each of the "Big Seven" contributed something, and Johnnie wound up the proceedings by mounting an inverted barrel, and giving an election harangue in French. One of the Indians, not to be outdone, retorted by giving us a piece of oratory in Cree. Our dog Jack contributed not a little to the entertainment. He insisted on entering all races and high jump contests, and even sat up and barked when Johnnie was spouting. The Indian dogs were fearfully jealous of him, and wished they could do tricks, too. It tickled the Indians greatly to see the dog sit up to beg—mayhap to bark if the promised bribe was not forthcoming—and the Indian boys delighted themselves sending him into the water for sticks, or to dive for stones.



LAKE MISTASSINI, FROM NEAR DISCHARGE.

Leaving East Main, we started a survey of the coast, intending to go as far as the Paint Hills, but heavy gales prevented our doing so. For two days we were kept on shore, not daring to venture out. Along the coast, strawberries, wild currants, dwarf blueberries, and crowberries are plentiful.

One peculiarity of the Indians we met along the east coast was their exceeding shyness. They never came into camp without bringing some smoked fish or a few berries as a pre-

sent; and they sat at a distance until invited to talk or have something to eat. These Indians speak the Cree language, but, to our surprise, one of the women sang:

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock, etc."

Imagine the feelings of any man with a grain of sense hearing that dear old nursery rhyme for the first time in years, and in such surroundings. It was all the English the woman knew, but we could not find out where she learned it.

While returning to East Main, there was quite a heavy sea running, but our canoes rode through it as gracefully as a pair of swans. Our return was celebrated by a dance: the music being furnished by a fiddle and drum. When the drummer got tired, he resigned in favor of his wife, who proved herself a far better hand. These Indians are great dancers, and dearly love to wear boots when at it, as moccasins don't show off step dancing to advantage. Prosper and Johnnie were voted the best dancers they had ever seen. Score one more for the "Big Seven."

Next morning we boarded a ten ton lugger belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and set sail for Rupert's House, where we found a 28 foot Mackinaw fishing smack, belonging to the department, waiting for us.

The Rupert's House Indians are exceedingly superstitious. When a friend dies, they stretch a fishing net around the lodge to prevent *windigoes* and other evil spirits from crawling under and stealing away the soul of the departed In all ages there have been people who believe the soul hovers about the body for three days after death. Doubtless Scotch and Irish wakes are relics of this absurd superstition. To keep away evil spirits, we saw drums beaten over the heads of the dead and dying, while every camp had its conjuring house and sweating booth. Though our canoe men were only part Indian, and have lived at Lake St. John all their lives, they believed firmly in *windigoes* and wawbenoes. A *windigo* is a sort of cannibal devil, who goes through the bush at night. A wawbeno is a conjurer and fortune-teller combined.

Indians belonging to the bear totem will not shoot Bruin until they have told him they are very sorry to have to kill a cousin, but that they are driven to it by the cries of their hungry children. In dressing the carcase, if any grease falls on a camp utensil, or article of clothing, it is immediately cast into the fire. The first portion of meat is also burned; the rest is cut into slices and hung over poles to smoke. Dried bear meat and fish are the principle articles of diet in the interior. The skull is firmly fixed on a stake to bleach. Whenever a loon is shot, his bones are tied together and hung in a tree for luck.

Everywhere we went we found the Indians peaceable, ingenious, and industrious, being in every way superior to the Blackfeet and Crees of the North-West. At Rupert's House, the Indian women do beautiful work in silk, but very little in beads.

Leaving Rupert's House with our canoes lashed to the fore-deck of our boat, we ran to a deep channel between Charleton and Danby islands, where we anchored for the night. Here, Captain James, the discoverer of the Bay, wintered his ships in 1631, losing half his crew from scurvy. We saw their graves on the shores, and could not help thinking of the misery endured by James and his men during those awful months. In 1675, the Hudson Bay Company's ships discharged their cargoes from England at this point, and took in fur brought in sloops from different forts on the Bay. In 1884, the Company's ship left Moose too late in the fall to get out of the Bay, and wintered here.

From Charleton to Moose, we had a very rough passage. We ran it in a day, and were shipping heavy seas all



ICE AT MOUTH OF MOOSE RIVER.

afternoon. To make matters worse, our boat sprang a leak. The Chief was the only experienced navigator in the party, and half his crew was sick. Until that leak was stopped, we had a thoroughly exciting but cold and miserable time of it.

The water in the Bay is very muddy and shallow, our centreboard often "coming home" half a mile from shore. Several times we felt tempted to beach the boat, but could not find a suitable place. At sunset we sighted the *Lady Head*, of London, riding at anchor in the mouth of the Moose River, and steered straight for her. At last we crossed the bar and ran alongside the Albany sloop, where we got some hot coffee. With a strong tide and a stronger wind in our favor, we soon flew over the ten remainng miles, and arrived at the Master's house at Moose, shortly after dark. None of us will ever forget our sail from Charleton to Moose, on the 29th August, 1892. Captain Ford of the *Lady Head*, and Captain Taylor of the *Mink*, could hardly believe we came from Charleton in a day, and in such weather. The gale lasted four days, and the weather was bitterly cold. Each morning Captain Taylor said: "Thank the Lord you're not out on the Lisbon Rock this day." We did.

While our canoes were being repaired and varnished, we spent a day aboard the *Lady Head* and the *Mink*. Both captains have sailed in many climes, and spin great yarns when they get started. With the Company's officers at Moose, we also spent an enjoyable time. Leaving there on the 5th of September, we ascended the Moose and Missinabie Rivers, to Lake Missinabie, or "the water in which objects are reflected." Passing through Crooked and Dog Lakes, we reached the Canadian Pacific Railway at Missinabie station, 230 miles west of Sudbury, and 380 south of Moose. The approaching sound of the east-bound passenger train was a welcome one, indeed, and we reached Ottawa on the 22nd of September, thus completing a round trip of 2,300 miles, 1,200 of which was in canoes.

BOOK NOTICES.

Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes, 2nd Vol.—By REV. T. E. ESPIN, M.A., F.R.A.S. London and New York, Longmans, Green & Co.

Rev. Mr. Espin, Director of the Observatory at Tow Law, Darlington, England, is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has edited the second volume of *Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, an advanced copy of which has reached us. The book, which has upwards of 250 pages, is stored with information of the greatest interest and value to astronomers, embracing, as it does, many thousands of stellar objects, arranged under the heads of constellations and selected so as to be suited to telescopes such as are commonly met with. In addition, it is embellished by beautifully executed plates, showing the types of stellar spectra, according to Secchi, and by a cut, from a photograph, of the lovely cluster in Hercules. Observers will gladly hail the appearance of a work which should be on the shelf of every astronomer, and will appreciate the labors of Mr. Espin, who has carefully re-examined, checked over, and has nearly all the objects catalogued. The volume reflects credit on editor and publishers alike. G.E.L.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The planet Mercury will be at its greatest elongation east from the sun on the morning of October 19th, its distance being 24° 31′. In the evening, for several days, the planet will set shortly after the sun, but the twilight will be too bright for good observation.

Venus will still be a morning star in October, but too near the sun to be well seen.

Mars is nightly improving in position. On 20th of October, he will be in a line with the sun and earth. His distance from us will be about forty millions of miles, or nearly five millions of miles greater than in August, 1892, when his presence in the sky created such widespread interest in Astronomy in general, and in Mars in particular. The planet, though farther off, is being seen to greater advantage from northern latitudes than in 1892, as his position in the sky is 33° north of his position in that year. Already, some very interesting observations have been reported. In several of the more notable observatories special preparations have been made with a view to taking every possible advantage of this present opposition. Mars, which is in constellation Pisces, moved eastward until about the 15th of September, when he turned the loop in his course, and began to retrograde toward the west. On the 1st of October, this planet will rise shortly after nightfall, or at 6.30 o'clock. Its risings will occur earlier and earlier, until by the end of the month it will rise about 4.30, or in broad daylight.

Jupiter is daily increasing in brilliancy, and may easily be picked up a little to the north and east before midnight, as he rises on the 1st of October about 10 p.m., and on the 31st at about 8 p.m. Jupiter was in quadrature with the sun on the 28th of September. The planet is in the feet of Gemini, and is moving eastward, but will begin to retrograde on the 24th of October

Saturn and Uranus are near the sun, and therefore, for the present, lost to the observer. Neptune may be well seen after midnight, as he is in Taurus, near the star *lambda*.

On the 1st of October, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Pisces and Cetus are prominent constellations on the meridian at midnight, while Cancer and Orion are rising, and Hercules and Capricornus are setting. In Andromeda, situated in R.A. 0 h. 37 m., and north declination 40° 41′, is a large and irresolvable nebula in the form of an elongated ellipse. A splendid group of stars, situated in the Sword Handle of Perseus, may, in October, be observed to great advantage in the absence of moonlight.

There are no bright showers of meteors in October.

G.E.L.

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